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HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS

IN

SPAIN.

BY RICHARD FORD, F.S.A.

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CONTENTS OF PART II.

	PAGE		PAGE
Preliminary Remarks	1 to 60	Don Quijote	110
Albacete knives	61	Drinks of the Peninsula	114
Albuera (Battle of)	63	Durango Decree	119
Avila (S ^a Teresa de)	64	Espartero	119
Azulejos (Seville)	66	Esparto grass	120
Badajoz (Siege of)	66	Feet of Spanish women	121
Bailen (Battle of)	68	Figaro (Barber of Seville)	121
Ballesteros	71	Fuengirola	126
Barrosa (Battle on Knoll of) ..	71	Fuenterabia	74
Benavente (Moore's Retreat) ..	72	Funcion, <i>see</i> Theatres—Introduc-	
Bidassoa (Battle of San Marcial)	73	tion	58
Bilbao (Sieges)	77	Galera, <i>see</i> Diligences	106
Blake (Joaquin)	78	Gerona (Siege of)	126
Blayney, <i>see</i> Fuengirola	126	Gibraltar	127
Borjas family, <i>see</i> Xativa	226	Gil Blas	128
Bota, or wine-bottle of Spain ..	78	Godoy	130
Bread	80	Granja, la, Decree of Ferd. VII...	131
Burgos (Siege of)	82	Guardias Civiles, <i>see</i> Robbers ..	181
Cabezón (Battle of)	83	Hospitals and Medicos, <i>see</i> Medi-	
Cervantes, <i>see</i> Don Quijote	110	cine	150
Chocolate	83	Host, The—(Transubstantiation)	131
Church bells (Spanish)	84	Independence (War of), <i>see</i> Oviedo	173
Cid	84	Inns and Innkeepers	133
Ciudad Rodrigo (Siege of)	86	Inquisition	144
Coche de Colleras	88	Jerez (Sherry wines)	145
Columbus at the Bridge of Pinos	92	Jews (Spanish)	146
Cookery (Spanish)	92	Loja and Lord Rivers	147
Cordova (Sack of by French) ..	97	Loyola (Ignacio)	148
Cortes of Cadiz	98	La Mancha	150
Cortes (Hernando)	98	Maragatos, <i>see</i> Muleteers	165
Coruña (History of)	98	Martin, San, <i>see</i> Santiago	207
Country-houses	101	Medicine and Medicos	150
Death-bed and Burial in Spain ..	101	Moore (Sir John), <i>see</i> Benevente	
Diligences	106	and Coruña	72, 98
Don Carlos, <i>see</i> Durango	119	Mules and Asses	163

	PAGE		PAGE
Muleteers	165	Santiago (Legend of)	203
Murillo	168	—— (Pilgrimage to)	205
Music (Spanish), <i>see</i> Theatres—		—— (Plateros)	206
Introduction	56	——, San Martin	207
Muzarabic Ritual	169	Servants, cooks, and Spanish Cui-	
Navarrete (Battle of)	170	sine	208
Olla Podrida	172	Seville oranges	213
Ovieda (Sack of, by the French)	173	Sherry wine	145
Pamplona (Siege of)	173	Simancas Archives	214
Pigs and Bacon	175	Students, Spanish, <i>see</i> Salamanca	199
Pilgrims to Santiago	205	Talavera (Battle of)	215
Pinos (Bridge of), <i>see</i> Columbus	92	Tarifa (Siege of)	217
Plateros, <i>see</i> Santiago	206	Toledan Swords and Steel	219
Porciuncula, la	177	Trafalgar (Battle of)	220
Posting in Spain	177	Transubstantiation, <i>see</i> Host ..	131
Rivers and Bridges of Spain ..	178	Ucles (Battle of)	222
Robbers and Rateros	181	Velasquez	222
Sage, le, <i>see</i> Gil Blas	128	Vitoria (Battle of)	223
Salamanca (Battle of)	196	Xativa (Borgia family)	226
Students	199	Zaragoza, el Pilar	227
San Sebastian (Siege of)	200	(Siege of)	228
Santiago, destruction of Cathedral	202		

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HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN SPAIN.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS—*continued.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XVIII. Books of Reference — Authorities quoted	1
XIX. Architecture (Spanish), its Varieties and Periods	5
XX. Spanish Sculpture	9
XXI. Spanish Schools of Painting—Engravers	12
XXII. Royal Arms of Spain	14
XXIII. A Riding Tour through Spain — Costume — Saddle-Bags or Alforjas, and what to stow in them — The Horses of Spain	15
XXIV. Bull-fights	20
XXV. Spanish Cigars	29
XXVI. The Spanish Constitution	31
XXVII. Era (The). Ancient Mode of Reckoning Time	36
XXVIII. Language of Spain	37
XXIX. Spanish Costume—Cloak and Mantilla	39
XXX. Climate of Spain	45
XXXI. Works of Irrigation	47
XXXII. Geography of Spain	49
XXXIII. Geology of Spain	54
XXXIV. Spanish Theatres — Dances and Music	56

§ XVIII.—BOOKS OF REFERENCE—AUTHORITIES QUOTED.*

This Handbook does not profess to enter into social statistics, political economy, prison discipline, poor-law requirements, &c.—grave matters in themselves, which are detailed in Madoz and Minutoli, while our lighter volume is intended for the general tourist, the artist, the antiquary, and the dilettante. It will go into the coat-pocket of the pedestrian, and can be *handled* on the saddle. In quoting authorities for statements, *Spanish* authors have been chiefly selected, as being the most readily accessible in a country where foreign books are very rare; when other authors are quoted, those have been taken who

* The best and rarest of the local histories are referred to in foot notes in their respective localities. This branch of Spanish literature forms indeed a goodly row on the book collector's shelf—*præclara Supellex.*

are most deserving of credit. A frequent reference is made to authorities of all kinds, ancient as well as modern. Thus the home reader or writer who is anxious to pursue any particular subject will find his researches facilitated, and all will have a better guarantee that *facts* are stated correctly.

NO. 1. HISTORICAL, ARCHITECTURAL AND ARTISTICAL AUTHORITIES.

Mariana (Juan de), *Historia General de España*, in books and chapters: this history, written originally in Latin, was also published in Spanish with corrections and additions by its learned author in 1628, who is termed their "Livy" by his countrymen. The work, continued and illustrated down to Charles III., by *Eduardo Chao*, 4 vols. 8vo., Mad. 1849, offers a fair collection of *facts*, for it was not likely that the author, a priest and Jesuit, would have taken liberal or philosophical views of many of the most important bearings of his country's annals, even had any truly searching spirit of investigation been ever permitted by the censorship of the Government and Inquisition.

Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, 2 vols. 4to., London, 1841-43, by *Don Pascual Gayangos*, the first Hispano-Arabic scholar of his day, who unites with indefatigable industry a sound critical judgment; written in English, this work must henceforward take its place as the text-book on the subject.

Historia de los Arabes en España, by *Juan Antonio Conde*, 4 vols. 4to., Mad. 1820-21, is compiled entirely from Arabic authorities, and is very dry reading; the premature death of the author prevented his giving it the last finishing touches, hence sundry inaccuracies, and a general want of arrangement. It was translated into French by a M. Marles, 3 vols., Paris, 1825; or rather, murdered, as the original text is misrepresented and rendered uncertain by the introduction of new and inaccurate matter.

Historia Crítica of *Juan Francisco Masdeu*, 20 vols. 4to., Mad. 1784, 1805. This work of research, although tedious, contains a vast collection of documentary information and antique inscriptions; these title-deeds of the dead, saved from the wreck of time, are now doubly valuable, as many of the originals have perished. Begun, like many things of Spain, on too grand and extensive a scale, this work never was completed.

Diccionario de las Bellas Artes, 6 vols. 8vo., Mad. 1800, by *Juan Agustín Cean Bermúdez*, forms a complete dictionary of all the leading artists of Spain, with their biographies, lists of their principal works, and where they are or were to be seen. The substance has been most ably and agreeably eviscerated by *Stirling* in his *Annals of Spain* (3 vols. 8vo. 1848), while the mass of additional information is what might be expected from the research of this accurate and indefatigable author.

Handbook of the Spanish School of Painting, by *Sir E. Head*, 1848.

Consult also the condensed epitome of architecture, sculpture, and painting, "*Die Christliche Kunst in Spanien*," Leipzig, 1853, by *J. D. Passavant*, the director of the Frankfort Museum.

Noticias de los Arquitectos y Arquitectura, by *J. A. Cean Bermúdez*,

4 vols. 4to., Mad., 1829, is an excellent dictionary of architecture. This author edited and improved the text of Don Eugenio Llaguno y Amirola ; unfortunately both wrote under the influence of their pedantic Græco-Romano academical age, which had little feeling for any of the earlier styles. To investigate and eulogise classical copyists was their chief end, to the comparative neglect of other branches of the subject.

Ensayo Historico by José Caveda, 8vo., Mad. 1849. In this useful work every style of Architecture is traced from the Roman to the present period, with the still-existing examples cited.

Monumentos Arquitectonicos de España, is a huge work of plates in elephant folio, published at the expense of the Government, 1855-66.

Consult especially *Gothic Architecture in Spain* by Geo. Edmund Street, F.S.A., London, 1865. This excellent work is the result of several visits to the Peninsula, by perhaps the most practical gothic architect of the day. It should be in the portmanteau of every English and American traveller in Spain.

NO. 2. RELIGIOUS AUTHORITIES.

La España Sagrada, commenced in 1747, now consists of 47 vols. 4to.; this grand work, framed on the scope of the *Italia Sacra* of Ughelli, 1644, and the *Gallia Christiana* of the brothers Sainte Marthe, 1715, was compiled by the learned Padre Henrique Florez, who may be called the Dugdale, Muratorio, or Montfaucon of Spain. The *Academia de la Historia* of Madrid is charged with its continuance, but so many of the archives of cathedrals and convents were made cartridges of by the Soult and Suchets, and destroyed during the Carlist wars and sequestrations, that the treatment of the latter dioceses must of necessity be somewhat inferior to the former, from the lack of those earliest and most interesting documents, which, fortunately printed by Florez, were thus rescued from destruction ; Florez is also the author of *Medallas de España*, 3 vols. folio, Mad. 1757, 73. The 3rd volume, rather rare, and smaller than the two preceding, treats of the coins and medals of Spain earlier than the Romans, and down to the Goths : plates are given of the examples, and a short account of the mints in which they were struck. These, the portrait and picture books of antiquity, and of all its remains those which have best escaped, now possess a value far different from their original monetary standard, and illustrate at once the religion, war, and history of the past.

Flos Sanctorum, or *Vida de los Santos*, by the Jesuit Pedro Ribadeneyra and others. The Madrid fol. edit. of 1790, 3 vols., is that here quoted. It gives the present church authorised version of legends and monkish miracles—shorn indeed from the *Legenda Aurea* of Voragine, and suited to more enlightened and sceptical times. Fr^o Pacheco, in his *Arte de la Pintura*, also details the correct colours and attributes with which these legends were to be expressed by the imitative arts ; consult also *Pictor Christianus Eruditus*, Juan Justerian de Ayala, fol., Mad. 1730 ; or the Spanish translation by Luis de Duran, 2 vols. 4to., Mad. 1782. Without some of these books none can hope to understand the fine arts of the Peninsula, whether in cathedral or gallery ; indeed, Palomino (ii. 131) considered a work of this kind

to be absolutely *indispensable* to every Spanish artist, as being to modern papal hagiography, what a Lemprière is to ancient pagan mythology. Nor in many cases will much more be found to be changed than the mere names.

No. 3. GEOGRAPHICAL AUTHORITIES.

For the ancient *geography* of Spain, consult *Géographie von Hispanien*, Konrad Mannert, 8vo., 3rd edit., Leipzig, 1829; and, better still, *Hispanien*, Fr. Aug. Ukert, Weimar, 1821, second part, p. 229. For early *History* down to the Goths, consult *Histoire Générale de l'Espagne*, B. Depping, 2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1814. However, as to her history, few countries are more indebted to another than Spain is to English and American writers; suffice it to mention the names of Robertson, Dunlop, Coxe, Irving, Prescott, Lord Mahon, Stirling, and others.

Diccionario Geografico, by Sebastian de Miñano, 10 vols. 4to., Mad., 1826-9. This geographical and topographical description of the Peninsula is completely superseded by the *Diccionario Geografico Estadistico Historico* of Pascual Madoz, xvi. vol. 4to., Mad. 1848-50. This important work is indeed a creditable monument of individual perseverance, unaided, nay thwarted by some of the "powers that be."

The articles in this work were furnished by "1000" local contributors. The amount of information in statistics, in judicial, criminal, commercial, and fiscal details, is considerable, and must prove of great use to writers upon Spain. The geologist also will find much new and interesting matter.

No. 4. ANTIQUARIAN AUTHORITIES.

Viaje de España, by Antonio Ponz, 18 vols., Mad. 1786-94. This work presents a valuable itinerary of Spain as it was, before the most precious monuments were destroyed, and its treasures plundered by Vandals foreign and domestic. This Leland of Spain published his itineraries to rebut some caustic criticisms of the *Vago Italiano*, the Padre Caimo. Ponz, a kind-hearted careful observer, could not escape the one-sided prejudices of his age, which looked only to the antique, or to the imitations of classical style; the pith of his 18 tomes, however, might be condensed into half-a-dozen vols.

The *Sumario de las Antigüedades Romanas en España*, 1 vol. fol., Mad. 1832, by J. A. Cean Bermudes, gives a correct summary of all the chief remains of antiquity which still exist in Spain, with copious indexes.

Estudios sobre La Epoca Celtica en Galicia, by Leandro de Saralegui y Medina, Ferrol, 1867 (the first part only has yet been published). This work promises to be a valuable addition to antiquarian literature.

No. 5. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS ON SPAIN.

Bible in Spain, and *The Zincali, an Account of the Gipsies of Spain*, by George Borrow. These most interesting works should be in the portmanteau of every traveller through the Peninsula. They abound

in original matter, and contain much useful information for the general tourist.

Spain in 1866. Edinburgh (Edmonston and Douglas), 1866. This excellent little work is written by a gentleman resident for several years in Spain. Its facts and figures deserve most careful attention at the hands of all who wish to obtain correct ideas of Spain and her present prospects, from a scientific and practical point of view. Its author speaks with *especial authority* upon the necessity which exists for artificial irrigation, the construction of roads, &c.

La Corte: Letters from Spain, &c. London, 1868. What the writer of 'Spain in 1866' has done for the practical visitor to the Peninsula, the fair and talented authoress of 'La Corte' has accomplished for the general reader. She has had excellent opportunities for studying the latest phase of polite society in the Spanish capital, previous to the downfall of the lax Bourbon *régime*, and her racy letters are full of interesting information, especially for lady tourists in Spain.

The novels of *Fernán Caballero* (an assumed name—the author being a lady) give a good insight into Spanish manners and language. Some of them have been translated into English.

§ XIX.—ARCHITECTURE (SPANISH), ITS VARIETIES AND PERIODS.

In spite of the ravages of foreign and domestic Vandals, Spain is extremely rich in edifices, civil and religious, of the highest class, and there are few parts of Europe in which it is more easy to detect the influence of History upon Art; yet our architects and archaeologists have, until recent years, almost ignored a land which is inferior to none, and superior to many countries in Europe, in variety and magnificence of specimens, of every period, character, and quality. In the following sketch we have profited by the researches and discoveries of Mr. G. E. Street.

The earliest Spanish buildings are generally called *Obrus de los Godos*, works of the Goths, not Gothic, or Tedesco, as they long preceded the use of the pointed arch. Of the period of the Visigothic rule, which lasted from A.D. 417 to 717, few remains exist, and the works of this age have not, apparently, exercised any influence over the architecture of the Christian parts of the country after the Moorish interregnum.

The history of the Moors from A.D. 711, when they first invaded Spain, to A.D. 1492, the date of their expulsion from Granada, is mixed up with that of the Christians; the two races held each other in great detestation, and neither borrowed much from the art of the other, accordingly we see two streams of art flowing at the same time side by side. The Mosque at Cordova, built in the 9th century, the Alcazar and Giralda at Seville in the 13th, the Court of Lions in the Alhambra in the 14th, and houses in Toledo in the 15th, are examples of Moorish architecture, and many other specimens may be studied in Andalucia, of mosques, fortresses, castles, and private dwellings. The mosque "Cristo de la Luz," at Toledo, is very skilfully and delicately designed; the vaults are planned with extreme ingenuity; and it is certainly in advance of the Christian works of the same period.

Of the early Christian buildings, a few at least exist; that of

Sta. Maria de Naranco, near Oviedo, being probably the most interesting, some portions of the Cathedral of Oviedo are also of the same period (the 10th or 11th century), and the church at Santiago, which was built previously to the present cathedral. The churches of San Pablo and San Pera, at Barcelona, said to have been built A.D. 914 and 983, may also be mentioned.

In the succeeding century the same type of plan became more popular, and developed into a close imitation of foreign examples; San Pedro at Huesca (A.D. 1096-1150) is a good and early specimen, it is similar to churches of about the same period in France. Some of the churches of this age, especially that of San Pedro at Gerona, are very similar to the earlier portions of the cathedral of Carcassone; and at Santiago we see an almost exact copy of the church of San Sernin, at Toulouse. In most of the churches of this period the proportion of the length of the choir to that of the nave is very small. The Romanesque style retained its position in Spain longer than it did in France, and was only supplanted by designs again borrowed from that country; and the perseverance in Romanesque traditions has affected her ritual arrangements, and still affects with them her Gothic architecture. The abbey church at Veruela was built about A.D. 1146-1171; it is a close copy of a Burgundian church, built at the same time by French monks of the Cistercian order, and was probably the design of a French architect.

The erection of some churches was spread over a long space of time, and well illustrate the development of art; Salamanca Cathedral took 58 years, from 1120 to 1178; Tarragona Cathedral was begun in 1131, records show that it was still in course of construction in 1256, and so late as 1375 Maestro Jayme Castayls is mentioned as executing the remaining statues for the western façade. Lérida was commenced in 1203, and consecrated in 1278; and Valencia Cathedral, begun in 1262, was not finished until 1482. These churches are good examples of pointed architecture.

The cathedrals of Sigüenza, Avila, and Tarragona, also of the 13th century work, seem but to a slight extent founded upon other examples, and thus are an exception to the general rule. That of Sigüenza, so far as its interior is concerned, ranks among the finest examples of its age; and in that of Avila is noticeable more of the delicacy and refinement of the first pointed style, than was aimed at in other churches of the period. They may be placed among the most decidedly Spanish works of the day, and are quite independent of the French style of the cathedrals of Burgos, Leon, and Toledo, the last of which equals all other churches in Christendom, in the beauty and scale of its plan.

The succeeding great division of Gothic art is more uniform throughout the country, and more distinctly marked, though at the same time less national and peculiar. There are considerable remains of 14th century work, which is more akin to the German middle-pointed than to the French style. The west front of Tarragona, and the lantern and north transept of Valencia Cathedral, may be mentioned as examples, also the cathedral of Barcelona, and the cloisters of Burgos and Veruela. The principal features of this period were the reproduction of the octagonal steeple, a most favourite type of the Romanesque builders,

and the introduction of great unbroken naves, lighted by windows high up in the walls.

The survey of Spanish art in the 15th century is more gratifying than that of the 14th. The churches of Segovia, Salamanca, Astorga, &c., are of this period, and are marked by magnificence of size, solidity of construction, and a solemn internal effect. In Cataluña a most marked impulse was given in the latter part of the 14th century, by a Mallorcan artist, to the influence of whose school may be ascribed the most important mediæval churches to be seen in any part of Europe; their value consisting of the success with which they solved the problem of bringing together a large congregation in front of the altar, and at the same time within sight and hearing of the preacher.

The cathedral of Segovia (1522 to 1593), and the new cathedral of Salamanca (completed in 1560), are the two latest, and in some respects the grandest, great Gothic churches of Spain. The plan of the former is very fine and well proportioned, that of the latter has been rather spoiled by the square east end, instead of the apse.

The domestic architecture of Spain, during the Middle Ages, is much less important than the religious architecture. In Lérida is a fine old Romanesque house of the 12th or 13th century, with a fine row of Ajimez windows; of the two following centuries, the best examples are to be found on the Mediterranean sea-board, they are simple houses, with Ajimez windows. Later than this (from A.D. 1450) may be mentioned buildings at Barcelona, Valencia, Guadalajara, Valladolid, Burgos, and Santander.

The castles of Spain are more important. They are generally remarkable for the unbroken surface of their lofty walls, crowned with picturesque turrets at the angles, and for the scale of magnificence on which they are built. Their walls still stand almost untouched by the long ages which have passed over them; in the same way, the walls of many Spanish cities are often still perfect throughout their circuit. The towns of Avila, Lugo, Segovia, and many others, are girt with an array of tower and wall, sufficient to make them still look fit for defence; the age of these walls varies much, but most are probably of early foundation.

Thus there are specimens of every period and phase of this glorious and most Christian Gothic style, advancing in fulness of beauty until the beginning of the 16th century, when it set at once in all its glory, to be followed by the restoration of the antique, or, as it is here called, the *Græco-Romano* style. The cinquecento taste—the exquisite *Renaissance*,—which grew out of this, was nowhere carried to more gorgeous profusion than in Spain, then the dominant power of Europe. The semi-Moro genius of the land lent itself readily to arabesque decoration and surface ornamentation: the native quarries furnished precious materials, while the New World lavished gold to defray the cost. This style was exalted to its highest grade by a glorious host of Spanish artists, who rivalled in marble and metal the Bramantes and Cellinis of Italy; from its delicate details, wrought like a finely-chased piece of plate, this style is called in Spain *el Plateresco*, and also *de Berruguete*, from the name of the great architect, sculptor, and painter, who carried it out to its full perfection, and whose exquisite works are deserving of the closest study.

The Plateresque period, which flourished under the Imperial Charles, waned under his severe son Philip II., who introduced the strictly classical, and eschewed prodigality of ornament; this style is generally known in Spain as that of *Herrera*, from being adopted by that illustrious man, the builder of the Escorial. Architecture, which grew with the monarchy, shared in its decline, and succumbed under the influence of *Churriguera*, whose name, like that of a heresiarch, has become synonymous in Spain, with his doctrine and with all that is false and vile in taste: thus *el Churriguerismo*, *Churrigueresco*, is used in the sense of *Rococo*; marble and wood were then tortured into absurd caprice, and gilding plastered on with greater profusion than even in the worst period of Louis XIV., when almost everything was a lie. There is scarcely a village in Spain whose parish church has escaped the touch of this fatal epoch; it was succeeded by the Græco-Romano academical style, with all its exclusiveness, pedantry, and prejudice, introduced by the Bourbons, and practised at present. Hence the poor conventionalities of the modern buildings, without soul, spirit, interest, or nationality; yet admired by a certain class of Spaniards, who point them out to the stranger's notice, in preference to the nobler examples of the Moorish, Gothic, and Cinquecento periods.

The lover of mediæval architecture will be pained to observe the fruits of this century's double visitation, when the toe of the modern reformer has trodden on the heel of the Gallic invader. Ruin, in this respect, has been for long the order of the day. The French invasion, the Civil Wars, the suppression of the convents (the occupants of which were once the great patrons of religious architecture), have all combined to cause this wholesale neglect of Roman, Gothic, and Moorish remains; nor are these ruins picturesque in themselves, as are the Abbeys in England, where the ravages committed at the Reformation are atoned for by the ivy which mantles every tower; thus a poetry and picturesqueness is added by the gentle hand of Time. The *Memoria* or Report of Valentin Carderera, Madrid, 1845, to the *Commissioners of Historical and Artistical Monuments*, reveals the ravages committed by foreign and domestic Vandals, and the apathy of local authorities.

Among the best architects of Spain the following may be mentioned. The date marks the epoch about which they flourished or died.

Tioda, or Fioda ...	840	Plana, Francisco de	1346	Canet, Antonio....	1416
Deo, Petrus de	1065	Zacoma, Pedro ...	1368	Gual, Bartolomé ..	1416
Garcia, Alvar	1090	Vallfogona, Bernardo		Sagrera, Guillermo .	1416
Raymundo	1129	de.....	1375	Valleras, Arnaldus	
Matheus	1168	Comas, Pedro	1385	de.....	1416
Gallego, Pedro	1175	Alfonso, Rodrigo...	1389	Xulbe, Paschasius de	1416
Cebrian, Pedro	1175	Collivella, Guillermo	1397	Gomez, Alvar.....	1418
Cumba, Pedro de ..	1203	Ruan, Carlos Galteo		Roan, Guillen de...	1420
Paradiso, Mateo ...	1217	de	1397	Vantier, Rollinus ..	1427
Henricus	1250	San Juan, Pedro de	1397	Cipres, Pedro	1430
Bernardus Frater ..	1256	Olotzaga, Juan de..	1400	Blay, Pedro	1436
Peñafreyta, Pedro de	1286	Balaguer, Pedro ..	1414	Carreño, Fernando .	1440
Perez, Pedro	1290	Rodriguez, Juan ..	1415	Colonia, Juan de ..	1442
Fabre, Jayme	1307	Abiell, Guillermo ..	1416	Egas, Anequin de ..	1459
Argenta, Bartolomé	1325	Boffiy, Guillermo ..	1416	Gallego, Juan	1459

Matienzo, G. F. de	1466	Luna, Hurtado de	1508	Hontañon, Juan Gil de	1530
Guas, Juan	1476	Egas, Antonio	1509	Hontañon, Rodrigo Gil	
Estacio (Maestro)	1477	Badajos, Juan de	1512	de	1535
Nieto, Alonso	1479	Borgoña, Felipe	1512	Bedel, Pedro	1550
Escobedo, Juan de	1481	Colonia, Simon de	1512	Ezquerra, Pedro	1550
Sanchez, Bonifacio	1481	Vallejo, Juan de	1512	Xamete	1550
Carpintero, Macias	1488	Alava, Juan de	1513	Villalpando, Francisco	1560
Egas, Enrique de	1494	Covarrubias, Alonso	1513	Herrera, Juan de	1570
Ruesga, Juan de	1494	Forment, Damian	1520	Theotocupuli, Dom	1575
Gumiel, Pedro	1497	Ibarra, Pedro de	1520	Monegro, J. B.	1580
Arandia, Juan de	1499	Machuca, Pedro	1520	Blay, Pedro	1584
Andino, Cristobal	1500	Ruiz, Fernan	1520	Mora, Francisco	1596
Beruguete, Alonso	1500	Riaño, Diego	1525	Churriguera, José	1725
Hontañon, Juan Gil de	1500	Siloe, Diego	1525	Juvara, Felipe	1735
Rodriguez, Alonso	1503	Valdelvira, Pedro	1525	Rodriguez, Ventura	1750
Boncks, Arnau	1507	Yoli, Gabriel	1525	Sabatini, Francisco	1760

§ XX.—SCULPTURE (SPANISH).

Spanish sculpture is so peculiar in one branch, and has hitherto been so little critically considered, that the attention of the scholar and archæologist may be briefly called to it. This branch includes the holy images, and these *Simulacros y Imagenes* are 'as little changed in name and object as the *simulacra et imagines* of the Pagan Romans. Some are destined to be worshipped in niches and on altars, others to be carried about in the streets by *cofradías*, or brotherhoods, for adoration during religious ceremonies, and especially during Passion Week, whence such graven figures are called PASOS.

The great demand for these carvings has induced many artists in Spain to devote themselves to this branch of sculpture; hence Cano, Montañes, Roldan, Becerra, Juni, and Hernandez rank exactly as Dædalus, Emilis, and others did among the ancients. The fine specimens of their works have a startling reality; the stone statues of monks actually seem fossils of a once living being; many others are exquisitely conceived and executed; unfortunately, from the prudery of Spanish draperies, much of the anatomical excellence is concealed by being dressed and painted: strictly speaking, they attempt too much. The essence of statuary is *form*, and to clothe a statue, said Byron, is like translating Dante: a *marble* statue never deceives; coloured statuary *does*, and is beneath the severity of sculpture. The imitation of life may surprise, but, like colossal toys, barbers' blocks, and wax-work figures, when bad, it chiefly pleases the ignorant and children of a large or small growth, to whom a painted doll gives more pleasure than the Apollo Belvidere. The resemblance is obvious, and cannot give pleasure, from want of the transparency of skin and the absence of life. The imitation, so exact in form and colour, suggests the painful idea of a dead body, which a statue does not.

Most of these images appear to strangers revolting or ridiculous; but the genius of the Spaniard seeks the material and natural rather

suitied to their tastes and knowledge, and the legions of tinsel caricatures of the human and divine which encumber the houses of God, affect the nation at large, who come to worship, not to criticise, and who bow implicitly down, with a sincere faith, before the images of the Virgin and Christ, which are set up for them to worship by their pastors and masters. The devotional feeling prevails entirely over the æsthetic; and at all events these tangible and bodily representations of persons and events connected with the Scriptures and church legends, realise them to those who can see, but not read: thus they did their work well before the schoolmaster was abroad, but now that they have served their turn, and are moved from the temple to the museum, for which they were never intended, their original sentiment is lost, as well as the fitness and meaning of the *religio loci*. In their original chapels they had a speaking reference to the tutelar patron or miracle; but the cheat of their tinsel colours and clothing, which was concealed in the solemn semi-gloom, is revealed in the broad daylight, and they look like monks turned out of their convent into the wide world. Many of the smaller *ξοανα* are preserved in glass cases, after the fashion of surgical preparations.

The works of the following sculptors are the best deserving of notice; they flourished or died about the period affixed to their names, as given by Cean Bermudez, to whom refer for details:—

Matheus, El Maestro	1188	Florentin, Miguel ..	1510	Siloe, Diego de	1562
Bartolomé, Maestro	1278	Badajos, Juan de ..	1512	Tudelilla	1566
Castiyls, Jayme...	1375	Manso, Pedro	1518	Morel, Bartolomé..	1566
Centellas	1410	Valmeseda, Juan de	1518	Becerra, Gaspar ...	1566
Vallfogona, Pedro de	1416	Berruguete, Alonso.	1520	Ancheta, Miguel de.	1575
Canet, Antonio	1416	Torrignano, Pedro ..	1520	Juni, Juan de.....	1585
Alfonso, Juan	1418	Forment, Damien ..	1525	Trezzo, Jacome....	1589
Juan, Pedro	1426	Valdelvira, Pedro ..	1540	Jordan, Esteban ...	1590
Cervia Berenguer ..	1458	Copin, Diego and		Leoni, Pompeyo ...	1605
Aleman, Juan	1460	Miguel	1540	Hernandez, Gregorio	1635
Sanchez, Martin ...	1480	Borgoña, Felipe de	1543	Pereyra, Manuel ..	1645
Ortiz Pablo	1489	Tordesillas, Gaspar de	1545	Montañas, Juan Mar-	
Gomar, Francisco ..	1490	Machuca, Pedro ...	1545	tinez	1645
Dancart (Maestro) .	1495	Xamete	1550	Cano, Alonso	1650
Rodrigo (Maestro) .	1495	Leoni, Leon	1555	Roldan, Pedro.....	1650
Siloe, Gil de	1500	Villalpando, Franco	1561		

The Spanish painted and dressed images precisely tally in material, form, painting, dressing, and adoration, with those of Pagan antiquity. Statues of *marble* were a late introduction in Italy (Plin. Nat. Hist., xxxiv. 7), and are still rare in Spain. Cedar and the resinous woods were older, and preferred from the “eternity of the material” (Plin. Nat. Hist., xiii. 5). The Cyllenian Mercury was made of the *abor vitæ*, *Θου*, the exact *Alerce* of Spain. When decayed they were replaced. Pliny, jun. (Ep. ix. 39), writes to his architect, Mustius, to make or get him a new *Ceres*, as the old one was wearing out. Pausanias (ii. 19, 3) mentions the *ξοανον* of Argos, the work of Attalus the Athenian, just as Ponz would cite the San Geronimo of Montañas at Itálica. It is difficult to read Pausanias, and his accounts of the statues new and old, the temples ruined and rebuilt, without feeling how much

would suit a Greek *Handbook for Spain*, *mutatis mutandis*, so many objects pointed out to notice resemble each other in nature and condition. Some *ξοανα*, as is the case in Spain at this moment, were made of baked clay, *terra cotta*, because cheaper. Juvenal (Sat. xi. 116) and Josephus (contr. Ap. ii. 35) laugh at these makeshifts. They, however, answered the purposes for which they were intended, just as well then as now. The ancient *ξοανα*, like the Spanish *Pasos*, had their prescriptive colours. As Re of Egypt, like Pan, was painted red, Osiris black and green, the Athena of Skiras white, and Apollo's face was frequently gilded, so in Spain the Virgin in her '*Purísima Concepcion*' is always painted in blue and white, St. John is always dressed in green, and Judas Iscariot in *yellow*: "and so intimately," says Blanco White ('Letters,' 289), "is this circumstance associated with the idea of the traitor, that it is held in universal discredit." Persons taken to execution are clad in yellow serge. That colour was also adopted by the Inquisition for their *san benito*, or dress of heresy and infamy. The hair of Judas is always red, or of Rosalind's "dissembling colour something browner than Judas's." Athenæus (v. 7), in that most curious account of the procession of the images of Bacchus, mentions that his *αγαλμα* was clad in purple, and that of Nyssa in *yellow*. Much of this chromatology, no doubt, is based on traditions preserved by these rubrical formulæ. The ancient temples, like the Christian churches in the middle ages, were painted with blue, vermilion and gilding, and it became necessary to dress and colour the images up to the general tone of everything around them; they otherwise would have had a cold and ineffective character. This colouring in Spain was deemed of such importance, that Alonso Cano and Montañes generally stipulated that no one but themselves should paint the figures which they carved, or give that peculiar surface enamelling, *el estofar*.

When properly carved and consecrated, these figures were treated by the ancients, and still are by devout Spaniards, as if they were living deities. Real food was provided for them and their chaplains. They were washed by attendants of their own sex. In Spain no *man* is allowed to undress the *Paso* or *sagrada imagen* of the Virgin, which is an office of highest honour. These *Pasos* are brought out on grand occasions, principally during the Holy Week. Every parish once had its own figure or group; particular incidents of our Saviour's passion were represented by companies, *Confradías*, *Hermanidades*, who took the name from the event: they were the *ἱερὴ εὐρυ* of the Rosetta stone, the *Κωμασται* of Clemens Alex. (Strom. v. 242), the *Collegia*, which in Rome were so powerful, numerous, and well organized that Julius Cæsar took care to put them down. The Sovereign of Spain is generally the *Hermano Mayor*. These guilds (lodges constituted on the masonic principle) give an occupation to the members, and gratify their personal vanity by rank, titles, and personal decorations, banners, emblems, &c. The expenses are defrayed by a small subscription. The affairs are directed by the *Teniente Hermano Mayor nombrado por S. M.* There is no lack of fine-sounding appellations or paraphernalia, in which Spaniards delight.

Seville and Valencia are the head-quarters of these *Lectisternia Anteludia*, and processions. And really when a Protestant scholar beholds them, and remembers his classical studies, time and space are

annihilated, he is carried back to Arnobius (lib. vii.), "*Lavatio Deum matris est hodie, Jovis epulum cras est, lectisternium Cereris est idibus proximis.*" The images are moved on platforms, *Andas*, and pushed on by men concealed under draperies. The *Pasos* are quite as heavy to the weary as were those of Bel and Nebo (Isaiah xli. 1). Among the ancients, not only the images of the gods, but the sacred boat of Osiris, the shrine of Isis, the ark of the Jews, were borne on staves; just as now is done with the *custodia* in Spain. Those who wish to compare the analogy and practice of the ancient and still existing proceedings in Spain, are referred to the sixth chapter of Baruch, wherein he describes the identical scenes and Babylonian *Pasos*—their dresses, the gilding, the lights, &c.; or to Athenæus (v. 7) and Apuleius (Met. ii. 241), who, *mutatis mutandis*, have shown "what to observe" and describe in Spain, especially as regards the *Pasos* of the Virgin. *Paso*, strictly speaking, means the figure of the Saviour during his passion. The *Paso*, however, of the Virgin is the most popular, and her gold-embroidered and lace pocket handkerchief long set the fashion for the season to the Andalusian dandyettes, as the procession of the Long-Champs does at Paris. This is the exact *Megalesia* in honour of the Great Goddess, *μεγαλη θεος*, which used to take place in April, and the identical *paso* of Salambo, the Babylonian *Astarte Aphrodite*, which was carried through Seville with all the Phœnician rites even down to the 3rd century, when Santa Rufina and Justina, the present patronesses of the cathedral tower, were torn to pieces by the populace for insulting the images; and such would possibly again be the case, should any tract-distributing spinster fly in the face of the *Sagrada imagen de la Virgen del mayor dolor y traspasso*, which is still carried, at about the same time of the year, through the same streets and almost precisely in the same manner; indeed, Florez admits (E. S. ix. 3) that this *paso* of Salambo represented the *grief and agony* felt by Venus for the death of Adonis. A female divinity seems always to have been popular among all Southrons and Orientals. Thus Venus, when carried in pomp round the circus, was hailed with the same deafening applause as the goddess Doorga receives from the admiring Hindoos, or the Virgin's image receives at Seville to this day. There is little new of anything under the sun, and still less in human devices. Many a picturesque Papal superstition has been anticipated by Paganism, whilst almost every vagary of Protestant dissent is but a repetition of the fanatical puritanism of the mediæval church. Whatever is found to have answered at one time will probably answer at another, for poor human nature seldom varies in conduct, when given circumstances are the same.

§ XXI.—PAINTING (SPANISH SCHOOLS OF).

There are three great schools of Spanish painting—Seville, Valencia, and Madrid—and the productions of their chief masters are best to be studied in their own localities. Few cities in Spain possess good collections of pictures, and, with the exception of the capital, those which

do are seldom enriched with any specimens of *foreign* schools, for such is that of Valencia as regards Seville, and *vice versâ*. The Spaniards have ever used their art as they do their wines and other gifts of the soil; they just consume what is produced on the spot and is nearest at hand, ignorant and indifferent as regards all others, even although they be of a higher quality.

The earliest art in Spain, as exemplified in missals, offers no national peculiarity. The first influence was produced by the family of the Van Eyk's, of whom John visited Portugal in 1428; and M. Gachard has shown that he went on to the Alhambra to paint the Moorish kings. The Flemish element yielded to the Italian in the 16th century, which, after a brief period of Spanish nationality, faded into the French school. The church (the great patron) neither looked to Apelles or Raphael, to Venus or the Graces: she employed painting to decorate her churches, to furnish objects of devotion, and to provide *painted* books for those who could see and feel, but who could not read; and the church stood sentinel over author and artist; she appointed an inspector—*censor y veedor*—whose duty it was to visit the studies of sculptors and painters, and either to destroy or to paint over the slightest deviations from the manner laid down in their rubric for treating sacred subjects: for to change traditional form and attribute was a novelty and a heresy, in fact a creation of new deities. Spanish pictures, Velazquez's and Murillo's excepted, will generally disappoint those whose tastes have been formed beyond the Pyrenees; the masterpieces of other artists are, however, seldom to be seen, for these naturally have been the first to be secured by foreigners, who have left the gloomy and ascetic behind: even in regard to Murillo this is partially the case; thus, in all the Peninsula, not ten of his gipsy and beggar pictures are to be found, and the style by which he is best known in England is that by which he will be perhaps the least recognised in his native land.

The Peninsula was so plundered of its best specimens by the French invaders during the War of Independence, and so stripped during subsequent years of peace by means of the gold of English, Russian, and French purchasers, that nothing but the veriest dregs remains for sale; the provincial galleries, Seville excepted, prove to demonstration by the absence of good pictures, and by the presence of unmitigated rubbish, the extent to which the processes of removal and collecting have been carried on.

The following is a list of the most celebrated Spanish painters; the dates indicate the epoch about which they flourished or died, as given by Cean Bermudez and Stirling, to whom refer for details:—

Rincon, Antonio ...	1500	Morales, Luis de ..	1575	Mascagio, Arsenio..	1600
Fernandez Alejo ...	1525	Theotocupuli, Dome-		Joanes, Juan Vicente	1605
Gallegos, Fernando .	1530	nico, <i>el Greco</i> ..	1578	Orrente, Pedro	1620
Campana, Pedro ...	1552	Pardo, Blas del	1579	Roelas, Juan de las .	1625
Vargas, Luis de ...	1565	Villegas, Pedro de .	1590	Espinosa, Geronimo	
Coello, Alonso San-		Ribalta, Francisco..	1590	Rodriguez	1630
chez	1565	Pantoja de la Cruz,		Bisquert, Antonio ..	1630
Navarrete, Juan Fer-		Juan	1595	Diaz, Diego Valentin	1640
nandez	1570	Cespedes, Pablo de .	1600	Cano, Alonso	1645

Herrera el Viejo . . .	1655	Iriarte, Ignacio . . .	1660	Murillo, Bartolomé	
Ribera, Josef de . . .	1655	Moya, Pedro	1660	Esteban	1680
Velazquez, Diego		Arellano, Juan de . .	1670	Herrera, El Mozo . .	1680
Silva de	1659	Bocanegra, Pedro		Cerezo, Mateo	1680
Valdez, Sebastian de		Atanasio	1675	Coello, Claudio	1680
Llanos	1660	Carreño, Juan Mi-		Goya	1800
Zurbaran, Francisco	1660	randa de	1680		

Engravers.—Spain is no paradise for the collectors of engravings and prints; calcography never flourished on a soil where the graver was too difficult for a people who bungle when mechanical nicety is requisite. Flemings and foreigners were usually employed. The native copper scratchers could only supply the coarse prints of Madonnas, miracle-working monks, &c. These caricatures of art answered admirably as *Dii cubiculares*, and, hung up in bedrooms, allured Morpheus and expelled nightmare; now-a-days French artists are usually employed in any works requiring skill.

§ XXII.—ARMS OF SPAIN (ROYAL).

These, which appear on most religious and public buildings, offer fixed and certain aids in marking dates. They have from time to time undergone many changes, and those changes denote epochs. The “canting” *Castile* was first assumed for Castile, and the Lion for *Leon*; —the earliest shields were parted per cross; gules, a castle, or; argent, a lion rampant gules, or more properly purpure. In 1332 Alonso XI. instituted the order of *La Vanda*, the “Band,” or scarf, the origin of “blue and red ribbons;” the charge was a bend dexter gules issuing from two dragons’ heads vert. This, the charge of the old banner of Castile, was discontinued in 1369 by Henry II., who hated an order of which his brother had deprived him. The colours of the flag of Spain are red and yellow, because Castile bears gules and or.

The union of Aragon and Castile in 1479, under Ferdinand and Isabella, caused changes in the royal shield, then divided by coupe and party; the first and fourth areas were given to Castile and Leon quartered, the second and third to Aragon—Or, four bars, gules—and Sicily impaled; Navarre and Jerusalem were added subsequently: Ferdinand and Isabella, who were much devoted to St. John the Evangelist, adopted his eagle, sable with one head, as the supporter of their common shield: they each assumed a separate device: Isabella took a bundle of arrows, *Flechas*, and the letter *P*, the initial of her husband’s name and of this symbol of union. The arbitrary Ferdinand took a Yoke, *Yugo*, and the letter *Y*, the initial alike of his wife’s name and of the despotic machine which he fixed on the neck of Moor and Spaniard: he added the motto *TANTO MÔTA*, *Tanto monta*, Tantamount, to mark his assumed equality with his Castilian queen, which the Castilians never admitted.

When Granada was captured in 1492, a pomegranate stalked and leaved *proper*, with the shell open-grained *gules*, was added to the point

of the shield in base: wherever this is wanting, the traveller may be certain that the building is prior to 1492. Ferdinand and Isabella are generally called *los Reyes Catolicos*, the Catholic Sovereigns: they were very great builders, and lived at the period of the most florid Gothic and armorial decorations: they were fond of introducing figures of heralds in tabards.

The age of their grandson Charles V. was again that of change: he brought in all the pomp of Teutonic emblazoning: the arms of the Roman Empire, Austria, Burgundy, Brabant, and Flanders, were now added, and the apostolic one-headed eagle gave way to the double-headed eagle of the Empire: the shield was enclosed with the order of the Golden Fleece; the ragged staff of Burgundy, and the pillars of Hercules, with the motto *Plus ultra, plus oultre*, were added. Philip II. discontinued the Imperial Eagle, but added, in two escutcheons of pretence, the arms of Portugal, Artois, and Charolois. These were omitted by his grandson Philip IV. when Spain began to fall to pieces, and her kingdoms to drop off; on the accession of Philip V. the three Bourbon *fleurs de lys* were added in an escutcheon of pretence.*

The chief towns rejoice in magnificent epithets, "Noble, Loyal, Faithful," &c. "*Heroic*" is so common, that the French soldiers, under Angoulême, could not help laughing when the municipalities came out to surrender their keys instant. These corporations often enjoy *personal* rank, "excellencies," and so forth.

§ XXIII.—A RIDING TOUR THROUGH SPAIN—COSTUME—SADDLE-BAGS OR ALFORJAS, AND WHAT TO STOW IN THEM—THE HORSES OF SPAIN.

Travelling on horseback, that ancient and once universal mode of travelling, is fast becoming obsolete in Europe, owing to the improved facilities for locomotion provided in this age of Steam. We would, however, recommend an equestrian excursion in Spain to the young, healthy, and adventurous, as by far the most agreeable plan of proceeding; and, indeed, as regards a certain portion of the Peninsula, the only practicable course. The leading royal roads which connect the principal inland and seaport towns with each other are indeed excellent; but they are generally drawn in a straight line, or are conducted in those directions which offer the best facilities for getting over the continuous chains of mountains by which the face of Spain is diversified. Many of the sites of the most ancient cities are thus left out, and these, together with sites of battles, places of historical incident, ruins and remains of antiquity, and scenes of the greatest natural beauty, are accessible with difficulty, and in many places only on horseback. The wide extent of country which intervenes between the radii

* The arms of every important town in Spain will be found in the '*Rasgo Heroico*' of Ant. Moya, Madrid, 1756. Those of private families are endless. Consult '*Bibliotheca Hispanica Historico Genealogico Heraldica*,' Q. E. de Frankenau, 4to. Leipzig, 1724: it enumerates no less than 1490 works; the real author was Juan Lucas Cortes, a learned Spaniard, whose MS. treatises on heraldry and jurisprudence fell into the hands of this plagiarist, by whom they were appropriated in the most bare-faced manner. On the copious subject of Spanish Heraldry and Genealogy the '*Quarterly Review*,' No. cxxiii. may be consulted.

of the great roads and the railways, is most indifferently provided with public means of intercommunication; there is often no traffic and no demand for modern conveyances,—even mules and horses are not always to be procured, and those who intend to make a prolonged tour will find it best to set out with their own beasts: the comfort and certainty of this precaution has been corroborated beyond any doubt by frequent comparisons with the discomforts undergone by other persons, who have trusted to chance accommodations and means of locomotion in ill-provided districts: indeed, as a general rule, the traveller will do well to carry with him everything with which from habit he feels he cannot dispense. The chief object will be to combine in as small a space as possible the greatest amount of portable comfort, taking care to select the really essential; for there is no worse mistake than lumbering one's self with things that are never wanted. We shall give some advice on this head; the subject has not been much detailed by previous authors, who have rarely travelled much out of the beaten track, or undertaken a long continued riding tour, and they have been rather inclined to overstate the dangers and difficulties of a plan which they have never tried.

The best travelling costume is a commodious shooting-coat, wide-awake, and leggings. This, of course, will only be his road costume; he should take an ordinary hat in a strong leather hat-box, and be careful to have a suit of black, which is the colour of ceremony in towns. Every traveller should have a waterproof cape of such dimensions as will completely envelope his body *and legs*. He must also provide himself with saddle-bags or *alforjas*. These three essentials should be strapped on the front of the saddle, as being less heating to the horse than when on its flanks. Each traveller should have his own pair of *alforjas*, which at night should be placed in his bedroom, as being the receptacle of all his most valuable *trapos*, traps. The *alforjas*, in name and appearance, are the Moorish *al horch*. (The F and H, like the B and V, the X and J, are almost equivalent, and were formerly used indiscriminately in Spanish cacography.*) They combine the *sarcina*, ab utroque latere pendentes, of Cato the censor, with the *vulgas* of the Romans, and were quite as indispensable in the days of Lucilius as now—

“Cum *bulgá* cænat, dormit, lavit, omnis in unâ.
Spes hominis *bulga* hæc devincta est cætera vita.”

The Spaniard can do nothing on the road without them; he lives with them and through them. They are generally made of cotton and worsted, embroidered in gaudy colours and patterns; the *correct* thing is to have the owner's name worked in on the edge. Those made at Granada are very excellent; the Moorish, especially those from Morocco, are ornamented with an infinity of small tassels.

Into these reservoirs the traveller will stow away everything which, according to his particular wants, he knows he shall require the most frequently.

* All but the J are now obsolete.

Among the contents which most people will find it convenient to carry in the *right-hand bag*, a pair of blue gauze spectacles will be found useful; a green shade is also a comfort. Ophthalmia is very common in Spain, and particularly in the calcined central plains, where the constant glare is unrelieved by any verdure, the air is dry, and the clouds of dust are highly irritating from being impregnated with nitre. The best remedy is to bathe the eyes frequently with warm water, and never to rub them when inflamed. Spaniards never jest or trifle with their eyes or creed, "*con los ojos y la fé, nunca me burlaré.*" It will also be well to include a good, strong, English knife, a pair of scissors, a small thermometer, a good achromatic telescope, a compass, the passport, a brandy-flask, a supply of cigars, those keys to Spanish hearts; a supply of cartridges for his breach-loader fowling-piece and revolver, and a note-book, for, as Gray says, "memory is more treacherous than a lead pencil, and one word dotted down on the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections," and the rapid succession of scenes, objects, and incidents soon efface one another if the memory alone is trusted. The botanist may carry his *hortus siccus* book and vasculum; the geologist his hammer, and his specimens (those samples of the land, which he will be suspected to be carrying home in order to entice back his invading fellow-countrymen); the artist his block-book and paint-box, all the contents of which—camel-hair brushes, liquid water-colours, permanent white, and good lead-pencils—should of course be brought from England; as little relating to the water-colour art is to be got in Spain, the few Spaniards who use water-colours, which their painters despise as child's play, being still in the dark ages of Indian ink. As the grand essential for everybody is to have everything handy and accessible, it is well to have a supply of small money for the halt and the blind, and for other piteous cases of human suffering by which the traveller's eye will be pained in a land where soup-dispensing monks are done away with, and no poor-law commissioners appointed in their stead, such charity from God's purse, "*bolsa de Dios,*" never impoverishes that of man, "*en dar limosna, nunca mengua la bolsa.*"

The left half of the *alforjas* may be given up to the writing and dressing-cases, and the smaller these are the better. Steel pens and soap should not be forgotten, as the latter is not made in Castile; ditto tooth-brushes and powder. Those who require it should take their own physic with them, and prescribe for themselves, as the art of medicine is somewhat in arrear in Spain. "After forty," it is said, "every man is a fool or a physician," but the more physic is thrown to the dogs, the better. Don Quijote's advice to Sancho is the safest, to eat little dinner and less supper, especially when travelling. Very little meat or wine is necessary in these hot latitudes; the English at Gibraltar, who mess as in England, have in consequence faces somewhat redder than their jackets; they have yet to learn that the stomach is the anvil whereon health is forged, and that graves are dug with teeth before spades: "*mas cura la dieta que no la lanceta.*" So much for the body, food for the mind should not be neglected; the travelling library, like companions, should be select and good, "*libros y amigos pocos y buenos,*" Books are a matter of taste; we venture to recom-

mend a pocket edition of the Bible, Don Quijote, Gil Blas, Borrow's Bible in Spain, Street's Gothic Architecture, and also Murray's Handbook. Having disposed of his library on the front bow of his saddle, a short-barrelled breech-loading fowling-piece should be slung behind the saddle to the right, and a full-sized revolver should be slung in its leather case at the croup also on the right-hand side of the saddle, so as to be ready to be whipped out and quoted at a moment's notice. N.B. This precaution is, of course, not absolutely necessary, but it may avert real accidents; the appearance of being armed and prepared is of itself quite enough to deter *rateros* (mere stragglers), who otherwise might turn out thieves.

What Fynes Moryson stated in his advice to travellers in England holds good to this day as regards Spain. "For the most part Englishmen, especially in long journies, use to ride upon their owne horses, all the difficultie is to have a body able to endure the toyle." The expressions "*Iluca Andaluça-Cordovesa*" convey to the Spanish mind the ne plus ultra of all that is perfect in horseflesh. Although there are more mules and asses in Spain than in any other country in the world, and the great bulk of the natives have never ridden any other quadruped, yet they address one another and expect to be addressed, as horsemen par excellence, "*caballeros*." This designation, if the particular equestrian reference is dropped, and is simply translated as *riders*, is true enough, for no Spaniard, in ancient or modern history, ever took a regular walk on his own feet for the sake of mere health, exercise, or pleasure. When the old Iberians saw some Roman centurions walking for walking's sake, they laid hold of them and carried them to their tents, thinking that they must be mad (Strabo, iii. 249). A modern Spaniard, having stumbled over a stone, exclaimed, "*Voto a Dios*—this comes of a caballero's ever walking!"

The Andalucian horse takes precedence of all, he fetches the highest price, and the Spaniards in general value no other breed, considering his configurations and qualities as perfect. In some respects they are right; no horse in the world is so easy to ride, none more gentle and docile, none more quick in acquiring showy accomplishments, or in performing feats of agility; his mane, "*crin, clin*," is soft and silky, and is frequently plaited with gay ribbons; his tail, *cola*, is of great length, and is left in all the proportions of nature, not cropped or docked; indeed it often trails to the ground, although the animal has perfect command over it, lashing it on every side, as a gentleman switches his cane; on a journey, however, it is usual to double and tie it up.

The Andalucian horse is round in all his quarters, though inclined to be small in the barrel; he is broad-chested, and always carries his head high, especially when running; his length bears no proportion to his height, which sometimes reaches to sixteen hands; he is, to make use of a Spanish term, "*muy recogido*," very well gathered up, especially when tearing along at full speed; he never, however, stretches out with the long graceful sweep of the English thorough-bred, and his action is apt to be loose and shambling.

The pace is, notwithstanding, perfectly delightful; from being very long in the pastern, "*largo de cuartilla*," the motion is broken as if by the springs of a carriage; it is the peculiar "*paso Castellano*," which is

something more than a walk, and less than a trot. It has been carefully described by Pliny as belonging to the Galician and Asturian horses : “ *quibus non est vulgaris in cursu gradus, sed mollis alterno crurum explicatu glomeratio, unde equis totulim carpere in cursus traditur arte* ” (N. H. viii. 42). This sort of Spanish horse was called by the Romans *asturcon*, *tolutarius*, *gradarius*, and his pace was the lounging Spanish walk which Seneca says that Cicero had ; all these terms were merged in the middle ages to *ambulator*, the walker, whence the English verb to amble, although Hudibras had not forgotten the old word,—

“ Whether *pace* or trot,
That is to say, whether *tolutation*,
As they do term it, or succussion.”

The head and ears of the Andalusian horse are apt to be rather too large ; in general he is unequal to hard work, and is delicate ; he soon knocks up if ill-treated or overworked.

The old Spanish Goths were very particular as to the colour of their horses ; St. Isidore, though an archbishop, enters into the minutest details (Orig. xii. 1). The black horse is the *negro*, *moro*, *morillo*, or *gallado* ; the chesnut, *castaño* : the bay, *vayo* ; the dapple, *tordo*, or *tordo rodado* ; the grey, *pardo* ; the sorrel, *alazan*, which is the same as the *gilvus*—that uncertain in colour of Virgil. The cream, *la perla*, like the white, denoted pure Arab breed, and used to be the most esteemed ; Chaucer's knight, Sir Topaz, talks of “ Jennets of Spayne that be so wyght : ” the favourite colour at present is the dark cinnamon or roan, *alazan tostado*. Such a horse is supposed to die rather than knock up : “ *Alazan tostado, antes muerto que causado.* ” As to the colour of their legs, a horse with four white feet is called *quatralbo*, with three *trisalbo*.

Many other provinces possess breeds of horses which are more useful, though less showy than the Andalusian ; next to it, the horse of Estremadura, “ *caballo estremeno*, ” is the most valued. The horse of Castile is a strong, hardy animal, and the best which Spain produces for mounting heavy cavalry. The ponies of Galicia, although ugly and uncouth, are admirably suited to that wild hilly country, and its laborious population ; they require very little care or grooming, and are satisfied with coarse food and Indian corn. The horses of Navarre, once so celebrated, are still esteemed for their hardy strength ; but this breed has, from neglect, degenerated into ponies, which, however, are beautiful in form, hardy, docile, sure-footed, and excellent trotters.

In most of the large towns of Spain there is a sort of market, *mercado*, where horses are publicly sold. There are great horse fairs at Leon, in June ; at Pamplona, in July ; and at Mairena, near Seville, in May. That at Ronda, in May, is the great *Howden* of the four provinces of Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada, and the resort of all the picturesque-looking rogues of the south. No traveller who is fond of horseflesh should omit to visit the two last-mentioned ; the fair of Mairena is one of the lions of Andalusia, where will be assembled horses and men from all parts of Spain,—the *criador*, who breeds them ; the *conocidor*, who looks after them in the fields ; the *picador*, who breaks

them ; and the *chalan*, who deals in them, who being generally a gypsy, is of course a rogue ; if he does not own the horse himself he acts as the *corredor* or broker, or as the *tercero*, or go-between, and often cheats both buyer and seller. He is full of tricks upon travellers, *Arañas*, *embustes*, *trampas*. To the readers of Gil Blas and Don Quijote, we need not say that the race of Gines Passamonte is not extinct ; let the purchaser therefore beware, the best plan is to apply to some respectable private person, who may know in the circle of his acquaintance of animals which can be warranted. Horses for sale are constantly paraded by regular dealers, and it is soon known among the *chalanes* that a customer is in the market ; he will have no lack of horses offered to him, which will be better than making the first inquiries himself, when a fancy price is sure to be asked.

Those who cannot ride except on an English saddle, will do well to bring one out with them ; for, except in the larger towns, such an article is seldom to be met with in Spain ; but the English saddle is not adapted to the Spanish horse and the things that he has to carry, and the English equestrian tourist (when he has become accustomed to it), will find the Spanish saddle less fatiguing. Spanish saddles are of various classes. The *albarda albardon* is the old pique saddle, with high pommel or bow (*arzon*), in front, and croup behind, from which the rider is not easily unseated, this however is not an agreeable seat, and is very heavy. The *albardilla* is infinitely preferable ; in shape it is broad and square, and looks like a cushion ; it is composed of a well-stuffed body, over which several wrappings are laid, the upper of which is of fine lambskin ; it is soft and easy. The tree is hollowed out in such a manner that it does not touch the horse's back. The stirrups are the primitive Moorish, consisting of copper or iron boxes of a triangular shape, in which almost the whole foot rests. An *albardilla* with its accoutrements (*con sus arreos*), will cost about five pounds. The crupper (*gruper*), and breastplate (*pretal*), are quite necessary, from the steep ascents and descents in the mountains. The *mosquero*, or fly-flapper is a great comfort to the horse, it hangs between the eyes, and keeps in perpetual motion ; the *cabestro*, or head-stall, should not be removed from the bridle, it should be neatly rolled up when not in use, and fastened along the side of the cheek.

§ XXIV.—BULL-FIGHTS.

The bull-fight, let moralists say what they will, is the sight of Spain, and to see one certainly forms the *first* object of all the younger portion of travellers from every nation ; and as not to understand after some sort the order of the course, the salient features, and the language of the "ring," argues in the eyes of the natives an entire want of liberal education, no Handbook for Spain can be complete without some elementary hints as to "what to observe," and what to say in the arena ; there the past is

linked with the present, and Spanish nationality is revealed, for trans-Pyrenean civilization has not yet invaded this sacred spot. The bull-fight, or, to speak correctly, the Bull-Feast, *Fiesta de Toros*, is a modern sport, and never mentioned in any authors of antiquity. Bulls were killed in ancient amphitheatres, but the present *modus operandi* is modern, and, however based on Roman institutions, is indubitably a thing devised by the Moors of *Spain*, for those in Africa have neither the sport, the ring, nor the recollection. The *principle* was the exhibition of horsemanship, courage, and dexterity with the lance, for in the early bull-fight, the animal was attacked by gentlemen armed only with the *Rejon*, a short projectile spear about four feet long. This was taken from the original Iberian *spear*, the *Sparus* of Sil. Ital. (viii. 523), the *Lancea* of Livy (xxxiv. 15), and is seen in the hands of the horsemen of the old Iberian-Romano coinage. To be a good rider and lancer was essential to the Spanish *Caballero*. This original form of bull-fight, (now only given on grand occasions) is called a *Fiesta real*. Such an one Philip IV. exhibited on the *Plaza Mayor* of Madrid before our Charles I. ; and Ferdinand VII. in 1833, as the ratification of the *Juramento*, the swearing allegiance to Isabel II.

These *Fiestas Reales* form the coronation ceremonial of Spain, and the *Caballeros en Plaza* represent our champions. Bulls were killed, but no beef eaten ; as a banquet was never a thing of Iberia.

The final conquest of the Moors, and the subsequent cessation of the border chivalrous habits of Spaniards, and especially the accession of Philip V., proved fatal to this ancient usage of Spain. The spectacle, which had withstood the influence of Isabella the Catholic, and had beaten the Pope's bulls, bowed before the despotism of fashion, and by becoming the game of professionals instead of that of gentlemen, it was stripped of its chivalrous character, and degenerated into the vulgar butchery of low mercenary bull-fighters, just as did our rings and tournaments of chivalry into those of ruffian pugilists.

The Spanish bulls have been immemorially famous. Hercules, that renowned cattle-fancier, was lured into Spain by the lowing of the herds of Geryon, the ancestor (*se dice*) of the Duque de Osuna. The best bulls in Andalucia are bred by Cabrera at Utrera, in the identical pastures where Geryon's herds were pastured and "lifted" by the demigod, whence, according to Strabo (iii. 169), they were obliged, after fifty days' feeding, to be driven off from fear of bursting from fat. Some of the finest Castillian bulls are bred on the *Jarama*, near Aranjuez.

Bull-fights are extremely expensive, costing from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a time ; accordingly, except in the chief capitals and Andalucia, they are only got up now and then, on great church festivals and upon royal and public rejoicings. As Andalucia is the head quarters of the ring, and Seville the capital, the *alma mater* of the tauromachists of the Peninsula, the necessity of sending to a distance for artists and animals increases the expense. The prices of admittance, compared to the wages of labour in Spain, are high.

All bulls are not fit for the *plaza* : only the noblest and bravest animals are selected. The first trial is the *Herradura*, "Ferradura : à ferro," the branding with hot iron. The one-year-old calf bulls are charged by the *conocedor*, the herdsman, with his *garrocha*, the real

Thessalian goad, *opπηξ*. Those which flinch are thrown down and converted into oxen. The kings of Spain, from Philip IV. to Ferdinand VII., attended by their delicate queens and maids of honour, invariably witnessed this operation at Aranjuez! The bulls which pass this "*little go*," the *Novillos*, are in due time again tested by being baited with tipped horns, *embolados*; but, since they are not killed, this pastime, as based on fiction and impotent in conclusion, is despised by the true *torero* and *aficionado*, who aspire only to be in at the death, at *toros de muerte*. Bull-baiting in any shape is irresistible to the Spaniards, his hostility to the bull grows with his growth, and the very children play at *toro*, just as ours do at leap-frog. Few grown-up Spaniards, when on a journey, can pass a bull (or hardly even a cow) without bullying and insulting him, by waving their cloaks in the defiance of *el capeo*.

The profits of the bull-fight are usually destined for the support of hospitals, and, certainly, the fever and the frays subsequent to the show, provide patients as well as funds. The *Plaza* is usually under the superintendence of a society of noblemen and gentlemen, called *Maestranzas*, instituted in 1562, by Philip II., in the hope of improving the breed of Spanish horses and men at arms. The king is always the *Hermano mayor*, or elder brother. These tauromaquian brotherhoods were confined to four cities, viz. Ronda, Seville, Granada, and Valencia, to which Zaragoza was added by Ferdinand VII., the only reward it ever obtained for its heroic defence against the invaders. The members, or *maestrantes*, of each city are distinguished by the colour of their uniforms: as they must all be of gentle blood, *Hidalgos*, and are entitled to wear a gaudy costume, the person-decorating honour is much sought for.

The day appointed for the bull-feast is announced by placards of all colours. We omit to notice their contents, as the traveller will see them on every wall.

The first thing is to secure a good place beforehand, by sending for a *Boletín de Sombra*, a "ticket in the shade." The prices of the seats vary according to position; the best places are on the northern side, in the *shade*. The transit of the sun over the Plaza, the zodiacal progress into Taurus, is certainly not the worst calculated astronomical observation in Spain: the line of shadow defined on the arena is marked by a gradation of prices. The sun of torrid, tawny Spain, on which it once never set, is not to be trifled with, and the summer season is selected because pastures are plentiful, which keep the bulls in good condition, and the days are longer. The fights take place in the afternoon when the sun is less vertical. The different seats and prices are detailed in the bills of the play, with the names of the combatants, and the colours and breeds of the bulls.

The day before the fight the bulls destined for the spectacle are brought to a site outside the town. N.B. No amateur should fail to ride out to see what the *ganado*, the *bichos* or cattle, is like. The *encierro*, the driving them from this place to the arena, is a service of danger, but is extremely picturesque and national. No artist or aficionado should omit attending it. The bulls are enticed by tame oxen, *cabestros*, into a road which is barricaded on each side, and then are driven full speed by the mounted *conocedores* into the Plaza. It is so exciting a spectacle

that the poor who cannot afford to go to the bull-fight, risk their lives and cloaks in order to get the front places, and the best chance of a stray poke *en passant*.

The next afternoon (Sunday is³ usually the day) all the world crowds to the *Plaza de toros*; nothing, when the tide is full, can exceed the gaiety and sparkle of a Spanish public going, eager and dressed in their best, to the *fight*. All the streets or open spaces near the outside of the arena are a spectacle. The bull-fight is to Madrid what a Review is to Paris, and the Derby to London. Sporting men now put on all their *majo*-finery: the distinguished ladies wear on these occasions white lace mantillas; a fan, *abanico*, is quite necessary, as it was among the Romans. The *aficionados* and “the gods” prefer the pit, *tendido*, the lower range, in order, by being nearer, that they may not lose the nice traits of *tauromaquia*. The *plaza* has a language to itself, a dialect peculiar to the *ring*. The *coup d’œil* on entrance is unique; the classical scene bursts on the foreigner in all the glory of the South, and he is carried back to the Coliseum under Commodus. The president sits in a centre box. The proceedings open with the procession of the performers, the mounted spearmen, *picadores*; then follow the *chulos*, the attendants on foot, who wear their silk cloaks, *capas de durancillo*, in a peculiar manner, with the arms projecting in front; and, lastly, the slayers, the *espadas*, and the splendid mule-team, *el tiro*, which is destined to carry off the slain. The profession of bull-fighter is very low-caste in Spain, although the champions are much courted by some young nobles, like our blackguard boxers, and are the pride and darlings of all the lower classes. Those killed on the spot were formerly denied the burial rites, as dying without confession, but a clergyman is now in attendance with *Su Magestad* (the consecrated host), ready to give always spiritual assistance to a dying combatant.

When all the bull-fighting company, thus glittering in their gorgeous costume, have advanced and passed the president, a trumpet sounds; the president throws the key of the *toril*, the cell of the bull, to the *alguacil* or policeman, which he ought to catch in his feathered hat. This gentleman is unpopular; the people dislike the finisher of the law, and mob him by instinct as little birds do a hawk; as the *alguacil* generally rides like a judge or a Lord Mayor, many are the hopes and kind wishes that he may tumble off and be gored by a bull of *Nemesis*. The different performers now take their places as our fielders do at a cricket-match. The bull-fight is a tragedy in three acts, lasts about twenty minutes, and each consists of precisely the same routine. From six to eight bulls are usually killed during each “*funcion*,” occasionally another—a *toro de Gracia*—is conceded to popular clamour, which here will take no denial.

When the door of the *toril* is opened, the public curiosity to see the first rush out is intense, and as none know whether the bull will behave well or ill, all are anxious to judge of his character from the manner he behaves upon first entering the ring. The animal, turned from his dark cell into glare and crowd, feels the novelty of his position. He is the foredoomed Satan of the Epic; ignorant indeed of his fate, for die he must, however skilful or brave his fight. This death, the catastrophe foreshadowed again as in a Greek play, does not diminish

progress of the acts offer infinite incidents and unexpected combinations. In the first of the three acts the *picadores* are the chief performers; three of them are now drawn up, one behind the other, to the right at the *tablas*, the barrier between the arena and spectators; each sits bolt upright on his Rosinante, with his lance in his rest, and as valiant as Don Quijote. They wear the broad-brimmed Thessalian hat; their legs are cased with iron and leather, which gives a heavy look; and the right one, which is presented to the bull, is the best protected. This grieve is termed *la mona*—the more scientific name is *gregoriura*, from the inventor, Don Gregorio Gallo—just as we say a spencer, from the noble Earl. The spear, *garrocha*, is defensive rather than offensive; the blade, *la pua*, ought not to exceed one inch; the sheathing is, however, pushed back when the *picador* anticipates an awkward customer. A butcherous bull is called *carnicero*, who charges home, and again one charge more; *siempre llegando y con recargo*. None but a brave bull will face this *garrocha*, which they recollect of old. Those who shrink from the punishment, *castigo*, are scientifically termed *temerosos*, *recelosos*, *tardos á partir*, *huyendose de la suerte*, *tardos á las varas*. When the bull charges, the *picador*, holding the lance under his right arm, pushes to the right, and turns his horse to the left; the bull, if turned, passes on to the next *picador*. This is called *recibir*, to receive the point—*recibió dos puyazos, tomó tres varas*. If a bull is turned at the first charge, he seldom comes up well again—*teme el castigo*. A bold bull sometimes is cold and shy at first, but grows warmer by being punished—*poco prometia á su salida, bravo pero reparoncillo, salió frío, pero creció en las varas*. Those who are very active—*alegres, ligeros, con muchas piernass*: those who paw the ground—*que aranán, escarban la tierra*—are not much esteemed; they are hooted by the populace, and execrated as *cabras* (goats), *becerritos* (little calves), *vacas* (cows), which is no compliment to a bull; and, however, unskilled in bucolics, all Spaniards are capital judges of bulls in the ring. Such animals as show white feathers are loathed, as depriving the public of their just rights, and are treated with insult, and, moreover, soundly beaten as they pass near the *tablas*, by forests of sticks, *la cachiporra*. The stick of the elegant *majo*, when going to the bull-fight, is *sui generis*, and is called *la chivata*; taper, and between 4 and 5 feet long, it terminates in a lump or knob, while the top is forked, into which the thumb is inserted. This *chivata* is peeled, like the rods of Labau, in alternate rings, black and white or red. The lower classes content themselves with a common shillelah; one with a knob at the end is preferred, as administering a more impressive whack. While a slow bull is beaten and abused, a murderous bull, *duro chocante carnicero y pegajoso*, who kills horses, upsets men, and clears the *plaza*, becomes deservedly a universal favourite; the conquering hero is hailed with ‘*Viva toro! viva toro! bravo toro!*’ Long life is wished to the poor beast by those who know he must be killed in ten minutes. The nomenclature of praise or blame is defined with the nicety of phrenology; but if life be too short (as it is said to be) to learn fox-hunting phraseology, it certainly is to learn that of the bull-fighter. Suffice it to remark, that *claro*, *bravo*, and *boyante* are highly complimentary. *Seco*, *carnudo*, *pegajoso* imply ugly customers. During these saturnalia the liberty of speech is perfect; even the absolute monarch bows now to

the people's voice; the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei* in this levelling rendezvous of bloodshed.

The horses destined for the *plaza* are those which in England would be sent to the knacker; their being of no value renders Spaniards, who have an eye chiefly to what a thing is worth, indifferent to their sufferings. If you remark how cruel it is to "let that poor horse struggle in death's agonies," they will say, "*Ah que! na vale nā,*" (Oh! he is worth nothing.) When his tail quivers in the last death-struggle, the spasm is remarked as a jest, *mira que cola!* The torture of the horse is the blot of the bull-fight: no Englishman or lover of the noble beast can witness his sufferings without disgust; the fact of these animals being worth nothing in a money point of view increases the danger to the rider; it renders them slow, difficult to manage, and very unlike those of the ancient combats, when the finest steeds were chosen, quick as lightning, turning at touch, and escaping the deadly rush: the eyes of these poor animals, who would not otherwise face the bull, are bound with a handkerchief like criminals about to be executed; thus they await blindfold the fatal rip which is to end their life of misery. If only wounded the gash is sewed up and stopped with tow, as a leak! and life is prolonged for new agonies. When the poor brute is dead at last, his carcase is stripped as in a battle.

The *picadores* are subject to hair-breadth escapes and severe falls: few have a sound rib left. The bull often tosses horse and rider in one ruin; and when the victims fall on the ground, exhausts his rage on his prostrate enemies, till lured away by the glittering cloaks of the *chulos*, who come to the assistance of the fallen *picador*. These horsemen often show marvellous skill in managing to place their horses as a rampart between them and the bull. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, the amphitheatre is peopled with heads. Every expression of anxiety, eagerness, fear, horror, and delight is stamped on speaking countenances. These feelings are wrought up to a pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging in the death-struggle, the crimson streams of blood streaking his sweat-whitened body, flies from the infuriated bull, still pursuing, still goring: then is displayed the nerve, presence of mind, and horsemanship of the undismayed *picador*. It is, in truth, a piteous sight to see the poor dying horses treading out their entrails, yet saving their riders unhurt. The miserable steed, when dead, is dragged out, leaving a bloody furrow on the sand. The *picador*, if wounded, is carried out and forgotten—*los muertos y idos, no tienen amigos* (the dead and absent have no friends)—a new combatant fills the gap, the battle rages, he is not missed, fresh incidents arise, and no time is left for regret or reflection. The bull bears on his neck a ribbon, *la devisa*; this is the trophy which is most acceptable to the *querida* of a *buen torero*. The bull is the hero of the scene, yet, like Milton's Satan, he is foredoomed and without reprieve. Nothing can save him from his certain fate, which awaits all, whether brave or cowardly. The poor creatures sometimes endeavour in vain to escape, and leap over the barrier (*barrera*), into the *tendido*, among the spectators, upsetting sentinels, water-sellers, &c., and creating a most amusing hubbub. The bull which shows this craven turn—*un tunante cobarde picaro*—is not deemed worthy of a

noble death, by the sword. The cry of dogs, *perros, perros*, is raised. He is baited, pulled down, and stabbed in the spine. A bull that flinches from death is scouted by all Spaniards, who neither beg for their own life nor spare that of a foe.

At the signal of the president, and sound of a trumpet, the second act commences with the *chulos*. This *chulo* signifies, in the Arabic, a lad, a merryman, as at our Astley's. They are picked young men, who commence in these parts their tauromaquian career. The duty of this light division is to draw off the bull from the *picador* when endangered, which they do with their coloured cloaks; their address and agility are surprising, they skim over the sand like glittering humming-birds, scarcely touching the earth. They are dressed, *á lo maja*, in short breeches, and without gaiters, just like Figaro in the opera of the '*Barbiere de Sevilla*.' Their hair is tied into a knot behind, *mono*, and enclosed in the once universal silk net, the *retecilla*—the identical *reticulum*—of which so many instances are seen on ancient Etruscan vases. No bull-fighter ever arrives at the top of his profession without first excelling as a *chulo* (apprentice), then he begins to be taught how to entice the bull, *llamar al toro*, and to learn his mode of attack, and how to parry it. The most dangerous moment is when these *chulos* venture out into the middle of the plaza, and are followed by the bull to the barrier, in which there is a small ledge, on which they place their foot and vault over, and a narrow slit in the boarding, through which they slip. Their escapes are marvellous; they seem really sometimes, so close is the run, to be helped over the fence by the bull's horns. Occasionally some curious *suertes* are exhibited by *chulos* and expert *toreros*, which do not strictly belong to the regular drama, such as the *suerte de la capa*, where the bull is braved with no other defence but a cloak: another, the *salto tras cuerno*, when the performer, as the bull lowers his head to toss him, places his foot between his horns and is lifted over him.* The *chulos*, in the second act, are the sole performers; another exclusive part is to place small barbed darts, *banderillas*, which are ornamented with cut paper of different colours, on each side of the neck of the bull. The *banderilleros* go right up to him, holding the arrows at the shaft's end, and pointing the barbs at the bull; just when the animal stoops to toss them, they dart them into his neck and slip aside. The service appears to be more dangerous than it is, but it requires a quick eye, a light hand and foot. The barbs should be placed exactly on each side—a pretty pair, a good match—*buenos pares*. Sometimes these arrows are provided with crackers, which, by means of a detonating powder, explode the moment they are affixed in the neck, *banderillas de fuego*. The agony of the tortured animal frequently makes him bound like a kid, to the frantic delight of the people.

The last trumpet now sounds; the arena is cleared for the third act; the *espada*, the executioner, the man of death, stands before his victim alone, and thus concentrates in himself an interest previously frittered among the number of combatants. On entering, he addresses the pre-

* The correct term in toresque euphuism is *astas*, spears; *cuernos*, horns, is seldom mentioned to ears polite, as its secondary meaning might give offence; the vulgar, however, call things by their improper names.

sident, and throws his *montera*, his cap, to the ground, and swears he will do his duty. In his right hand he holds a long straight Toledan blade, *la espada*; in his left he waves the *muleta*, the red flag, the *engaño*, the lure, which ought not (so Romero laid down) to be so large as the standard of a religious brotherhood (*cofradía*), nor so small as a lady's pocket-handkerchief (*pañuelito de señorita*): it should be about a yard square. The colour is red, because that best irritates the bull and conceals blood. There is always a spare *matador*, in case of accidents, which may happen in the best regulated bull-fights; he is called *media espada*, or *sobresaliente*. The *espada* (*el diestro*, the cunning in fence in olden books), advances to the bull, in order to entice him towards him—*citarlo á la suerte, á la jurisdicción del engaño*—to subpœna him, to get his head into chancery, as our ring would say; he next rapidly studies his character, plays with him a little, allows him to run once or twice on the *muleta*, and then prepares for the *coup de grace*. There are several sorts of bulls—*levantados*, the bold and rushing; *parados*, the slow and sly; *aplomados*, the heavy and leaden. The bold are the easiest to kill; they rush, shutting their eyes, right on to the lure or flag. The worst of all are the sly bulls; when they are *marrajos, y de sentido*, cunning and not running straight, when they are *revueltos, cuando ganan terreno y rematan en el bulto*, when they stop in their charge, and run at the man instead of the flag, they are most dangerous. The *espada* who is long killing his bull, or shows a white feather, is insulted by the jeers of the impatient populace; he nevertheless remains cool and collected, in proportion as the spectators and bull are mad. There are many *suertes* or ways of killing the bull; the principal is *la suerte de frente*—the *espada* receives the charge on his sword, *lo mató de un recibido*. The *volapie*, or half-volley, is beautiful, but dangerous; the *matador* takes him by advancing, *corriendose lo*. A firm hand, eye, and nerve, form the essence of the art; the sword enters just between the left shoulder and the blade. In nothing is the real fancy so fastidious as in the exact nicety of the placing this death-wound; when the thrust is true—*buen estoque*—death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting forth blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror, who, drawing the sword, waves it in triumph over the fallen foe. It is indeed the *triumph of knowledge over brute force*; all that was fire, fury, passion, and life, falls in an instant, still for ever.

The team of mules now enter, glittering with flags, and tinkling with bells, whose gay decorations contrast with the stern cruelty and blood; the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace. The *espada* wipes the hot blood from his sword, and bows with admirable *sang froid* to the spectators, who throw their hats into the arena, a compliment which he returns by throwing them back again.

When a bull will not run at all at the *picador*, or at the *muleta*, he is called a *toro abanto*, and the *media luna*, the half-moon, is called for; this is the cruel ancient Oriental mode of houghing the cattle (Joshua xi. 6). The instrument is the Iberian bident—a sharp steel crescent placed on a long pole. The cowardly blow is given from behind; and, when the poor beast is crippled, an assistant, the *cachetero*, pierces the spinal marrow with his *cachete*—*puntilla*, or pointed dagger—with a

traitorous stab from behind. This is the usual method of slaughtering cattle in Spain. To perform all these operations (*el desjarretar*) is considered beneath the dignity of the *matadors* or *espadas*, some of them, however, will kill the bull by plunging the point of their sword in the vertebrae, *el descubellar*—the danger gives dignity to the difficult feat. The identical process obtains in each of the fights that follow. After a short collapse, a fresh object raises a new desire, and the fierce sport is renewed through eight repetitions; and not till darkness covers the heavens, do the mob—*fœx nondum satiata*—retire to sacrifice the rest of the night to Bacchus and Venus, with a passing homage to the knife.

The Spaniards, sons of “truces Iberi,” are very tender on the subject of the cruelty or barbarity of this spectacle, which foreigners, who abuse it the most, are always the most eager to attend. Much may be said on both sides of the question. Mankind has never been over-considerate in regarding the feelings or sufferings of animals, when influenced by the spirit of *sporting*. This sentiment rules in the arena. In England no sympathy is shown for *game*—fish, flesh, or fowl. They are preserved to be destroyed, to afford *sport*, the end of which is death. The amusement is in *playing* the salmon, the *fine run*, as the prolongation of animal torture is termed in the tender vocabulary of the chase. At all events, in Spain horses and bulls are killed outright, and not left to die the lingering death of the poor wounded hare in countless *battues*. A former Mr. Windham protested “against looking too microscopically into bull-baits or ladies’ faces;” and we must pause before we condemn the bull in Spain, whilst we wink at the fox at Melton, or the pheasant in Norfolk. As far as the loss of human life is concerned, the bull-fighters themselves deserve no pity.

Foreigners who argue that the effects produced on Spaniards by a bull-fight are exactly those which are produced on themselves, are neither logical nor true reasoners.

The Spanish have always been *guerilleros*; such a cruel mimic game of death and cunning must be extremely congenial. From long habit they either see not, or are not offended by those painful and bloody details, which most distress the unaccustomed stranger, while, on the other hand, the interest of the awful tragedy is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing. The display of manly courage, nerve, and agility, and all on the very verge of death, is most exciting. There are features in a bold bull with accomplished combatants, which carry all before them; but for one good bull, how many are the bad. Spanish women (the younger and more tender especially) scream and are dreadfully affected in all real moments of danger, in spite of their long familiarity with the fascinating spectacle. Their grand object, however, after all, is not to see the bull, but to be seen themselves, and their dress. The better classes generally interpose their fans at the most painful incidents, and certainly show no want of sensibility. They shrink from or do not see the cruel incidents, but at the same time they adore the manly courage and address that is exhibited. The lower classes of females, as a body, behave quite as respectably as those of other countries do at executions, or other dreadful scenes, where they crowd with their babies. The case with English ladies is far different. They have heard the bull-fight

condemned, from their childhood: they see it for the first time when grown up, when curiosity is their leading feeling. The first sight delights them: as the bloody tragedy proceeds, they first get frightened, and then disgusted. Few are able to sit out more than one course, (*corrida*), and fewer ever re-enter the amphitheatre. Probably a Spanish woman, if she could be placed in precisely the same condition, would not act very differently, and the fair test would be to bring her, for the first time, to an English brutal boxing-match.

Thus much for *practical tauromachia*.*

§ XXV.—SPANISH CIGARS.

Whether at the bull-fight or theatre, whether he be lay or clerical, the Spaniard during the day, except when sleeping, solaces himself, when he can, with a cigar; this is his *nepenthe*, his pleasure opiate which soothes but not inebriates.

The manufactory of the cigar is not the least active of all carried on in the Peninsula. The buildings are palaces; witness Seville, Malaga, Santander, and Valencia. As a cigar is a *sine quâ non* in a Spaniard's mouth, it must have its page in a Spanish *Handbook*. Ponz, the first in that field, remarks (ix. 201), "*You will think me tiresome with my tobacco-nistical details, but the vast bulk of my readers will be more pleased with it than with an account of all the pictures in the world.*" This calumet of peace is the poor man's friend, it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes men patient under trouble, hunger, heat, and despotism.

Tobacco, this anodyne for the irritability of human reason, is, like spirituous liquors which make it drunk, a highly-taxed article in civilized societies. In Spain, the Bourbon sovereignty for the time being was the hereditary tobacco-nist-general; the privilege was generally farmed out to some contractor: accordingly, a really good home-made cigar is with difficulty to be had in the Peninsula for love or money. There seems to be no royal road to the science of cigar-making; the article is badly made, of bad materials, and if at all smokeable charged at an exorbitant price. In order to benefit the Havana, tobacco is not allowed to be grown in Spain, which could be done perfectly near Malaga; for when the experiment was made, and proved successful, the cultivation was immediately prohibited by the government. The badness and dearness of the royal article favours the well-meaning smuggler; and this corrector of blundering chancellors of exchequers provides a better and cheaper thing from Gibraltar. No offence has hitherto been more dreadfully punished in Spain than that of tobacco-smuggling,

* Those who wish to go deeper into its philosophy, are referred to 'La Carta historica sobre el Origen y Progresos de las Fiestas de Toros,' Nicholas Fernandez de Moratin, Madrid, 1777; 'Tauromaquia, ó Arte de Torcar; por un Aficionado,' Madrid, 1804; written by an amateur named Gomez; (José Delgado, *Pepe Illo*, furnished the materials.) It contains thirty engravings, which represent all the implements, costumes and different operations; 'La Tauromaquia, ó Arte de Torcar,' Madrid, 1827; 'Elogio de las Corridas de Toros,' Manuel Martinez Rueda, Madrid, 1831; 'Pan y Toros,' Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, Madrid, 1820; and the 'Tauromaquia completa,' Madrid, 1838, by Francisco Montes, the *Pepe Illo* of his day.

which robbed the royal pocket—all other robbery was as nothing, for the lieges only suffered.

The encouragement afforded to the manufacture and smuggling of cigars at Gibraltar, has long been a source of ill blood and ill will between the Spanish and English governments. This most serious evil (contrary to treaties) has been injurious to Spain and England alike, and beneficial only to aliens of the worst character who form the real plague and sore of the rock.

Many tobaccose epicures, who smoke their regular dozen, place the supply sufficient for the day between two fresh lettuce-leaves, which improves the narcotic effect. Ferdinand VII. was not only a great manufacturer, but also a great consumer of certain *Purones*, a large thick cigar made expressly for his gracious use in the Havana; and of the *vuelta de abajo*, the very best, for he was too good a judge to smoke his own manufacture. The cigar was one of his pledges of love and hatred: when meditating a treacherous *coup*, he would give graciously a royal weed to a minister, and when the happy individual got home to smoke it, he was saluted by an alguacil with an order to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours.

The bulk of Spaniards cannot afford the expense of cigars; but few Spaniards are without a little blank book of *papel de hilo*, a particular paper formerly made best at Alcoy, in Valencia, but now made extensively in Barcelona.* At any pause in a general conversation all say at once—*pues señores! echemos un cigarito* (well then, gentlemen, let us make a little cigar) when forthwith all set seriously to work. To make a paper cigar, like putting on a cloak, flirting a fan, or clicking castanets, is an operation of much more difficulty than it seems, but Spaniards, who have done nothing so much from their childhood upwards, perform each with extreme facility and neatness. This is the mode:—the *petacca* (Arabicè Buták), a cigar case, usually worked by a fair hand in coloured *pita* (the thread from the aloe), is taken out—a leaf is torn from the book, which is held between the lips, or downwards from the back of the hand, between the fore and middle finger of the left hand—a portion of the cigar, about a third, is cut off and rubbed slowly in the palms till reduced to a powder—it is then jerked into the paper-leaf, which is rolled up into a little squib, and the ends doubled down, one of which is bitten off and the other end is lighted. The cigarillo is smoked slowly, the last whiff being the *bonne bouche*, *la pechuga* (the breast). The little ends are thrown away (they are indeed little, for a Spanish fore-finger and thumb is quite fire-browned and fire-proof). These remnants are picked up by the beggar-boys, who make up into fresh cigars the leavings of a thousand mouths. On the *Prados* and *Alamedas* urchins are always running about with *fosforos*, for the benefit of the public. In the houses of the affluent a small silver chafing-dish, *prunæ batillum*, filled with lighted charcoal, is sometimes placed on a table. This necessity of a light levels all ranks; it is allowable to stop any person in the streets, for fire, “*fuego*,” “*candela*,” thus a cigar forms the bond of union, an isthmus of communication between most heterogeneous ranks and ages. Some of the

* This excellent cigarette paper can be procured of Capdevilla and Co., No. 8, Calle de Leona, Barcelona, who are manufacturers.

Spanish fair sex indulge in a quiet *cigarilla*, *una pajita*; but it is not thought a sign of a *real* lady, or of one of *rigid* virtue.

Every gentleman travelling in Spain will do well to carry some cigars about with him, even if he himself be a non-smoker, and the better his cigars *the better*; for although any cigar is acceptable, yet a really good one is more tempting than the apple was to Eve. The greater the enjoyment of the smoker, the greater his respect for the donor: a cigar may be given to everybody, whether high or low, and the *petaca* may be presented, just as a Frenchman of *La vieille cour* offered his snuff-box, as a prelude to conversation. It is an act of civility, and implies no superiority; there is no humiliation in the acceptance—it is twice blessed—"it blesseth him that gives and him that takes;"—it is the spell wherewith to charm the natives, who are its ready and obedient slaves, and a cigar, like a small kind word spoken in time, works miracles. There is no other country in the world where the stranger and traveller can purchase for half-a-crown, half the love and good-will which its investment here in tobacco will ensure: a man who grudges or neglects it is neither a philanthropist nor a philosopher.

Offer, therefore, your cigar-case freely and cheerfully, when on the road; but if you value your precious health of mind or body, your *mens sana in corpore sano*, the combined and greatest blessings in this life, use the narcotic weed but sparingly yourself. An early indulgence in this expensive habit tampers with the health of brain and body; and although the effects may not be felt at the moment, the cigaresque spendthrift is drawing bills on his constitution which in a few years assuredly must fall due, and then, when too late, he will discover what far higher pleasures, intellectual and physical, have been sacrificed for this pernicious indulgence.

§ XXVI.—THE SPANISH CONSTITUTION.

The Monarchy.—The Constitution of Spain as it now, theoretically, exists, may be traced back to the customs of those early invaders—the Suevi and the Visigoths—who replaced the power of Rome by a power centred in a monarchical chief, who (as in Germany) was elective. The prologue to the code of laws known as the "*Fuero jusgo*" (drawn up in the 7th century by order of the Gothic kings Recesvinto and Wamba, and promulgated by Alonzo V., and Alonzo VI. of Leon) states—" *Electio igitur non autem jure sanguineo olim Hispaniæ reges assumebantur:*" the reception and acknowledgment by the Cortes of the heir to the crown continues to modern times, although the royal power in Castile became hereditary in 1065, Ferdinand I. having in that year named his sons heirs to the crown. The Cortes of Aragon in 1094, in exchange for certain *fueros* (laws of privilege), affirmed the hereditary rights of their kings in Pedro I. In (or about) the year 1300, Alonso X. surnamed *el Sabio* (the wise) published the famous code of laws called *Las Siete Partidas*, which ordained the regular transmission of the crown. The application of sec. 2, title 15, partida 2 of

this code in the Pragmatic Sanction issued by Ferdinand VII. in 1830, restored the right of succession to female heirs, and placed Isabel II. on the throne to the exclusion of Don Carlos her uncle (hence the Carlist war of 1833).

By the constitution of 1812—to be hereafter mentioned—the Cortes of Seville assumed the power of excluding from the succession incompetent persons, and such as had deserved to forfeit their rights. The constitution of 1837 restored many of these disputed rights, Isabel II. being then acknowledged and guaranteed by the Quadruple Alliance of Spain with England, France, and Portugal. The subsequently promulgated constitution of 1845, which is now supposed to be in force, further defines the monarchy of Spain to be a limited hereditary and constitutional one, thus bringing it again (in *form* at least) within the limits of the ancient constitutions of the component kingdoms of Spain after the practical absolutism which was introduced by Ferdinand and Isabella, and kept up by Charles V., and his successors.

The Cortes.—These ancient bodies were the *parliaments* of the several independent kingdoms and provinces which were subsequently united to form the Kingdom of Spain. Long before parliaments existed, or were even thought of, in England, these representative bodies existed in Spain, and seem to have been animated with that noble spirit which at the present day influences *our* Cortes.

Doubtless one of the reasons which enabled the rude Goths to conquer the polished and civilized Arab warriors 300 years ago, was this sturdy independent spirit, which has since been stifled in the peninsula by the despotic absolutism of powerful monarchs, aided by the devoted and extravagant loyalty which has ever prompted *the people* to look with indifference (if not with absolute favour) upon their most arbitrary and unconstitutional acts: thus encouraged, the gloomy mediæval monarchs deprived the people inch by inch of every semblance of that political liberty, which was so much prized by their ancestors of Aragon and Castile, and the assertion and maintenance of which forms our own constitutional history.*

The loyal Cid, before setting out for the wars, made Alonso VI., of Leon and Castile, swear to preserve the laws and liberties of the Cortes intact (1070).

In *Castile*, the councils of the Goths were originally composed of the bishops and noble palatines, who elected the kings, the fourth Toledan council having declared that the king must be recognised by them. The commons first took part in these councils at Burgos (1169). Alonso XI. decreed that in all matters interesting to the kingdom, the three estates be summoned, *i.e.* the clergy, the nobles, and the representatives of towns; the rights and privileges of the latter much resembled those enjoyed by our own parliament, and the municipalities of Castile have, from the earliest times, enjoyed the right of self-government.

In *Aragon*, the inhabitants were even more jealous of their liberties than were those of Castile; they had in their council, four estates—the nobles being divided into two classes. The king, upon his election by

* See Collection of authorities in Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' vol. ii., an excellent if rather violent commentary on Spanish history.

the council, was addressed by the president (Justicia Mayor), who remained covered, in these words “we—who each is as good as you, and who together are greater than you—make you our king, on condition that you preserve our privileges and liberties, if not, no—” (this is not feudal but Teutonic). They even elected the Grand Justicia, and placed him *above* the king himself, to decide questions which might arise between them and him.

In *Catalonia*, the old *form* of its legislative body was preserved up to the time of Philip V.

The Basque provinces seem to have had little representative spirit, the towns and districts, and even the individual families having been autonomous.

After the union of the crowns of Castile and Aragon, under Ferdinand and Isabella, each in their respective kingdoms resolved to lower the power of the Cortes by setting the constituent elements one against the other, and, by only summoning the procuradors of the towns, neglected the nobles, and still further weakened the latter by the formation of the Santa Hermandad—a sort of Military Police.—They increased indirectly their power by the establishment of the inquisition, and by their presidency of the three great military orders of Calatrava, Santiago, and Alcantara—at the death of Ferdinand the great Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros kept down the Cortes till the arrival of Charles V., who still further increased the kingly power.* The Cortes, occasionally summoned, formally ceased to be a power under the Austrian dynasty, and were a nullity when the succeeding French dynasty made Spain a province of France.

We then see them, or rather a revolutionary convention copied from the French Chamber, assembling at Cadiz and Seville, and voting the Constitution of 1812, as a single chamber (see ante—the Monarchy).†

Again in 1837, the Regent Maria Christina, the mother of Isabella II., in the name of her daughter assembled the Cortes, and swore to a new constitutional code.

Lastly, in 1845, Queen Isabella II. inaugurated that which at present is letter of law (a later constitution of 1855 failing, and not having been signed), and to this, as to the former one, the signatures of the Deputies are attached. This introduced some modifications into that of 1837. Its principal provisions are as follows:—

The Cortes are divided into a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The Senators are elected by the Crown within certain offices and dignities of the Church, Army, and State.

Deputies are elected by the electoral juntas, directly, and are as one to every 50,000 of population. They should sit annually. The Ministers appear in either house in their official capacity.

The military forces are fixed annually.

Spanish Law.—Law in Spain accords with the spirit of Roman legislation more than with the Teutonic customs from which great part of

* The gallant but unsuccessful struggle for political power on the part of the towns, and of the Comuneros—Padilla, Bravo, and Maldonado—terminated with their deaths under this monarch.

† It has been proposed, now that Queen Isabella has been expelled, to summon similar Cortes Constituyentes, to decide upon the whole form and functions of the Government.

it sprung: it has generally shown a tendency to codification, and, differently from the mediæval customs of our own country, the most ancient fueros, laws, and privileges are published as laws in the form of local or general codes.

Did space permit, it would be interesting to trace the influence of Feudalism on Spanish law, as contrasted with the effects produced by it on the laws of France and England ; but it may be generally remarked that the state of war in which Spain generally found herself made all men soldiers, and none serfs ; that many of the provinces, although as in modern times overrun, were never really reduced by the rule of a superior race, and the occupation of the greater part of Spain after the expulsion of the Moors took place after the decline of the feudal system had set in ; and lastly, that when feudalism does appear it is only in the form of allodial or free tenures, by knight service, to the exclusion of the base tenures by labour, &c., whence arises the comparative *personal* equality prevailing among Spaniards in modern times.

Fueros.—These were the ancient privileges of kingdoms, provinces, and towns, and likewise their local laws—those of Biscay were published in a collective form in 1526. Biscay is free from conscription, taxes (as such), and stamps. The King or Queen of Spain for the time being, is Lord or Lady of Biscay.

The collections of ancient laws which are in force, where not repealed by the modern codes hereafter mentioned, are—1. The Fuero Jusgo of the Goths, &c. 2. Fuero Real of Castilla and Leon. 3. Las Leyes del Estilo. 4. Fuero Viejo de Castilla. 5. Las Siete Partidas. 6. Ordenamiento Real. 7. La Novisima Recopilacion, including Las Leyes de Toro. La Coleccion Legislativa includes the Modern Laws.

The Canon Law, and the Decrees of the Council of Trent, form part of the general law of Spain. It takes note of marriages, births, and deaths—of the latter there is also a civil register in every municipality.

The laws as to real property, descent, wills, &c., differ in the different provinces even now. In Catalonia nearly pure Roman law prevails. In Castile all the sons inherit proportionately and cannot be disinherited without cause assigned, and the father can only dispose of one-fifth to strangers, and one-third in the family. In Aragon dower, both as to husband and wife, prevails ; but the sons are at the mercy of the father, and may be disinherited by him.

Primogeniture as to lands attached to titles, and as to the titles themselves, may be said to have generally prevailed, but now the titles only are hereditary by primogeniture. The law of Distribution having received great modification in 1820, land henceforward will be divided much as in France ; the effect of this upon the position and possessions of *grandees* may be foreseen.

The Modern Laws of Spain are strictly Acts of Cortes, Royal Orders, Royal Decrees, signed by the Crown and by the Ministers, like our Orders in Council.

The General Civil Law has not yet a legalized code, though one exists as a report of a commission.

The Criminal Law is codified ; a few of its provisions as to religion

will be interesting. Attempts to vary the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion have, hitherto, been penal: celebrating any other worship, propagating doctrines contrary to the Catholic dogma, profaning the Eucharist or any sacred vessel, apostasy from the Catholic religion, has involved, besides, political and social disability. The law of the press is severe. It is administered by the Alcaldes (mayors of towns) and by *jueces de paz* or conciliation, also by (1) judges of first instance (2) Audiencias or local benches of appeal in judicial districts, and (3) it is proposed to give appeal of cassation to the Supreme Tribunal of Justice in Madrid, which now only deals with pardons. The Senate is the proper tribunal for trial of its members. There is a Minister of Grace and Justice. The promotores fiscal are public prosecutors as in France. [The Revolutionary Government (Oct. 1868) seeks to make Worship, Printing, and Instruction free, to introduce trial by Jury, and to abolish pain of death for political offences. The Alcalde Corregidor is abolished. The judicial functions of the Council of State will probably be also abolished.]

The Commercial Law is in force throughout Spain, as a code. El Código de Comercio and Enjuiciamiento Mercantile—Commercial Procedure—first published in 1829 and since revised, closely follows the French codes (of 1807 and 1838). Barcelona has the credit of publishing (in 1494) perhaps the earliest code of mercantile laws—*el Consulado del Mar*, (Consulat de la Mer)—which was observed for 4 centuries by all maritime Europe.

This is (*at present*) administered by, (1) Judges of Conciliation; (2) Tribunals of Commerce; (3) Audiencias; (4) Supreme Tribunal of Madrid, upon cassation or nullity.

The Law of Real Property is chiefly contained in the code called the *Ley Hipotecaria*, under which all real property, mortgages and interests therein, must be registered in the registries of the judicial districts.

Foreigners have all rights to hold land in Spain, but should never forget the rule of registration, without which title is valueless. This is administered by (1) The Judges of first instance; (2) Audiencias; (3) Supreme Tribunal.

Military Law is separately administered by military auditors appointed to each district, with an appeal from each to the supreme tribunal of war and marine. The civil *fuero*, or judicial rights of soldiers, will probably be suppressed. Foreigners having a special *fuero* have a right to be speedily tried by the captains-general of Provinces. To enable them to exercise this right, they should (if resident in Spain) obtain a certificate from their minister, or from a consul, vouching for their nationality, which must be viséd in the Ministerio de la Gobernacion.

All public works, mines, railways, waters, &c., are regulated by special codes, administered (1) in case of concessions and rights conferred by the State, by provincial councils, or (now) by the council of state, (2) as to rights of individuals, by the civil tribunals.

The administration of the 49 provinces, (including the Balearic and Canary Islands), into which Spain is divided, is carried on by Civil Governors—each assisted by a Provincial Council, and a Provincial Assembly, similar to the Provincial Councils in France.

FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF MILITARY LAW, Spain is divided into 12 districts, under Captains-General.

The conscription takes place annually, and the recruits are called *Quintas*, from the liability to the draft of 1 in 5.

LEGAL PERSONS.—*Procurador*.—Officer of the court representing the parties, whose signature is needed to all *formal* acts of the court.

Escribano.—Officer of the court authorizing the acts of the Tribunal.

Notario.—Officer of public faith, noticing and authorizing extra-judicial acts of individuals, such as contracts, wills, conveyances, deaths, &c.

Abogado.—Member of College, without grades or distinctions of seniority. They are the sole *procuradores* in the Council of State. Their position much resembles that of an English advocate, but they, however, act on the instructions, direct, of their clients.

The signature of an advocate is necessary to all acts raising *questions of law* in the tribunals. [E. M. U.]

§ XXVII.—ERA (THE). ANCIENT MODE OF RECKONING TIME.

The antiquary will frequently meet with the date *Era* in old books or on old inscriptions. This mode of reckoning prevailed in the Roman dominions, and arose from the date of the particular payment of taxes, *as æra*, "when all the world was taxed;" therefore the Moors translated this date by *Safar*, "copper," whence the Spanish word *azofar*. It commenced in the fourth year of Augustus Cæsar, and, according to some, on March 25th, according to others December 25th. Volumes have been written on this disputed point: consult '*Obras Chronologicas*' Marques de Mondejar, folio, Valencia, 1744, and the second volume of the '*España Sagrada*.' Suffice it here to say, that to make the *Era* correspond with the *Anno Domini*, thirty-eight years must be added; thus A.D. 1200 is equivalent to the *Era* 1238. The use of the *Era* prevailed in Spain down to the twelfth century, when the modern system of reckoning from the date of the Saviour was introduced, not, however, to the exclusion of the *Era*, for both were for a long time frequently used in juxtaposition: the *Era* was finally ordered to be discontinued in 1383, by the Cortes of Segovia.

The Moorish *Hegira* commences from Friday, July 16, A.D. 622, *Era* 660.

The New Style was introduced by Gregory XIII. into *Spain* in 1582, at the same time that it was at Rome; October 5th of the Old Style was then called October 15th. This change must always be remembered in ascertaining the exact date of previous events, and especially in comparing Spanish and English dates, since the New Style was only introduced into England in 1751.

§ XXVIII.—LANGUAGE OF SPAIN.

The unvisiting people of Spain have never felt the necessity of using any other language but their own, and have left to a fraction of their so-called betters the disgrace of exchanging a nasal nondescript, which they call and fancy French, for their sonorous Castilian, in which, as Charles V. said, "God ought alone to be addressed in prayer;" and, in truth, of all modern languages it is the most fitting and decorous medium for solemn, lofty devotion, for grave disquisitions, for elevated, moral, and theological subjects; an exponent of national character, it partakes of the virtues and vices of the Spaniard—it is noble, manly, sententious, and imposing. The commonest village *alcalde* pens his placards in the Cambyses state-paper style, more naturally than Pitt dictated king's speeches, extemporaneously. The words are so fine in themselves that they appear to be the result of thought and talent. The ear is bewildered, and the judgment carried away, by the mistakes we make in translating all these fine phrases—*palabras*, palaver, which are but Orientalisms, and mean, and are meant to mean, nothing—into our homely, business-like, idiom. We take Spanish syllabubs for English plum-pudding, and deceive ourselves only; for no official Spaniard ever credits another to the letter: our literalness induces us to set them down as greater boasters, braggarts, and more beggarly in performance than they really are. This wordy exaggeration is peculiar to southern imaginative people, who delight in the ornate and gorgeous; our readers must therefore be on their guard not to take all this conventional hyperbole of Spanish grandiloquence *au pied de la lettre*, for much less is meant than meets the ear. Such words must be much lowered down to reach the standard of truth; but the Spanish idiom, at least, is the manly son and heir of the Latin, as the Italian is the fair and elegant daughter.

The repugnance to all commercial and mechanical pursuits which has been inherited from the Goths, has rendered the language of Castile comparatively unfit for most of the practical purposes for which there is such a growing demand in this business-like, utilitarian age. Those who understand Latin and French find little difficulty in mastering Spanish; while a knowledge of Italian will at first confuse. Both languages, as we have said, are children of the Latin, but the one is the son and the other the daughter; the terminations of the former end in masculine consonants, of the latter in feminine vowels. The pronunciation of Spanish is very easy; every word is spoken as it is written, and with the lips and mouth, not the nose; the consonants *g*, *j*, and *x*, before certain vowels, have a marked Arabic and German guttural power, which confers a force, manliness, and a back bone that is far from disagreeable. In fact this manliness, combined with gravity and oriental majesty, is what principally distinguishes the Spanish from the Italian language. Again, every word is written and spelt as it is pronounced—a comfort to a student which is denied in our so-called orthography, in which letters seem to have been given to conceal the sounds of words. The *g* and *x* before vowels are generally written now with *j*, although they may be used optionally. Thus the correct thing is to spell

Ximenez, *Gimenez*, as *Jimenez*. Again, the *b* and *v* have long been cognate and convertible; thus *Aquí se vende buen vino* occurs on the inn sign-post, as often as *Aquí se vende buen vino*.

Although *el hablar Castellano* means emphatically speaking Spanish, each province has its dialect. These may be conveniently classed under four great branches:—the primitive Basque; the Valencian and Catalanian, which comes near the Provençal, as the Aragonese does to the langue d'Oc, or Limosin; the Asturian and Galician; and the *Castilian*, which may be compared to a heap of corn, composed of many different classes of grain. The purest *Castilian* is written and spoken at Madrid and at Toledo, the most corrupt in the cities of Andalucía. One marked difference in pronunciation consists in the sound of the *th*; the *Castilian* marks it clearly—Zaragoza, *Tharagotha*; Andalúz, *Andaluth*; *placer*, *plather*; *usted*, *usteth*: while the Andalusian, whose *ceceo* is much laughed at, will say *Saragosa*, *placer*, or *plaser*, *Andaluze*, *uste*. The traveller should never pronounce the *h* when at the beginning of a word; *hombre*, *hacer*, must be *Ombre*, *ather*. The *Castilian* speaks with a grave, distinct pronunciation, *ore rotundo*, enunciating every letter and syllable. The Andalusian clips the Queen's Spanish, and seldom sounds the *d* between two vowels.

The *Castilians* are sparing of words. If speech be silver, silence, say they, is often gold; and, throughout Spain, much intercourse is carried on by signs, especially among the lower classes; thus, energetic defiance or contempt (the national oath—the *carajo*—expressed by telegraph) is irresistibly conveyed by closing the fist of the right hand, elevating it, and catching the elbow in the palm of the left hand, and thus raising the right arm at a right angle. People call each other by a polite hissing, or rather by the labial sound *Ps, ps*. The telegraph action of this sibilant—*¡Hola! ven acá, querido!*—is done by reversing our form of beckoning; the open hand is raised, the palm is turned toward the person summoned or selected, and the four fingers drawn rapidly up and down into the palm. Admiration—*sobresaliente*, *que buena moza!*—is expressed by collecting the five fingers' tips to a point, bringing them to the lip, kissing them, and then expanding the hand like a bursting shell. Dissent—what a lie—*mentira*, or have nothing to do with it, her, or him, *no te metas en eso*—is quietly hinted by raising the single fore-finger to the nose, and wagging it rapidly and horizontally backwards and forwards. Astonishment, incredulous surprise, or jocular resignation under unavoidable, irremediable afflictions are dumbshowed by crossing oneself, as is done on entering a church in Spain. The ancient contemptuous "*fig of Spain*"—a fig for you—is digitally represented by inserting the head of the thumb between the fore and middle fingers, and raising the back of the hand towards the person thus complimented. The fair sex carry on dumb-show, in most eloquent "conversations" with the fan, *abanico*; and a signal-book might be written on the polyglot powers of this electric telegraph. Their management of it, or *manejo*, is unique and inimitable.

In Andalucía, the head-quarters of the fancy, *la Afición*, a sort of slang is very current which is prevalent among *majos*, bull-fighters, and all who aspire to be sporting characters; it is called *Germania*, *gerigonza*, *jerga* (whence, perhaps, our *jargon*). It has often been con-

founded, but most erroneously, with *Romany*, or the language of Spanish gipsies, *Gitanos*, which is a Hindu dialect, whereas *Germania* is simply a language of metaphor, or a giving a new conventional meaning to an old word. Thus *colegio*, a college, in slang means a prison, because there young culprits become masters of sinful arts. Mr. Borrow, in his graphic '*Zincali*,' and A. F. Pott, in his learned compilation '*Die Zigeuner*,' 2 vols., Halle, 1845, have exhausted the subject of gipsy philology.

The old dictionary, '*Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana*,' of Don Sebastian Covarrubias, Madrid, 1611 and 1674, abounds with quaint and *Quijotic* information. The Spanish *Diccionario Nacional*, with Supplement, is trustworthy, and the French and Spanish Dictionary of Nuñez de Taboada is one of the best; those who wish to trace the Arabic influence on the Spanish language will find in the *Arte de la Lengua Arabica*, and the *Vocabulario Arabico*, by Pedro de Alcalá, 4to., Granada, 1504 (generally bound up together), the exact idiom spoken by the Moors of Granada.

§ XXIX.—SPANISH COSTUME—CLOAK AND MANTILLA.

The Spaniards, in spite of the invasions of French milliners and English tailors, have retained much of a national costume, that picturesque type, which civilization, with its cheap and common-place calico, is, alas! busily effacing. As progress in Spain is slow, fortunately the *Capa* and *Mantilla*, nowhere else to be met with in Europe, still remain to gladden the eye of the stranger and artist, and however they may be going out of fashion at Madrid, are fortunately preserved in the provinces.

Dress, from its paramount importance, demands a page.

Black, from time immemorial, has been the favourite, the national colour, *μελανειμονες ἀπαντες το πλειον εν σαιοις* (Strabo, iii. 233). This male *sagum* is the type of the modern *saya* or *basquiña*, the outer petticoat feminine, which is always black, and is put over the indoor dress on going out. Black, the colour of etiquette and ceremony, is the one in which women usually enter churches—indeed during the ceremonies of Holy week it is indispensable. Being that of the learned professions, it makes Spaniards seem wiser, according to Charles V., than they really are; while, from being the garb of the bereaved, it disarms the evil eye which dogs prosperity, and inspires, instead of associations of envy, those of pity and respect. It gives an air of decorum and modesty, and softens an indifferent skin. Every one in England has been struck with the air of respectability which mourning confers, even on ladies' maids. The prevalence of black veils and dark cloaks on the Alameda and in the church, conveys to the stranger newly arrived in Spain the idea of a population of nuns and clergymen. As far as woman is concerned, the dress is so becoming, that the difficulty is to look ugly in it; hence, in spite of the monotony, we are pleased with a uniformity which becomes all alike; those who cannot see its merits should lose no time in consulting their oculist.

The charm of the Spanish women consists rather in symmetry of form, grace of manner, and expression, than in actual beauty of countenance, and still more in their style of dressing; yet, such is the tyranny of fashion, that many of its votaries are willing to risk the substance for the shadow, and to strive, instead of remaining inimitable originals, to become second-rate copies. Faithless to true *Españolismo*, they sacrifice on the altar of *La mode de Paris* even attraction itself. The *Cocos*, or cottons of Manchester, are superseding the *Alepin*es, or bombazeens of Valencia, as the bonnets of the Boulevards are eclipsing the *Mantillas*.

The Mantilla is the aboriginal female head-gear. Iberia, in the early coins, those picture-books of antiquity, is represented as a veiled woman; the *καλυπτρα μελαινη* was supported by a sort of cock's-comb, *κοραξ*, and the partial concealment of the features was thought, even in those days, to be an ornament (Strabo, iii. 164). The Gothic *mantum* was made of a thickish cloth, as it was among the Carthaginians (see the Mantilia of Dido, *Æn.* iv. 705), whence the Moorish name *Mantil*. The Mantilla, an elegant diminutive of the *Manto*, is now made of silk or lace; formerly it was substituted by the coarse petticoat among the lower classes, who, like Sancho Panza's wife, turned them over their heads from pure motives of economy. In fact, as in the East, the head and face of the female were seats of honour, and never to be exposed; accordingly, by a decree of Philip IV., a woman's *mantilla* could not be seized for debt, not even in case of the crown. From being the essential article of female gear, the *manto* has become a generic term, and has given its name to our milliners, who are called *mantua*-makers.

There are three kinds of *mantillas*, and no lady can properly do without a complete set: first the *white*, used on grand occasions, birth-days, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays, and is composed of fine blonde or lace embroidery; yet it is not becoming to Spanish women, whose olive complexion cannot stand the contrast. The second is black, made of *raso* or *alepin*, satin or bombazeen, often edged with velvet, and finished off with deep lace fringe. The third, used on ordinary occasions, and called *Mantilla de tira*, has no lace, but is made of black silk with a broad band of velvet. This, the veil of the *Maja*, the *Gitan*a, peculiarly becomes their eye of diamond and their locks of jet. The Mantilla used to be suspended on a high comb, *peineta*, and then crossed over the bosom, which is, moreover, concealed by a *pañuelo*, or handkerchief. These are the "hoods and ushers" of Hudibras, and without them, unless the house was on fire, no woman formerly would go out into the streets, and indeed when thus enveloped nothing can be more decent. The smallest display of the neck, &c., or *patriotismo*, is thought improper, and one of the great secrets of a Spanish woman's attraction is, that most of her charms are hidden.

The *Mantilla* is kept in its proper place by the fan, *abanico*, which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it, the *manejo*, like her: it is the index of her soul, the telegraph of her chameleon feelings, her signal to the initiated, which they understand for good or evil as the wagging of a dog's tail. She can express with

her dumb fan more than Paganini could with his fiddlestick. A handbook might be written to explain the code of signals.

The *Mantilla*, properly speaking, ought not to be worn with curls, *rizos*; these are utterly unsuited to the melancholy, pensive character of the Spanish female face when in repose, and particularly to her Moorish eyes, which never passed the Pyrenees; indeed, first-rate amateurs pronounce the real *ojos arabes*, like the palm-tree, to be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalusia; they are very full, and repose on a liquid somewhat yellow bed, of an almond shape.

The Spanish hair is the glory of the sex; herein, like Samson's, is the secret of her strength, for, if Pope be infallible, "Her beauty draws us by a single hair"—Sancho Panza says more than a hundred oxen. It is very black, thick, and often coarse, especially with the lower classes; and occasionally becomes the well-stocked preserve of *caça menor*, which afford constant sport and occupation to most picturesque groups *à la Murillo*.

The hair of the better classes is attended to with the greatest care, and is simply braided *à la Madonna* over a high forehead. The Iberian ladies, reports Strabo (iii. 248), were very proud of the size of this palace of thought, and carefully picked out the *προκομια*, the superfluous items, to increase its dimensions. The Andalusia places a real flower, generally a rose or a red pink, among her raven locks; the children continue to let long Carthaginian plaited *Trense* hang down their backs. There are two particular curls which deserve serious attention: they are circular and flat, and are fastened with white of egg to the side of each cheek: they are called *Patillas* or *Picardias*, Rogueries—*Caracoles de Amor*—the French *accroches cœur*, "springes to catch woodcocks." These are Oriental. Some female mummies have been discovered with their *patillas* perfectly preserved and gummed on, after 3000 years. The Spanish she-Goths were equally particular. Sⁿ. Isidoro (*Or.* xix. 31) describes some curls, *ancie*, with a tact which becomes rather the *Barbier de Sevilla* than its archbishop. When an Andalusia turns out with her hair dressed in its best, she is capable, like Roxalana, of upsetting empires, *trastornar el mundo*.

Thus much for our fair readers; one word now on the chief item of male costume in Spain. The cloak, *capa*, is to man what the *saya* and *mantilla* are to woman. The Spaniards represent the *gens togata* of antiquity, and their *capa* is the unchanged *Pænula*, *Τεβερρα*. This emblem of civilization, and symbol of Roman influence, was introduced into Spain by Sertorius, who, by persuading the natives to adopt the dress, soon led them to become the admirers, then subjects, of Rome. The Andalusians were among the first to follow this foreign fashion. The Spaniards live in jackets; they are the "*tunicatus popellus*" of Europe; Augustus Cæsar, who, according to Suetonius, was chilly, wore as many as Hamlet's gravedigger does waistcoats. Ferdinand VII., who gave a farewell audience to a foreign minister in a jacket, the week before his death, died in harness: like him and Cæsar, Spaniards, when in the bosom of their families, seldom wear any other dress. *O tunicata quies!* exclaims Martial (x. 51); nor can anything ever exceed the comfort of a well-made Zamorra, a word derived from Simúr—

mustela Scythica. The merit and obvious origin of this sheep-skin costume account for its antiquity and unchanged usage.

The *capa* is cut in a peculiar manner and rounded at the bottom; the circumference of the real and correct thing is seven yards all but three inches and a half: "*bis ter ulnarum toga*." As cloaks, like coats, are cut according to a man's cloth, a scanty *capa*, like the "*toga arcta*" of Horace, does not indicate affluence or even respectability. St. Isidoro did well to teach his Goths that their *toga* was a *tegendo*, because it concealed the whole man, as it does now, and well, provided it be a good one; *una buena capa, todo tapa*. It covers a multitude of sins, and especially pride and poverty—the twin sisters of Iberia. The ample folds and graceful drapery give breadth, and throw an air of stately dignity over the wearer; it not only conceals tatters and nakedness, but appears to invest the pauper with the abstract classicality of an ancient peripatetic philosopher. A genuine Spaniard would at one time sooner part with his skin than his *capa*; thus when Charles III. wanted to prohibit their use, the people rose in arms, and the Squillacci, or anti-cloak ministry, was turned out. The *capa* fits a Spaniard admirably; it favours habits of inactivity, prevents the over-zealous arms or elbows from doing anything, conceals a knife and rags, and, when muffled around, offers a disguise for intrigues and robbery; *capa y espada* accordingly became the generic term for the profligate comedy which portrayed the age of Philip IV.

The Spanish clergy never appear in public without this *capa*, and the readers of the *Odyssey* need not be reminded of the shifts to which Ulysses was put when "he left his cloak behind." St. Paul was equally anxious about his, when he wrote his Second Epistle to Timothy; and Raphael has justly painted him in the cartoon, when preaching at Athens, wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment.

An Englishman who wishes to pass through the remoter districts of Spain *perfectly incognito*, had better exchange his overcoat for a *capa* made in Spain, and by a Spanish tailor, and the more like that most generally worn the better. He may choose it of blue colour, and let the broad hem or stripe be lined with black velvet; red or fancy colours and silks are *muy charro*, gaudy and in bad taste: *he must never omit a cape—dengue esclavina*, whence our old term *slaveyn*. A *capa* without a cape is like a cat without a tail. As the clerical *capa* is always black, and distinguished from the lay one by its not having a cape, so whenever an Englishman comes out with a blue cloak and no cape, it appears quite as ludicrous to Spanish eyes as to see a gentleman in a sack or in a red cassock. It is applying a form of *cut* peculiar only to clergymen, to *colours* which are only worn by laymen. Having got a correct *capa*, the next and not less important step is to know how to wear it; the antique is the true model; either the *capa* is allowed to hang simply down from the shoulders, or it is folded in the *embozo*, or *á lo majo*, which consists in taking up the right front fold and throwing it over the left shoulder, thus muffling up the mouth, while the end of the fold hangs half way down the back behind: it is difficult for an Englishman to do this neatly, although all Spaniards can. No force is required; it is done by a knack, a sleight of hand;

the cloak is jerked over the shoulder, which is gently raised to meet and catch it. It must be remembered by foreigners that, as among the ancient Romans, it is not considered respectful to remain *embozado* on ceremonious occasions. Uncloaking is equivalent to taking off the hat ; Spaniards always uncloak when *Su Majestad*, the host or the king, passes by, the lower orders uncloak when speaking to a superior : *whenever the traveller sees a man omit this practice, let him be on his guard*. Spaniards, when attending a funeral service in a church, leave their cloaks at home : the etiquette of mourning is to go without their *capa*. As this renders them more miserable than fish out of water, the manes of the deceased must necessarily be gratified by the sincerity of the sorrow of his surviving and shivering friend.

The *majo* fashion of wearing the cloak, is that which is adopted by the *chulos* when they walk in procession around the arena, before the bull-fight commences. It is managed thus : take the right front fold, and whip it rapidly under the left elbow, pressing it down at the same time to catch it ; a sort of deep bosom, the ancient *umbo, sinus*, is thus formed, and the arms are left at liberty. The celebrated *Aristides* at Naples is cloaked somewhat in this fashion. *We strongly advise the newly arrived traveller to get his tailor or some Spaniard just to give him a few lessons how to perform these various evolutions ; without this he will never pass in a crowd*. Everybody knows that Cicero adopted the cause of Pompey, in preference to that of Cæsar—because he concluded, from the unintellectual manner in which the future dictator wore his cloak, that he never could turn out to be a great man. Cæsar improved as he grew older, when nothing fidgeted him more than any person's disturbing the peace of his *sinus* ; the ruling passion was strong in death, for he arranged his cloak as his last will and deed. Cato and Virgil were laughed at for their awkward togas.

The quality of the cloth of which the *capa* is made, naturally differs with the social position of the wearer. The poor are contented with a thick double cloth, the "*duplex pannus*" of poverty and patience (Hor. 1 *Ep.* xvii. 25), made from brown undyed wool. The cloth, from the brown colour, is called "*pañó pardo*." This is the mixed red rusty tint for which Spain was renowned—"ferrugine clarus Iberâ ;" among the Goths the colour was simply called "Spanish," just as our word drab, incorrectly used as a colour, was originally taken from the French *drap*, cloth, which happened to be undyed. Drab is not more the livery of our footmen than "brown" is of Spain, whether of man or mountain—*gente* or *Sierra Morena*. The Manchegans especially wear nothing but jackets and breeches of this stuff and colour, and well may their king call his royal seat "*el pardo*." The *pañó pardo* is very thick, not only to last longer, but because the cloak is the shield and buckler of quarrelsome people, who wrap it round the left arm. The assassins of Cæsar did the same, when they rushed with their bloody daggers through frightened Rome. Cæsar himself, when in danger at the battle of Lérída, did the same thing (*Bell. Civ.* i. 67). The Spaniards in the streets, the moment the sharp click of the opened knife is heard, or their adversary stoops to pick up a stone, whisk their cloaks round their left arms with marvellous and most classical rapidity. There is

no end to Spanish proverbs on the cloak. They wear it in summer because it keeps out heat; in winter because it keeps out cold. *Por sol que haga, ne dejes tu capa en casa.* A cloak is equivalent to independence, *debajo mi manto, veo y canto*, I laugh in my sleeve; and, even if torn and tattered, it preserves its virtue like that of San Martin; *debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebidor*—there is many a good drinker under a bundle of rags.

The Spaniards as a people are remarkably well dressed; the lower orders retain their peculiar and picturesque costume; the better classes imitate the dress of an English gentleman, and come nearer to our ideas of that character than do most other foreigners. Their sedate lofty port gives that repose and quiet, which is wanting to our mercurial neighbours. The Spaniard is proud of himself, not vain of his coat; he is cleanly in his person and consistent in his apparel; there is less of the "diamond pins in dirty shirts," as Walter Scott said of some continental exquisites. Not that the genus dandy, the *Pollo*, does not exist in Spain, but he is an exotic when clad in a coat. These harmless animals, these exquisite vegetables, are called *lechuginos*, which signifies both a sucking-pig and a small lettuce. The Andalusian dandies were in the war called *paquetes*, because they used to import the last and correct thing from England by the packet-boat. Such are the changes, the ups and downs, of coats and countries. Now the Spaniards look to us for models, while our ancestors thought nothing came up

"To the refined traveller from Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashions planted!"

The variety of costumes which appear on the Spanish public *alamedas* renders the scene far gayer than that of our dull walks; the loss of the parti-coloured monks will long be felt to the artist. The gentlemen in their *capas* mingle with the ladies in their *mantillas*. The white-kilted Valencian contrasts with the velveteen glittering Andalusian; the sable-clad priest with the soldier; the peasant with the muleteer: all meet on perfect equality, as in church, and all conduct themselves with equal decorum, good breeding, and propriety. Few Spaniards ever walk arm-in-arm, and still less do a Spanish lady and gentleman—scarcely even those whom the holy church has made one. There is no self-denial to which all classes and sexes of Spaniards will not cheerfully submit, in order to preserve a respectable external appearance. This formed one of the most marked characteristics of the Iberians; and the ancient Deipnosophists, who preferred lining their ribs with good capons, rather than their cloaks with ermine, wondered at the shifts and starvation endured by poor gentlemen in order to be well dressed. Spaniards, however, even the wealthy, only really dress when they go out, and when they come home return to a dishabille which amounts to dowdiness. Those who are less affluent carefully put by their out-of-door costume, which consequently, as in the East, lasts for many years, and forms one reason, among many others, why mere fashions change so little: another reason why all Spaniards in public are so well dressed is, that, unless they can appear as they think they ought, they do not go out at all. In far-spread poverty many families scarcely stir out for weeks and months; adversity produces a

keener impatience of dishonour than was felt in better days, a more morbid susceptibility, an increased anxiety to withdraw from those places and that society where a former equality can no longer be maintained. The recluses steal out at early dawn to the *missa de madrugada*, the daybreak mass, which is expressly celebrated for the consolation of all who must labour for their bread, all who get up early and lie down late, and that plainest and leanest form of poverty, unfortunately by no means rare in Spain, which is ready to work, but findeth none to employ. When the sad congregation have offered up their petition for relief, they return to cheerless homes, to brood in concealment over their fallen fortunes. At dusky nightfall they again creep out, bat-like, to breathe the air of heaven, and meditate on new schemes or hiding the morrow's distress.

§ XXX.—CLIMATE OF SPAIN.

With the exception of a comparatively narrow belt of country washed by the waters of the Atlantic, and the Bay of Biscay, the climate of Spain is excessively dry. The rainfall in the exceptional district spoken of is sometimes very large: at Oviedo in the year 1858 there fell, according to the Government returns, upwards of 80 inches of rain. The average fall is, however, from 36 to 40 inches: in Bilbao it is about the same; in Santiago, in Galicia, it is 58 inches. These large falls of rain are caused by the peculiar formation of that part of Spain. The moisture brought up by the westerly winds from the Atlantic is detained by the high range of mountains which form the outer edge of the great plateau of Spain, and being then condensed falls in abundant showers. The air being thus deprived of its moisture before it reaches the great central portion of Spain, it follows that it is of an excessive dryness. The average rainfall in different parts of Spain is as follows:—

	Inches.		Inches.
Madrid	12	Zaragoza	17
Alicante	13½	Valladolid	21
Valencia	16	Seville	32½
Granada	33½		

These amounts are taken from the Government returns, and are for an average of four years, viz., from 1858 to 1861 inclusive.

It will be seen that with the exception of Granada the rainfall is very small. The much greater fall of this latter place is due to its proximity to the Sierra Nevada, a range of mountains which, as their name indicates, are covered with almost perpetual snow.

The total amount of evaporation during the year 1867 was in Madrid, 65½ inches; the greatest evaporation being in the month of July, for which month it was 13½ inches.

The returns of evaporation for other parts of Spain are not available. It will probably be considerably greater in Seville, as the mean

TABLE
OF MEAN AND MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE AND MEAN
RAINFALL IN ITALY AND SPAIN.

MARCH TO SEPTEMBER.

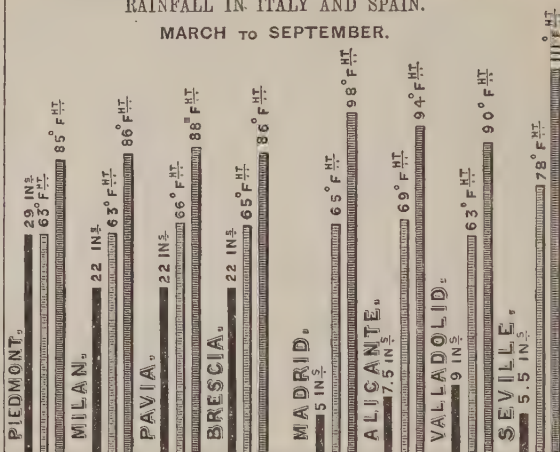
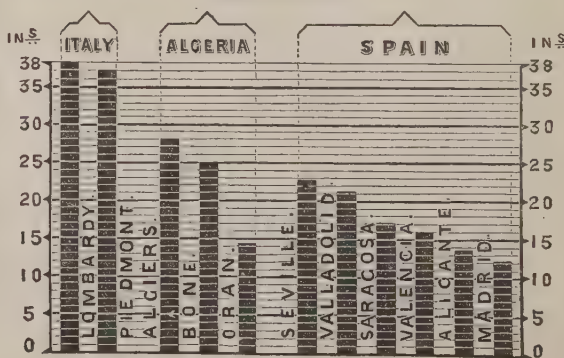


TABLE
OF
MEAN ANNUAL RAINFALL IN ITALY, ALGERIA, AND SPAIN.
1858 TO 1861.



average temperature is there much higher. This excessive dryness, combined with the high mean temperature of most parts of Spain, is the cause of the generally barren aspect of the country. With the exception of the narrow belt of country bordering on the Atlantic, nothing but cereal, vine, and olive crops can be cultivated without artificial irrigation. In fact, the rainfall given above is not even a fair criterion of the useful amount of water which the country receives, as an unusually large proportion of it falls during the winter months; and even that which falls during the spring and autumn is so irregular that much of it has no useful effect. The rains in May, which are the most useful ones, are often almost tropical in their violence; and as a consequence of the bare denuded state of the ground, the greater portion runs off directly to the sea, cutting numerous gulleys in the fine vegetable soil, and doing frequently more real harm than good. The tables (p. 46), which present a comparative statement of rainfall and heat in Piedmont, Lombardy, and Spain, during the seven irrigating months from March to September; and of the mean annual rainfall in Spain, Italy, and Algiers, show very distinctly the exceptional climate of Spain, and the absolute necessity for irrigation.

Even these tables do not show the whole truth as regards Spain. There are some portions of Spain, such as La Mancha, where five years have been known to pass without a drop of rain falling. [G. H.]

§ XXXI.—WORKS OF IRRIGATION.

The following is a list of the principal irrigation works in Spain, and the acreage irrigated by them:—

	Acres.
Castellon, from the river Mijares	22,373
Valencia, „ Turia	25,935
„ „ Jucar	30,875
Gandia, from Alcoy and Bernisa	7,145
Murcia, from the Segura	25,915
Orihuela, „	50,318
Elche and Cieza, from the Segura	10,370
Granada, from Darro and Genil	46,930
Lorca, from Guadalantin	27,170
Elche, from R. Vinalapo	29,640
Almansa, from a dam	3,458
Alicante „	9,139
Nijar „	about 9,000
Catalonia, Right B. of Llobregat	6,651
Imperial Canal of Aragon, from the Ebro	50,066
Royal Canal of Tauste „	19,284

English acres 374,269

Of these works the best known are those of Valencia, Murcia, and Granada. The two former are said to have been executed by the Moors about the year 800. When Don Jaime I., of Aragon, conquered the kingdoms of Murcia and Granada, in the 13th centy, he found

them already in full vigour. In his royal decree by which he divided the lands amongst his followers, he ordained that the new proprietors should enjoy the use and right of the water, “*segun antiguamente fue establecido y acostumbrado en tiempo de Sarracenos.*”

The irrigation works of Granada came into possession of the Spaniards at a much later period, when this latter kingdom was conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella, A.D. 1492.

The whole of the works mentioned in the preceding list were made by the Moors, with the exception of the latter five.

Those of Almansa, Alicante, and Nijar, are irrigated from large masonry dams, in which the rain-water is collected and stored. All these dams, as well also as that of Lorca, have been constructed since the conquest of the Moors. They are fine works, and well worthy of a visit. That of Valdeinfierno, of Lorca, was constructed by Charles III., A.D. 1785; the companion one of Puentes was constructed by the same enlightened monarch. It burst in the year 1802, the waters carrying away in the line of their course 809 houses, and drowning 608 people, besides an immense number of cattle.

The Imperial Canal of Aragon and the Canal of Tauste were also constructed by Charles III. Since his time scarcely any extension has been given to irrigation. During the last three years the Canal of Urgel has been constructed by a native company, aided by a heavy subvention from Government; and there are at present two canals in course of construction by an English company; these canals will irrigate about 60,000 acres of ground. A portion of one is now at work.

In addition to this list of principal irrigation works, a good deal of irrigation is carried on in the country from small local works and from wells. Meanwhile, the principal rivers of Spain, such as the Tagus, Duero, Guadiana, Guadalquivir, not to mention hosts of minor ones, run useless to the sea.

The soil of the principal river-valleys of Spain is unusually rich and fertile. With irrigation almost any crops can be produced. In the gardens of Murcia and Valencia, side by side may be seen growing crops of wheat, corn, barley, maize, rice, potatoes, beans, the olive, the vine, the orange, the citron, the date-palm, the peach, the pear, the apple, pepper, the prickly pear, and numberless other fruits. On the southern coast, in addition to these, may be seen the cotton-plant and the sugar-cane.

In most of the irrigated districts three and even four crops a year are taken off the ground; never less than two.

The difference in the value of irrigated and unirrigated ground is very large. At Castellon the average price of good irrigated ground is 140*l.* per acre; the price of dry ground in the neighbourhood being 10*l.* per acre. In the garden of Murcia 500*l.* per acre is not an unusual price. In the neighbourhood of Valencia it varies from 200*l.* in distant places, up to 400*l.* in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. As a general rule, land increases in value twelve times by irrigation.

The water for irrigation has a great value; in Lorca, where it is sold every day by public auction, the average annual value of a cubic foot of water per second is 2202*l.*, and the fortunate possessor of a small stream in this place would be a rich man. It is not so valuable in

other parts of Spain, where it is more abundant. The value of a cubic foot on the Henares Canal is 375*l.* per annum; this may be taken as the average value of all new works. In Lombardy and Piedmont the same amount of water is worth only 15*l.* to 17*l.* per annum.

[G. H.]

§ XXXII.—GEOGRAPHY OF SPAIN.

One glance at a map of Europe will convey a clearer notion of the relative position of Spain in regard to other countries, than pages of letter-press; an advantage which every schoolboy possesses over the Plinys and Strabos of antiquity, who were content to compare the shape of the Peninsula to a bull's hide. This country, placed between the latitudes 36° 57' and 43° 40' north, extends from longitude 9° 13' west to 30° 15' east: the extreme length has been calculated at about 200 leagues of 20 to the degree, and the greatest breadth at somewhat less than 200; and the whole superficies, including Portugal, is stated to contain upwards of 19,000 square leagues, of which somewhat more than 15,500 belong to Spain; it is thus almost twice as large as the British Islands, and only one-tenth smaller than France; the circumference or coast-line is estimated at some 750 leagues. This compact and isolated territory, inhabited by a hardy, warlike population, ought, therefore, to have rivalled France in military power, while its position between those two great seas which command the commerce of the old and new world, and its indented line of coast, abounding in bays and harbours, offered every advantage of vying with England in maritime enterprise. Nature has provided outlets for the productions of a country rich alike in everything that is to be found either on the face, or in the bowels of the earth; the mines and quarries abound with precious metals and marbles, from gold to iron, from the agate to coal; a fertile soil and every possible variety of climate admit of unlimited cultivation of the natural productions of the temperate or tropical zones: thus in the province of Granada the sugar-cane and cotton-tree luxuriate at the base of ranges whose tops are covered with eternal snow. The unremitting bad government of the Gotho-Spaniard has done its worst to neutralise the advantages of this favoured land, which, while under the dominion of the Romans and Moors, resembled an Eden, a garden of plenty and delight.

In geological construction, Spain, almost an agglomeration of mountains, is raised from the coasts, on every side, in a series of elevation terraces; the central portions, higher than any other table-lands in Europe, range on an average from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea, while from this elevated plain rise chains of other mountains. Madrid, placed on this central plateau, is situated about 2000 feet above the level of Naples, which lies in the same latitude; the mean temperature of the former is 59°, while that of the latter is 63° 30'.

The mountainous character and general aspect of the coast is nearly analogous, throughout the circuit which extends from the Basque Provinces to Cape Finisterre, and offers a remarkable contrast to those sunny alluvial plains which extend, more or less, from Cadiz to Barce-

lona, and which closely resemble each other in vegetable productions, such as the fig, orange, pomegranate, aloë, and palm-tree. Again, the central table-lands, *las Parameras*, equally resemble each other in their monotonous denuded aspect, in their scarcity of timber, and their abundance of cereal productions.

Spanish geographers have divided the Peninsula into seven distinct chains of mountains. These *cordilleras* arise on each side of intervening plains, which once formed the basins of internal lakes, until the accumulated waters, by bursting through the obstructions by which they were dammed up, found a passage to the ocean: the dip or inclination of the country lies from the east towards the west, and, accordingly, the chief rivers which form the drains of the great leading channels between the principal water-sheds flow into the Atlantic: their courses, like the basins through which they pass, lie in a transversal and almost a parallel direction; thus the Duero, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir, all flow into their recipient between their distinct chains of mountains.

The Moorish geographer Alrasi took climate as the rule for dividing the Peninsula into distinct portions. *The first or northern zone* is the *Cantabrian*, the European; this portion skirts the base of the Pyrenees, including portions of Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, the Basque provinces, the Asturias, and Galicia. In this region of humidity the winters are long, and the springs and autumns rainy, and it should only be visited in the summer. This country of hill and dale is intersected by streams, which abound in fish, and which irrigate rich meadows for pasture. The valleys form the dairy country of Spain, while the mountains furnish valuable and available timber. In some parts corn will scarcely ripen, while in others, in addition to the cerealia, cider and an ordinary wine are produced. Inhabited by a hardy, independent, and rarely subdued population, these mountainous regions offer natural means of defence. It is useless to attempt the conquest with a small army, while a large one starves for want of support in the hungry localities. *The second zone*, the Iberian or the eastern, in its maritime portions, is more Asiatic than European, the inhabitants partake of the Carthaginian character, being suspicious and easily offended, yet lively, ingenious, and fond of pleasure: this portion commences at Burgos, and is continued through the Sierras of Albarracin and Segura to the Cabo de Gata, and includes the southern portion of Catalonia and Aragon, with parts of Castile, Valencia, and Murcia. The sea-coasts should be visited either in the early spring or autumn, when they are delicious. They are hot in the summer, and infested with myriads of mosquitoes. The districts about Burgos should be avoided, as being cold, except during the summer months. Thus the upper valley of the Miño, and some of the north-western portions of Old Castile and Leon are placed about 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and the frosts often last for three months at a time.

The third zone, the Lusitanian, or western, by far the largest, includes the central parts of Spain and all Portugal; and in the physical condition of the soil and the moral qualities of the inhabitants, portions present an unfavourable view of the Peninsula: the inland steppes, burnt up by summer suns, are tempest and wind-rent during winter,

while the absence of trees exposes them to the violence of the elements; poverty-stricken mud-houses, scattered here and there in the desolate extent, afford a home to a poor, proud, and ignorant population. These localities, which offer in themselves little pleasure or profit to the stranger, contain however many sites and cities of the highest interest. Thus New Castile, the sovereign province, besides the capital, Madrid, comprehends Toledo, the Escorial, Segovia, Aranjuez, Avila, Cuenca, which none who wish to understand Spain and the genuine old Castilian cities can possibly pass by unnoticed.

The more western portions of this Lusitanian zone are much more agreeable; the ilex and chesnut abound in the hills, while the rich plains produce corn, wine, and oil most plentifully. The entire central table-land occupies about 93,000 square miles, and forms nearly one-half of the entire area of the Peninsula. *The fourth zone*, the Bætican, the most southern and African, coats the Mediterranean, basking at the foot of the mountains which rise behind and form the mass of the Peninsula; this mural barrier offers a sure protection against the cold winds which sweep across the central region. The descent from the table elevations into these maritime strips is striking; the face of nature is quickly and completely changed, and the traveller passes from the climate and vegetation of Europe into that of Africa. This region is characterised by a dry burning atmosphere during a part of the year. The winters are short and temperate, the springs and autumns quite delightful. Much of the cultivation depends on artificial irrigation, which was carried by the Moors to the highest perfection, indeed water, under this forcing, vivifying sun, is synonymous with fertility; the productions are tropical; sugar, cotton, rice, the orange, lemon, almond, and date. The *algaroba*—*ceratonia siliquastrum*—and the *adelfa*, the oleander, form the boundary marks between this, the *tierra caliente*, and the colder regions by which it is encompassed. Such are the geographical divisions of nature with which the vegetable and animal productions are closely connected. The Bætican zone, Andalucia, contains in itself many of the most interesting cities, sites, and natural beauties of the Peninsula. Cadiz, Gibraltar, Ronda, Malaga, the Alpujarras, Granada, Cordova, Seville, Xerez, are easy of access, and may be visited at every portion of the year. The winters may be spent at Cadiz, Seville, or Malaga, the summers in the cool mountains of Ronda, Aracena, or Granada. March, April, May, and June, and September, October, and November, will, however, be the most preferable. Those who go in the spring should reserve June for the mountains; those who go in the autumn should reverse the plan, and commence with Ronda and Granada, ending with Barcelona, Tarragona, Valencia, Malaga, Seville, and Cadiz; and this region will be found by the invalid infinitely superior as a winter residence to any portions of the South of France or Italy.

The internal communication of the Peninsula, where Railways have not yet been constructed, is effected by high roads, carried over the most convenient points, where the natural dips are the lowest, and the ascents and descents the most practicable. As a general rule, the traveller who leaves the railway track should always cross the mountains by one of these. The goat-paths and smuggler-passes over other

portions of the chain are difficult and dangerous, and are seldom provided with villages or ventas: the farthest but fairest way about will generally be found the best and shortest road. These passes are called *Puertos*—*portæ*—mountain-gates: the precise *ghaut* of the Hindoos.

The term *Sierra*, which is commonly applied to these serrated ranges, has been derived from the Spanish *sierra*, a saw; while others refer it to the Arabic *Sehrah*, an uncultivated tract. *Montaña* means a mountain; *Cerro* a hog-backed hill; *pico*, *picacho*, a pointed height. *Una cuesta*, a much-used expression, means both an ascent and descent. *Cuesta arriba*, *cuesta abajo*, up hill, down hill. There are few of the singular-shaped hills which have not some local name, such as *Cabeza del Moro*, the Moor's head; or something connected with religion, such as *San Cristobal*, *El Fraile*, &c.

There are 6 great rivers in Spain—the arteries which run between the 7 mountain-chains, the vertebrae of the geological skeleton. These 6 water-sheds are each intersected in their extent by others on a minor scale, by valleys and indentations in each of which runs its own stream. Thus the rains and melted snows are all collected in an infinity of ramifications, and carried by these tributary conduits into one of the 6 main trunks, or great rivers: all these, with the exception of the Ebro, empty themselves into the Atlantic. The Duero and Tagus, unfortunately for Spain, disembogue in Portugal, thus becoming a portion of a foreign dominion exactly where their commercial importance is the greatest. Philip II. "the prudent," saw the true value of the possession of Portugal, which rounded and consolidated Spain, and insured to her the possession of these outlets of internal produce, and inlets for external commerce. Portugal, that *angulus iste*, annexed to Spain, gave more real power to his throne than the dominion of entire continents across the Atlantic; nor has the vision of a Peninsular union ever faded from the cabinets of Spain. The *Miño*, which is the shortest of these rivers, runs through a bosom of fertility. The *Tajo*, Tagus, which the fancy of poets has sanded with gold and embanked with roses, tracks its dreary way through rocks and comparative barrenness. The *Guadiana* creeps through lonely Estremadura, infecting the low plains with miasma and ague. The *Guadaluiver* eats out its deep banks amid the sunny olive-clad regions of Andalusia.

Spain abounds with brackish streams, *Salados*, and with salt-mines, the remnants of the saline deposits after the evaporation of the sea-waters. The central soil, strongly impregnated with saltpetre, and always arid, is every day becoming more so, from the Castilian antipathy against trees. The scarcity of rain in the central table-lands diminishes the regular supply of water to the springs of the rivers; and what falls is soon sucked up by a parched, dusty, and thirsty soil, or evaporated by the dryness of the atmosphere. An absence of lakes forms another feature in this country of mountains.

These geographical peculiarities of Spain must be remembered by the traveller, and particularly the existence of the great central elevation, which, when once attained, is apt to be forgotten. The country rises in terraces from the coast, and when once the ascent is accomplished, no *real* descent takes place. The roads indeed *apparently* ascend and descend, but the mean height is seldom diminished, and the in-

terior hills or plains are merely the undulations of one mountain. The traveller is often deceived at the apparent low height of snow-clad ranges, such as the Guadarrama, whose coldness will be accounted for by adding the elevation of their base above the level of the sea. The palace of the Escorial, which is placed at the foot of the Guadarrama, and in a seeming plain, stands in reality at 2725 feet above Valencia, while the summer residence of the court at *La Granja*, in the same chain, is 30 feet higher than the summit of Vesuvius, and is indeed a castle in the air; nor is the traveller less deceived as regards the height of the interior mountains than he is with the table-land plains; his eye wanders over a vast level extent bounded only by the horizon, or a faint blue line of other distant sierras; this space, which appears one level, is intersected with deep ravines, *barrancos*, in which villages lie concealed, and streams, *arroyos*, flow unperceived. An important effect of this central elevation is the extreme rarefaction of the air, which is especially prejudicial to strangers: the least exposure will often bring on ophthalmia, irritable colics, and inflammatory diseases of the lungs and vital organs. Such attacks are the precursors of the *pulmonia* (the endemic disease of Madrid), which carries off the invalid in a few days.

These are the geographical, geological, and natural divisions of the Peninsula, throughout which a leading prevailing principle may be traced. The artificial, political, and conventional arrangement into kingdoms and provinces is so much the work of accident and of absence of design, that it would appear as if some of the partitions were expressly devised for the sake of being purposely inconvenient and incongruous.

These provincial divisions were, however, formed by the gradual union of many smaller and previously independent portions, which have been taken into Spain as a whole, just as our counties constitute the kingdom of England. Long habit had reconciled the inhabitants to these divisions, which practically suit them better than any new arrangement, however better calculated according to statistical and geographical principles.

The political divisions of former times consisted of 14 large provinces, some of which were called kingdoms, as Granada, Seville, Cordova, Jaen, Murcia, Valencia, &c.: others principalities, like Asturias: others counties, like Barcelona, Niebla, &c.: and lastly, others were called provinces, like New and old Castile, Estremadura, &c.: Biscay was termed *el Senorio*.

Spain was then divided by "decree" into 49 provinces, viz. Alava, Albacete, Alicante, Almeria, Avila, Badajoz, las Baleares, Barcelona, Burgos, Caceres, Cadiz, las Canarias, Castellon de la Plana, Ciudad Real, Cordoba, la Coruña, Cuenca, Gerona, Granada, Guadalájar, Guipuzcoa, Huelva, Huesca, Jaen, Leon, Lérida, Logroño, Lugo, Madrid, Malaga, Murcia, Navarra, Orense, Oviedo, Palencia, Pontevedra, Salamanca, Santander, Segovia, Sevilla, Soria, Tarragona, Teruel, Toledo, Valencia, Valladolid, Vizcaya, Zamora, Zaragoza.

§ XXXIII.—GEOLOGY OF SPAIN.

The central part of Spain is distinguished by 3 chains of mountains which constitute the skeleton of the country, the *Guadarrama*, the *Montes de Toledo*, and the *Sierra Morena*. Having emerged before the secondary period, these ridges formed islands, in each of which are traces of silurian or other palæozoic rocks, and around which were accumulated the Jurassic and the cretaceous deposits.

Primary rocks.—One of the highest of these, the *Guadarrama*, is principally composed of granite, gneiss, and other crystalline schists. Towards the E. these disappear under the sedimentary formations, whilst to the W. they proceed to the frontier of Portugal. The primary rocks occur in two other and very distant parts of Spain. The province of Galicia is principally composed of granite, gneiss and mica-schist, occasionally surrounding patches of slate and limestone; these rocks are of great antiquity, and form a sort of expansion of the palæozoic chain of Cantabria. The *Sierra Nevada*, S.E. of Granada, offers an example of a great mass of crystalline schists. The abundance of garnets in the mica-schist, and the crystalline structure and magnesian condition of the thick band of limestone which surrounds the central part, indicate the energy of the *metamorphic* action which has here taken place.

Palæozoic rocks.—The *Sierra Morena* is the tract in which most of the Silurian fossils have been discovered. This range is composed of slates, psammites, quartzites, and sandstones; the strata often placed by violent dislocations in a vertical position. Making a section across the chain N. to S., the formations succeed each other in an ascending order. The oldest or lowest traces of life, trilobites, occur in black shivery slates. The upper Silurian rocks are poorly represented in the *Sierra Morena*, the Devonian rocks more fully. The carboniferous deposits, situated towards its southern part, contain great masses of limestone. The two sides of the *Sierra Cantabrica*, in Leon and the Asturias, present deposits of Devonian fossils, and offer points of pilgrimage for all palæontologists. These Devonian rocks constitute the axis of the *Sierra Cantabrica* on its southern side, and are covered in the Asturias or on the N. by the richest coal-field of Spain. In general the carboniferous strata are vertical; this disadvantage is lessened by the mountainous relief of the country, in some parts of which the beds of coal can be worked 1200 or 1300 feet above the level of the streams. The depth of the whole group may be estimated at 10,000 or 12,000 feet.

No fossils of the Permian rocks have ever been found in Spain, but the analogy of rocks and stratigraphical indications have referred to the formation of red magnesian limestone, and the gypsiferous marls of Montiel, of the lakes of Ruidera, and the famous cave of Montesinos in La Mancha.

Secondary rocks.—The Trias triple may be traced from the Pyrenees to the provinces of Santander and Asturias, but it does not contain the 3 series of rocks from which the name originated; and the muschelkalk being entirely wanting, it is reduced to marls and sandstones of red colour placed between the lias and the carboniferous strata. The Jurassic and cretaceous groups extend over most of the eastern and

southern part of Spain, covering vast areas in Catalonia, Aragon, Valencia, Murcia, Malaga, and Ronda; lying upon the red sandstone, they constitute most of the high lands and mountains which to the E. of Madrid make the *divortia aquarum* between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean sea; they surround the central and more ancient parts; along the Guadarrama the chalk penetrates into the very heart of the country. It will prove a hard task to separate the Jurassic and cretaceous rocks of Spain; especially in the S., where the metamorphic action has produced so many alterations in the rocks, and has so obliterated the fossils. The districts of Malaga and Ronda seem to possess a geological constitution very analogous to that of the Venetian Alps. In effect, beneath the miocene and nummulitic rocks, rises a compact white limestone not to be distinguished from the Italian *scaglia* and *biancone*, succeeded near Antequera and other places by a marble of reddish colour full of *Ammonites*, which may be compared to the Oxfordian *Ammonitico rosso* of the Italians.

In the eastern regions, mountains more than 5000 feet high are composed of triassic, Jurassic, and cretaceous rocks. The greatest part of the Jurassic fossils belong to the upper lias. The Oxfordian Jura occurs at Teruel; but at present the upper part of the oolitic series, or the Portlandian group, is unknown. The same may be said of the Neocomian rocks. The chalk of Spain appears to consist only of the hippuritic limestone, and seems to correspond with the upper greensand, but not with the Neocomian or lower greensand. Above the chalk, and having apparently been submitted to the same disturbances, lie the nummulitic rocks, the true lower and eocene well exposed in the province of Santander. At Malaga a great discordance may be observed between the nummulitic limestone and the miocene, or younger and older tertiary deposits, the first being highly contorted and the second slightly inclined.

The younger *tertiary rocks* cover vast areas in Spain; generally horizontal and extending in vast plains, they contrast strongly with the secondary and nummulitic, or older tertiary beds, which are always contorted, and form undulating or mountainous countries. All the great valleys of the Ebro, the Douro, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir, have been bottoms of seas, estuaries, or extensive lakes. The purely freshwater deposits cover a larger area than the marine ones, extending over Old and New Castile from the Cantabrian chain to the Guadarrama, and from the Guadarrama to the Sierra Morena through the great plains of La Mancha. In some places these deposits reach the altitude of 2500 feet; thus proving how great elevation Spain has undergone even in recent times; recent in effect, to judge by the freshwater fossil shells, identical with those living now, and by the bones of great mammoths discovered in the *Cerro San Isidro*, near Madrid. Most of the marine deposits, and especially those of the basin of the Guadalquivir, are miocene, and upon them lie here and there some small pliocene, or newer pliocene (modern) deposits, formed on the maritime shore, and composed of pebbles and fragments of an *Ostrea* resembling the living species. It was probably in the most recent of these periods that the extinct volcanos of the Peninsula broke out. Three foci of eruption are known; one at the cape of Gata,

the other in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Real, and the third near Olot in Catalonia.

The geology of Spain is not sufficiently advanced to attempt a classification of its mountains, considered with respect to their periods of elevation. The Sierra Morena is probably the most ancient; for on both its sides the tertiary strata in contact with the old rocks are horizontal. Near Cordova, for example, the miocene beds with the huge *Clypeaster altus* are to be seen in that position, and on the northern side of Santa Cruz de Mudela horizontal bands of freshwater limestone loaded with *Helix*, lie upon highly inclined trilobite Silurian schists. More recent movements have taken place in the Guadarrama; since at the southern foot of that high range, and on the road from Madrid to Burgos, the same freshwater limestone is slightly elevated. In the Pyrenees, as well as in the mountains which rise in the most southern part of Spain, the subsoil has been fractured by violent and recent disturbances. The tertiary formations of the Ebro, and those of Leon along the Cantabrian chain, are often much elevated. In Leon they are even vertical near the chain, but soon resume their horizontal direction to range over the great plains of Castile.

§ XXXIV.—SPANISH THEATRES—DANCES AND MUSIC.

The theatre, dances, and songs of Spain form an important item in the means of a stranger for passing his evenings. The modern drama of Europe may be said to have been formed on this model, whence was borrowed the character and conduct of The Play, as well as the arrangements of the Theatre; and Spain is still the land of the *Fandango*, the *Bolero*, and the guitar.

The Spanish drama rose under the patronage of the pleasure-loving Philip IV.; few towns in Spain are without their commodious theatre.

The drama, however, of Lope de Vega and Calderon, has given way to pieces translated from the French; thus Spain, as in many other things, is now reduced to borrow, from the very nation whose Corneilles she first instructed, those very amusements which she once taught! The old theatre was the mirror of the manners of the time, when the bearded *Hidalgos* strutted on the stage representing the bravoes and bugbears of Europe. Spain was not then ashamed to look herself in the face; now her flag is tattered, she shrinks from the present, and either appears in foreign garb, or adopts the Cids and Alvas of a more glorious past. Meanwhile the *sainete* or farce is admirably performed by the Spaniards, for few people have a deeper or more quiet relish for humour, from the sedate Castilian to the gay Andalusian. In playing these farces, the performers seem to cease to be actors, and simply to go through a part and parcel of their daily life; they fail in tragedy, which is spouted in a sort of unnatural rant, something between German mounthing and French gesticulation.

The first Spanish playhouses were merely open courtyards, *corrales*, after the classical fashion of Thespis. They were then covered with an awning, and the court was divided into different parts; the yard, the *patio*, became the *pit*. The rich sat at the windows of the houses round

the court, whence these boxes were called *ventanas*; and, as almost all Spanish windows are defended by iron gratings, *rejas*, the French took their term *loge grillée* for a private box. In the centre was a lower gallery, *la tertulia*, the quarter chosen by the erudite, among whom it was the fashion to quote *Tertulian*—*los Tertulianos*. The *Palcos* (boxes) and *Butacas* (stalls) are the seats usually occupied by the upper classes in the Spanish Theatre: ladies can go to both box and stall, in “half-dress” *i.e.* without bonnets.

Good *native* music is seldom heard in Spain, notwithstanding the eternal strumming and singing. When left to their original devices, they take, in their jumpings and chirpings, after the grasshopper, and have a natural genius for the guitar and *bolero*; indeed one charm of the Spanish theatres is their own national *Baile*—matchless, unequalled, and inimitable, and only to be really performed by Andalusians. This is *la salsa de la comedia*, the essence, the cream, of the nights’ entertainments; it is *attempted* to be described in every book of travels—but who can describe sound or motion?—it must be seen. Yet even this is somewhat scornfully treated by the very upper classes as the uncivilized feat of picturesque barbarians, and it is, indeed, the *expression* of Spain, and owes nothing to civilization; the whole body and soul of the south is represented by movements, as poetry is by words, whereas in France people dance only with their legs. However languid the house, laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes—the effect is instantaneous—it creates life under the ribs of death—it silences the tongues of women—*on n’écoute que le ballet*. The curtain draws up; the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite scenes, like two separated lovers, who, after long search, have found each other again, and who, heedless of the public, are thinking only of each other. The glitter of the gossamer costume of the *Majo* and *Maja*, invented as for this dance—the sparkle of gold lace and silver filigree—adds to the lightness of their motion; the transparent, form-designing *saya* of the women heightens the charms of a faultless symmetry which it fain would conceal; no cruel stays fetter serpentine flexibility. Their very bones seem elastic; their frame and physique is the voluptuous exponent of beings with real bodies who dance, and very unlike the wiry over-trained professional dancer. They pause—bend forward an instant—prove their supple limbs and arms: the band strikes up, they turn fondly towards each other, and start into life. No exercise displays the ever-varying charms of female grace, and the contours of manly form, like this fascinating dance. The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their arms, upraised as if to catch showers of roses. The enamoured youth—the coy, coquettish maiden—now gaze on each other, now on the ground; now all is life, love, and action. There is a truth in this dance which overpowers the fastidious judgment. When the jealous Toledan clergy wished to put this dance down, on the pretence of immorality, the dancers were allowed in evidence to “give a view” to the court: They began: soon the bench and bar showed symptoms of restlessness, and at last, casting aside gowns and briefs, joined, as if tarantula-bitten, in the irresistible capering.—Verdict for the defendants, with costs; *Solvuntur risu tabulæ*.

Another *dance* peculiar to Spain is performed only by gipsies : it is very different from the *bolero*. The company is generally not select, and more heads than hearts are broken. Every young antiquary should witness this exhibition, which delighted Martial, Petronius, and Horace, and a *funcion* can always be got up at Seville. This singular dance is the *romalis* in gipsy language, and the *ole* in Spanish : the language and excitement of the spectators tally in the minutest points with the descriptions of the ancients, which have been elucidated so learnedly by Scaliger, Burman, the Canon Salazar and the Dean Marti. These Gaditanian dances, which the æsthetic Huber pronounces “die Poesie der Wollust,” are perhaps more marked by energy than by grace, and the legs have less to do than the body, arms, and hips. However indecent these gipsy dances may seem to be to an English spectator, there is no intentional breach of the strictest decorum, and the performers are inviolably chaste ; young girls go through them before the applauding eyes of their parents and brothers, who would resent to the death any attempt on their sister’s virtue, and were she herself to forfeit her *lucha ya trupos*, her unblemished chastity, the all and everything of their moral code, her own father would be the first to kill her without pity.

The dances of Spaniards in private life are much the same as in other parts of Europe, and, having nothing national, cease to have a particle of interest, nor is either sex particularly distinguished by grace in this exercise, to which, however, they are much attached. *Escozesas* and *Rigodones* form a common conclusion to the *tertulia*, where no great attention is paid either to music or costume. The lower, uncivilized classes adhere, however, as in the East, to their primitive dances and primitive Oriental accompaniments—the “tabret and the harp;” the guitar and tambourine—toph, tabor, tympanum—with the castanet : *tympana vos buxusque vocat*. No people play on these castanets, *castanuelas palillos*, so well as the Andalucians ; they begin as children by snapping their fingers, or clicking together two bits of slate or shell ; these castanets are the Bætican *crusmatu* and *crotola*, and *crotalo* is still a Spanish term for the tambourine, and their use still, as in the days of Petronius Arbiter, forms the *delicie populi*. Cervantes describes the “bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, the restlessness of the body, and the quicksilver of the five senses,” when this clicking and capering is set going. It is the rude sport of people who dance from the necessity of motion : and of the young, the healthy, and the joyous, to whom life is of itself a blessing, and who, like bounding kids, thus give vent to their superabundant lightness of heart and limb. Sancho, a true Manchegan, after the saltatory exhibitions of his master, professes his ignorance of such elaborate dancing, but for a *zapateo*, a knocking of shoes, he was as good as a *gerifante*. Unchanged as are the instruments, so are their dancing propensities. All night long, says Strabo (iii. 249), and Sil. Italicus (iii. 349), did they dance and sing, or rather jump and yell out.

The Iberian warriors danced armed ; like the Spartans, even their relaxations preserved the military principle, and they beat time with their swords on their shields. When one of their champions wished to show his contempt for the Romans, he retired before them dancing a derisive step (App. *Bell. Hisp.* 410). This *pyrrica saltatio* is of all ages

and climes; thus the *albanatico* of the Grecian Archipelago is little changed from what it was in Homer's time; the Goths had it, and the Moors likewise; our *morris*-dance is but the Moorish one, which John of Gaunt brought into England, the peasants in Spain occasionally dance it still in all the perfection of ancient step and costume. This armed dance, mimic war, was invented (se dice) by Minerva, who capered for joy after the overthrow of the rebel angels, giants, and Titans—the victory of knowledge over brute force. Masdeu in the last century describes these unchanged dances as he saw them at Tarragona (*Ilis. Crit.* ii. 7), when some of the performers got on each other's shoulders to represent the Titans, and the Dance retained its Pagan name—*el Titans, Bailes de los Titanes*.

The *seguidilla*, the guitar, and dance, at this moment form the joy of careless poverty, the repose of sunburnt labour. The poor forget for them their toils, nay, sacrifice even their meals, like Pliny's friend Claro, who lost his supper, *Batican olives and gaspacho*, to run after a Gaditanian dancing-girl. In *venta* and court-yard, in spite of a long day's work, and scanty fare, at the sound of the guitar and click of the castanet, a new life is breathed into their veins; so far from feeling past fatigue, the very fatigue of the dance seems refreshing, and many a weary traveller will rue the midnight frolics of his noisy and saltatory fellow-lodgers. Supper is no sooner over than some black-whiskered performer screams forth his "*coplas de zurabanda, Las Canas*," at the top of his voice. This *Canas*, the unchanged Arabic *Gaunia*, for a song, is sad and serious as love, and usually begins and ends with an *ay!* or sigh. The company takes part with beatings of feet, "*tacneos*;" clapping of hands, and joining in chorus at the end of each verse. There is always in every company of Spaniards, whether soldiers, civilians, or muleteers, some one who can play the guitar *poco mas ó menos*. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace (see p. 130), one of the most worthless of the multitude of worthless ministers by whom Spain has been misgoverned, first captivated the royal Messalina by his talent of strumming on the guitar. In most villages the *barbero* is the Figaro, who seldom fails to stroll down to the *venta* unbidden, and from pure love of harmony, gossip, and the *bota*, where his song secures him supper and welcome; a *funcion* is soon got up of all ages and sexes, who are attracted by the tinkling, like swarming bees, and the more if the stranger volunteers to pay for refreshments. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard and his ballads, and, so say the political economists, has done more injury to Spain than hailstorms or drought, from fostering singing, dancing, and idleness; the performer slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt 4000 years ago (*Wilkinson*, ii. ch. vi.). It is the unchanged kinoor of the East, the *κιθαρα*, cithera, guitarra, githorne; the "guiterne Moresche" of the minstrellers (*Ducange*). The performers, seldom scientific musicians, content themselves with striking the chords, sweeping the whole hand over the strings, *rasqueando*, or flourishing, *floreando*, and tapping the guitar-board with the thumb, *golpeando*, at which they are very expert. To feel the full fascination of Spanish guitar and song, the performer should be a sprightly Andaluza: when she wields the instrument as if part of herself, no wonder that one of the old fathers of the church said

that he would sooner face a singing basilisk. The words of her song are often struck off at the moment, and allude to incidents and persons present. Sometimes those of *la gente ganza, que tiene zandunga*, are most clever, full of epigram and *double entendre*; they often sing what may not be spoken, and steal hearts through ears, for, as Cervantes says, *Cuando cantan encantan*: at other times their song is little better than nonsense, with which the audience is just as well satisfied. A good voice, which Italians call *novanta-nove*, ninety-nine parts out of the hundred, is however very rare, either in Spain or out of it. The Spanish guitar requires an *abandon*, and a *gracia* which could not be risked by ladies of more northern climates and more tightly-laced zones!

Not much music is printed in Spain; the songs and airs are frequently sold in MS. Sometimes, for the very illiterate, the notes are expressed in numeral figures, which correspond with the number of the strings. Andalusia is the chosen spot to form the best collection.*

The genuine airs and tunes are very Oriental, of most remote antiquity, and are a remnant of primitive airs, of which a want of the invention of musical notation has deprived us. Melody among the Egyptians, like sculpture, was never permitted to be changed, lest any new fascination might interfere with the severe influence of their mistress, religion. That both were invented for the service of the altar is indicated in the myth of their divine origin. These tunes passed into other countries; the plaintive *manerōs* of the Nile, brought by the Phœnicians into Spain, became the *Linns* of Greece. The national tunes of the Fellah, the Moor, and the Spaniard, are still slow and monotonous, often in utter opposition to the sentiments of the words, which have varied, whilst the airs remain unchanged. They are diatonic rather than chromatic, abounding in suspended pauses, and certain sounds seem to have a mysterious aptitude to express certain moods of the mind, in connection with some unexplained sympathy between the sentient and intellectual organs: the simplest are by far the most ancient. Ornate melody is a modern invention from Italy; and although, in lands of greater intercourse and more fastidious civilization, the conventional has ejected the national, fashion has not shamed or silenced the old-ballad airs of Spain: national tunes which, like the songs of birds, are not taught in orchestras, but by mothers to their infant progeny in the cradling nest. The Spaniard, as a rule, is warlike without being military, saltatory without being graceful, musical without being harmonious; he continues much the same raw material made by nature, and is best to be studied in the Serrania and far from cities, or in the Venta, which is after all the true opera-house of Spain.†

* Don N. Zamaracola has published a small selection—'Colección de Seguidillas, Tiranas, y Polos,' Mad. 1799, under the name of Don Preciso. The *Seguidillas*, *Manchegas*, *Boleras* are a sort of madrigal, and consist of 7 verses, 4 lines of song and 3 of chorus, *estrevillo*; the *Rondenas* and *Malagenas* are couplets of 4 verses, and take their names from the towns where they are most in vogue; the term of others, *La Arana*, comes from the Havana. The best guitars in the world were made by the Páez family in Cadiz.

† The student may consult 'Origen de Teatro Español,' M. García, Madrid, 1802; 'Tratado del Histrionismo,' Pellicer, Madrid, 1804; 'Orígenes del Teatro Español,' Moratin, Madrid, 1830; and the excellent work on the 'Spanish Theatre,' by the German Schak; see also papers on the 'Spanish Stage' 'Quart. Rev.' No. cxvii.; and on 'Spanish Ballads,' 'Edin. Rev.' No. cxlvi., by Richard Ford.

HANDBOOK TO SPAIN.

PART II.

Albacete Knives.—*Albacete* was formerly called the Sheffield of Spain, as Châtelherault was of France; but everything is by comparison, and the coarse cutlery turned out in each, at the make and material of which an English artisan smiles, perfectly answers native ideas and wants. The object of a Spanish knife is to “chip bread and kill a man,” and our readers are advised to have as little to do with it as may be. The *puñal* or *cuchillo*, like the fan of the high-bred Andaluza, is part and parcel of all Spaniards of the lower class; few are ever without this weapon of offence and defence.

This knife, the precise *daga* of the Iberians, is the national weapon: hence *Guerra á Cuchillo* is the modern war-cry, “Castile expects that every knife this day will do its duty;” and such in fact was the truly Spanish war defiance which was returned at Zaragoza to the French summons to capitulate. This “long double-edged” tool is either stuck, as the old dagger used to be, in the sash, or is worn in the breeches’ side-pocket, or like the Greek heroes wore their *παραινθρία*, down the “right thigh” (Judges iii. 16); and so the anelace in Chaucer bore “a Shefeld thwitel in his hose,” just as the *Manolas*, or Amazons of Madrid, *las de Cuchillo en liga*, have the reputation of concealing a small knife—steel traps set here—in the garter of their *right* leg (*honi soit qui mal y pense*); for it has long been a notion that making a start with the *left* leg foremost boded ill-luck. This female trinket is also called a *puñalico* and *hi-guela*; all these weapons, a sort of *Skein Dhu*, are Scotch cousins to the Mattucashlash dirk, which the High-

landers carried in their armpits: a feminine *puñalico* now before us has the motto, *Sirbo á una dama*, I serve a lady—Ich dien. Gentlemen’s knives have also what Shakspeare calls their “cutler poetry;” this is also a Moorish custom, for, in what appeared to be a mere scrolly ornament on a modern *Albacete cuchillo*, these Arabic words have been read—“With the help of Allah! I hope to kill my enemy.” As the mottos of swords are various, so those on knives abound, couched in an humbler tone; e.g. *Soy de mi Dueño y Señor*, “I am the property of my lord and master.” They say also—

“*Cuando esta víbora pica
No hay remedio en la botica,*”—

(when this viper stings, there’s no remedy in any apothecary’s shop.) When the *Sistema*, or *constitucion* of 1820, was put down, royalist knives were inscribed *Peleo á gusto matando negros*, and on the reverse, *Muero por mi Rey*, “I die for my king; killing blacks is my delight.” The words *Negros* and *Carboneros* have long been applied in Spain to political blackguards.

The term *navaja* means any blade, from a razor to a penknife, that shuts into a handle: the *navajas* of Guadix, which rival the *puñales* of Albacete, have frequently a *muelle* or catch by which the long pointed blade is fixed, and thus become a dagger or hand bayonet. The click which the cold steel makes when sharply caught in its catch, produces on Spanish ears the same pleasing sensation which cocking a pistol does on ours. These spring and catch tools, always prohibited by law, have always been made,

sold, and used openly. The gipsies, being great hole-in-corner men and cutpurses, since the times of the *Rinconetes y Cortadillos* of Cervantes, and the patrons also of slang, and flashmen, have furnished many *cant* names to the knife, e.g. *glandi*, *chulo*, *churri* (*charri* is pure Hindee for a knife). *La Serdanie*, *Cuchas*, *dos puñales á una vez*; the Catalans call the instrument *el gammivete*, *canif*. It is termed in playful metaphor *la tia*, my aunt; *corta pluma*, a penknife; *monda dientes*, a tooth-pick; the best makers are generally well known. Thus Sancho Panza, when he hears that Montesinos had pierced a heart with a puñal, exclaims at once, "Then it was made by Ramon Hozes of Seville." The handles are adorned in a barbaric semi-oriental style, often with much inlaid work, mother-of-pearl and coarse niello. There is a murderous, business-like intention in the shape, which runs to a point like a shark or a pirate felucca. A Spanish cutler, when praising his wares, will say, *Es bueno para matar*, "This is a capital article for killing." So the *navajas del santo oleo* kill a man dead before he can receive extreme unction.

However unskilled the regular surgeons and *Sangrados* may be in anatomy and the practice of the scalpel, the universal people know exactly how to use their knife, and where to plant its blow; nor is there any mistake, for the wound, although not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, "will serve." It is not unseldom given after the treacherous fashion of their Oriental and Iberian ancestors, by a stab behind, of which the ancients were so fearful, "impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos" (Geor. iii. 408), and it is planted "under the fifth rib," and "one blow" is enough (2 Sam. xx. 10). The blade, like the cognate Arkansas or Bowie knife of the Yankees, will "rip up a man right away," or a ripe melon, as Sancho says (Don Quij. ii. 32), or drill him until a surgeon can see through his body. As practice makes perfect, a true *Buratero* is able to jerk his *navaja* into a door across the room, as surely and

quickly as a good shot does a rifle-ball; a Spaniard, when armed with his *cuchillo* for attack, and with his *capa* for defence, is truly formidable and classical. Many of the murders in Spain must be attributed to the readiness of the weapon, which is always at hand when the blood is on fire: thus, where an unarmed Englishman closes his fist, a Spaniard opens his knife. Man, again, in this hot climate, is very inflammable and combustible; a small spark explodes the dry powder, which ignites less readily in damp England. No wonder, therefore, that the blow of this rascally instrument, a true *puñalada de picaro*, becomes fatal in jealous broils, when the lower classes light their anger at the torch of the furies, and prefer using to speaking daggers: then the thrust goes home, *vitamque in vulnere ponit*. In jealous broils, which are not unfrequent, the common punishment is gashing the peccant one's cheek, which is called "marking," or painting—*Ya estas señalada*, *Ya estas pintado, picaro!* In legal language, *pintado por la justicia* means branded as a rogue; in baker's lingo, "*pan pintado*," signifies bread ornamented with crosses and gashes. "*Mira que te pego, mira que te mato*," are fondling or furious expressions of a *Maja* or a *Majo*. The Seville phrase was "*Mira que te pinto un jabeque*;" "take care that I don't draw you a xebeck" (the sharp Mediterranean felucca). "They jest at wounds who never felt a scar," but whenever this *jabeque* has really been inflicted, the patient, not having the face to show himself, and ashamed of the stigma, is naturally anxious to recover a good character and skin; the one cosmetic to remove such superfluous marks, in Philip IV.'s time, was cat's grease:—

—*El sebo unto de gato,
Que en cara defienda los señales.*

In process of time, as science advanced, this was superseded by *Unto del Ombre*, or man's grease. Our estimable friend Don Nicolas Molero, a surgeon in high practice at Seville, assured us that previously to the French invasion, he had often prepared this

cataleptic specific, which used to be sold for its weight in gold; but having been adulterated with spermaceti by unprincipled empirics, it fell into disrepute. The sovereign remedy of the ancients, the Parmecity of Dr. Eros, a famous quack, is mentioned by Martial (x. 56, 6). Consult him also on plasters (Splenis, ii. 29, 10). The receipt of the Alabastrum which Venus gave to Phaon, has puzzled the learned Burmann, no less than has the modern commentators of Don Quijote that of the balsam of Fierabras. The kindness of Don Nicolas furnished us with the ingredients of this *pommade divine*, rather than *mortale*. "Take a man in full health who has been just killed, the fresher the better, pare off the fat round the heart, melt it over a slow fire, clarify, and put it in a cool place for use."

Albuera (Battle of).—*Albuera*—*Parador del agua*—an insignificant hamlet of itself, owes its European fame to its "glorious field of grief," and the murderous conflict, May 16, 1811, between Soult and Beresford. Passing the bridge the town rises in front; the battle took place on the ridge to the l. After Massena, instead of driving the English into the sea, as he boasted, was himself driven by them from Santarem, the Duke advanced on Estremadura to retake Badajoz; but his plans were marred by Mahy's negligence in Galicia, which forced him to return. Now, rapid expedition was everything, as the fortress was to be pounced upon before the French could relieve it, yet Beresford's "unfortunate delay" gave Philippon, the governor, ample time to provision and strengthen the place, besides enabling Soult to march from Seville to its relief. Blake and Castaños, glutted for fighting, then persuaded Beresford to risk a general action when

nothing could be gained by a victory, for the siege was virtually raised, while a reverse would have entirely paralysed the Duke, and neutralised the glories of Torres Vedras. Beresford had only about 7000 English, and, although he knew the ground well, "occupied it," says Napier, "in such a manner as to render defeat almost certain." He was the only man in the army who did not see that the hill to the rt. was his really vulnerable point, and here, to make bad worse, he placed the Spaniards. Soult, who saw the blot, attacked and drove them back without difficulty, and the "whole position was raked and commanded." Then Houghton led up the 57th, who saved the day, the Spaniards remaining, as at Barrosa, "quiet spectators." "Out of 1400 men 1050 were killed and wounded;" the dead lay in their ranks, every man with a wound in the front." Their brave leader fell at their head, cheering them on to the bayonet charge, which, as usual, settled the affair. "Then 1500 unwounded men, the remnant of 7000, stood," writes Napier, "triumphant on the fatal hill." "This little battalion," says the Duke, "alone held its ground against all the French *colonnes en masse*." Soult in vain pushed on with the reserves under Werlé, who was killed, and his troops fled, throwing away their arms.

Beresford, who had actually ordered Halket to retreat, was saved, says Napier (xii. 6), by Col. Hardinge, who, on his own responsibility, brought up Cole and Abercrombie; others, however, and Beresford's dispatch, assign this merit to Cole, who in fact was the superior officer.

Both armies bivouacked on the ground; and had Soult the next day, with his 15,000 Frenchmen, ventured to renew the attack against 1600 English, he must have succeeded; but, awed by their bold front, he retired, leaving nearly 1000 wounded to his repulser's mercy. His army, even in the words of Belmas (i. 184), his own author, "*se débânda dans le plus affreux désordre; le moral se trouvait fort affecté*." The French real loss was between 8000 and 9000 men—even they admit 2800; that of the English was

4158, of the Spaniards 1365. The Duke in public shielded Beresford, whose great capabilities for drilling the Portuguese he justly appreciated. "Another such battle, however," wrote he privately, "would ruin us. I am working hard to set all to rights again." On the 21st he visited the field, and in a few weeks offered Soult another chance of another *victory*, which the Marshal, who knew that a better man was come in, politely declined; he, however, claimed the "complete victory" as his; and now his *non-succès* is ascribed to the numerical superiority of the English. Durosier (Guide, 244) simply states that 20,000 French fought against 45,000 English or Spaniards; which Bory de St. Vincent (Guide, 109) makes out to be 22,000 against 50,000, Soult's real forces amounting to 19,000 foot and 4000 horse; thus *history* is written in France; for the *truth*, read Napier (xii. 6), and his unanswerable and unanswered replies to Beresford, vol. vi. and the Duke's 'Dispatches' (vol. vii.). The Portuguese also claim the fighting as theirs: "après la bataille d'Albuera," relates Schepeler, "j'entendis moi-même un officier Portugais dire, 'Les Espagnols se sont battus comme des lions, les Portugais comme des serpents, mais les Anglais *Niente Niente!*' (not at all,) dit-il avec dédain;" the Spaniard Blake, in his letter thanking the Regency for making him a captain-general for his services on this day, never even alluded to the English; and now-a-days, *all* the glory is claimed by *nosotros*; according to Madoz (i. 343), the English division was saved by Bellasteros! and this signal instance of Spanish inefficiency was termed, "Una de las mas dignas glorias del Pueblo *Español!*" Recently, however, a sort of monument has been erected in which, *credite poster!* even the names of the English generals are inscribed.

Architecture. See Introduction, Part II., § xix.

Arms (Royal). See Introduction, Part II., § xxii.

Avila (Santa Teresa de).—The great glory of Avila is in its having been the birth-place of *Nuestra Serafica Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus*, who was born here, March 28, 1515, of noble parents, Alonso de Cepeda, and Beatriz de Ahumada. When only seven years old, she longed to go to Africa to be martyred by the Moors. She wrote a romance of knight-errantry, which shows the early bent of her mind for the improbable. At twenty she took the veil, and soon after was carried up into heaven, and was shown the plan of reformed nunneries, which on her return to earth she carried out, founding herself seventeen convents of barefooted Carmelites. She next became the "spouse of the Saviour," and took his name: she has been a great favourite with Spanish artists, who generally represent her as dying away, while an angel touches her heart with a fire-tipped arrow. The 27th of August is kept all over the Peninsula as the holy day sacred to this mystery, which is called *La transverberacion del corazon de Santa Teresa de Jesus*. Spanish monks, however, were quite as combustible; thus San Luis de Gonzaga is always painted so inflamed with love, that fire issues from his breast. In others the internal heat required buckets of cold water to be thrown over their bodies. Teresa is at other times drawn "writing at a table, while a dove at her ear whispers 'Newes from her spouse.'" The best edition of her voluminous revelations is that of Madrid, 1793, '*Obras y Cartas*,' 6 vols. 4to. Philip II. collected her manuscripts, like Sibylline books, which are preserved in the Escorial, and were shown by the monks as gems. According to her, the pains of the damned in hell consisted in their incapacity of loving or being loved. For details of her compositions, see Antonio (Bib. Nov. ii. 294), in which, published at Madrid in 1793! they are treated as "inspired writings;" but she in truth was a mere tool of the Jesuits, and especially of Francisco de Borja, while her writings were *edited* by two crafty Dominicans named Ibañez and Garcia, who, knowing how strong

in man is the tendency to believe in some revelation, put forth these cheats, which their dupes swallowed greedily. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the *priests bear rule* by their means, and my *people love to have it so*" (Jer. v. 31): compare also Isaiah viii. 19 with Acts xvi. 16; and the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, which brought her masters *much gain* by soothsaying. Philip II. upheld Teresa, who in her turn was as ready *εστο φιλιππειν*, and to support his bigotry, as the Pythia of old was to act in collusion with his namesake of Macedon (Cic. 'De Div.' ii. 57).

Santa Teresa died at Alva de Tormes, Oct. 4, 1582, 10,000 martyrs assisting at her bedside, and the Saviour coming down in person to convey his bride to heaven. Her festival is celebrated Oct. 15. See for exact and authentic details Ribadeneyra (iii. 252). Consult also the work of Diego de Yepes, Mad. 1599; the 4to. of Francisco de Ribera (her confessor), Mad. 1602; the poem in 8vo. by Pablo Verdugo, Mad. 1615, and '*La Amazona Cristiana*,' Bartolomé de Segura, 8vo., Mad. 1619; and her *Life* by Miguel Bautista de Lanuza, folio, Zaragoza, 1657.

Santa Teresa has now superseded the mediæval goddesses, the Eulalias, Leocadias, &c., for she was declared by the silly Philip III. to be the lady patroness of Spain, just as Juno was of Carthage, and Minerva of Athens; Santiago remaining the male Hercules. On March 12, 1622, Gregory XV., bribed by the gold of Philip IV., placed this love-sick nun in the calendar of Romish saintesses, instead of in Bedlam; but "*Omnia Romæ cum pretio*," as Juvenal said. And now Avila is termed a "precious shell which contains a pearl of great price," to wit, her fragrant uncorrupted miracle-working body; and to this the Cadiz Cortes, the collected wisdom of Spain, turned in their hour of need, and, having refused command to the Duke of Wellington, appointed her *Generalissima* of the Spanish armies—*Dux fœmina facti*; and the first act of the

war minister in 1844 was to promote Queen Christina to be a colonel of Chasseurs, whose uniform, as a delicate compliment to her virtue, was white and blue, the colours of the *immaculate* conception.

Spanish priests and monks have never shown much invention in their legends or miracles, which they either imported from other countries ready made, or went to Paganism for materials. Santa Teresa is an imitation of St. Bridget of Sweden, who was also the "spouse of Christ," the revealer of his wishes, and an envoy from heaven, *Embajadrix del Cielo*, besides being a founder of convents, a tool in the hands of her crafty confessors, Peter and Mattias, and was also canonized.

In days of little intercommunication, and before the age of *Handbooks*, the elder frauds had the prestige of success, and what answered in one place was likely to take in another: thus the trouble of invention and of tasking the brain was saved; and thus these Santa Teresas and Catherines of Sienna, &c., were but the Pythonesses and Sibyls of old, reproduced under new names. A want of common-sense has never in Spain been an objection in a ruler or leader, male or female; nay, some of their most venerable saints have been selected from the most ignorant monks and nuns. Thus Ribadeneyra, the grand hagiographical authority, quotes largely from the writings of *el Sapientísimo Idiota*, who wrote worthily of his name. So the Moors respect their idiots, and call them *Santons*, thinking, because they are fools on earth, that their sainted minds are wandering in heaven: "*Hæc et alia generis ejusdem, ita defenditis, ut ii qui ista fluxerunt, non modo non insani, sed etiam fuisse sapientes videantur*" (Cicero '*N. D.*' iii. 24). The Pagan philosophers attributed much of all this to wind and flatulence, and when these ravings were belched forth, *afflata est numine* quando, termed the performers *Εργαστριμυθαι* or ventriloquists. These, the priests of Delphi put on a tripod, and the Spaniards crowned with an aureola, when in England a straight waistcoat would generally be called for, except

in real cases, such as Johanna Southcot. Again, how Pagan and Oriental are all the minor details of Santa Teresa. Mahomet fed a tame pigeon from his ear, and persuaded true believers that it communicated to him the Koran; long before, however, Herodotus (ii. 55) had noticed the doves of Dodona, and the word *πελεια*, in Thessalian, signified both an old woman and a pigeon.

Azulejos (Seville).—This word, like *azul*, is derived from the Arabic, but from a different root, azul being derived from *lazurad* (the lapis lazuli) and *Azulejos* from *Zulejja* (zuleich) a varnished tile. Most names of colours in Spanish are derived from Arabic words, such as *Albayalde*, *Carmesi*, *Gualdo*, *Azulturqui*, *Ruano*, *Alazan*. The Moor was the real chemist and decorator, from whom the rude Gotho-Spaniard learned his arts, and the words in which to express them. The use of the *Azulejo* is very ancient and oriental. The sapphire and blue were always the favourite tints (Exod. xxiv. 10; Isa. liv. 11). The substance is composed of a red clay, the surface of which is highly glazed in enamelled colours. The material is cool and clean, and no vermin can lodge in it, so that it is especially suitable for a hot climate. The Moors formed with it most ingenious harlequinades, combining colour and pattern. These enamelled tiles undoubtedly were the types of the Majolica ware of Italy, which passed from Valencia to Majorca (Majolica), thence to Pisa and Pesaro, and is now manufactured in England,

Alonso IX. took it from the Moors in 1235. The Portuguese besieged it in 1660 and 1705. Kellermann and Victor failed before it in 1808 and 1809; Buonaparte, in 1810, ordered Soult to advance on Estremadura, to relieve Massena when arrested before Torres Vedras; the Duke, having foreseen the move, cautioned the Spanish Junta to be prepared. But Ballesteros, as if in mockery, was recalled by them into the South on the very day that Soult left Seville; soon the fortress of *Olivenza* was surrendered without a struggle by Manuel Herk; but *Badajoz* was commanded by Rafael Menacho, a brave man, and the strong garrison was assisted outside by an army under Gabriel Mendizabal; this blunderer also unfortunately neglected every suggestion of the Duke, and was surprised on the Gevora, "in the strongest position in the country," by Soult, who with only 5000 men utterly routed 11,000 Spaniards in an hour, losing himself only 400 men. As a trait of Spanish character it may be mentioned, that when the report was brought to Mendizabal that Soult had thrown a bridge across the Guadiana, he was playing at cards, and observed, "Then we will go and look at it to-morrow!" but *Mañana*, that morrow, saw the procrastinator surprised and crushed, for he had before neglected to entrench his position, although repeatedly urged to do so by the Duke. "*All this would have been avoided had the Spaniards been anything but Spaniards. They oppose and render fruitless every measure to set them right or save them.*" "*The presumption, ignorance, and misconduct of these people are really too bad.*" "They have not done anything that they were ordered to do, and have done exactly that against which they were warned" (see Disp. vol. vii. *passim*).

On the 4th of March Menacho was unfortunately killed, when José Imaz, his successor in command, sold the place to Soult, who, when he first beheld the tremendous defences, quietly remarked, "There are few forts so strong but what a mule laden with gold can get in," as his soon did: *Aurum per medios*

Badajoz (Siege of).—Badajoz is an important frontier place, and owes its chief interest to military events.

ire satellites: but Buonaparte and his sect, who railed so eloquently against *l'or de la perfide Albion*, never scrupled in war or peace to work against places or press with this metallic pickaxe, which our rulers, either too honest or too unread in Horace, most systematically neglect. Accordingly, when the purchase was handed over to Soult on the 10th, it included the city and citadel, 7155 men in garrison, provisions, &c. Yet the traitor Imaz knew, even on the 6th, that Massena was in full retreat before the English, and that Beresford was hastening with 20,000 men to his relief. Instead of availing himself of this intelligence, of which Soult was ignorant, he communicated the information to the French, and thus rescued them from ruin, and this at the precise moment when his coward-like countryman, La Peña, was saving Victor from disgrace at Barrosa. Had Badajoz been held by the Spaniards but a few short days only, Andalusia must have been evacuated by the French, and "*we*," as the Duke said, "should have saved Spain." "Its fall was certainly the most fatal event in the war" (Disp. Dec. 4, 1811). Soult's besieging Badajoz at all was a military error; he ought to have marched day and night to aid Massena before Torres Vedras, but jealousy of a brother marshal made him loiter halfway; and had Imaz been true, and Badajoz held out, Soult himself, like Massena, must have been crushed by the Duke. No sooner had the fortress been surrendered to Soult, than Beresford attempted its recovery. He failed, as even the indulgent Duke said, from "his unfortunate delay" (Disp. April 10, 1811); and when he had given the French time to render success impossible, he risked the needless battle of *Albuera* (see *Albuera*), and thus, as Napier proves, caused two subsequent years of most harrassing operations to the Duke.

The Duke then determined to try what he could do himself, and, after he had taken Ciudad Rodrigo, made his preparations with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe divined his plan. He pounced, March 16, 1812, on Badajoz, while Soult and Marmont were

both too far separated to relieve it. The place, much strengthened, was defended by the brave Philippon and 5000 men. The French defence was splendid; there was no traitor Imaz now: but "no age," says Napier (xvi. 5), "ever sent forth braver troops than those who stormed and carried Badajoz." The operations were so nicely calculated that Soult imagined the Duke must have intercepted some dispatch of Marmont's. He was delayed eleven precious days by unusually unfavourable weather and the misconduct of the Portuguese; the town of Elvas, although so close by, refusing to afford even means of transport.

The trenches were opened before Badajoz on March 16th; the *Picurina* outwork was heroically carried on the 24th by Gen. Kempt. Sheer British valour was left to do the work, for, from the neglect of our ministry at home, the army, as the Duke wrote, "was not capable of carrying on a regular siege." He sued Badajoz, said Picton, *in formâ pauperis*, beseeching not breaching; every day was precious, as Soult was advancing from Seville, and Marmont from Castile; thus placed between two fires, the prize was to be snatched before they could effect a junction. April 6, the breaches in the bastions *Santa Trinidad* and *Santa Maria*, to the S.E., were declared practicable: at ten o'clock that night the assault, so well described by Napier (xvi. 5), was made; the obstacles were found to be so much more formidable than the engineers had reported, that no human force could have succeeded. Unfortunately too the hour fixed for the assault was obliged to be put back, whereby the brave troops, headed by Colville and Barnard, were mowed down by the French, secure behind new entrenchments and defences; even the scaling-ladders were found to be too short; but meanwhile the 5th division, under Walker, got in at the *San Vicente* bastion, which lies close on the river to the W.; and Picton, converting a feint into a real attack, carried the castle to the N.E., which Philippon had left comparatively undefended, never dreaming that it would be attempted.

This possession decided the conflict. The French, now assailed both in flank and front, were lost, and Badajoz was won. The town, according to the usages of war and successful storms, was sacked, the Duke and the officers doing every thing to prevent excesses, until obliged himself to retire to escape being shot at by the infuriated soldiers.

The English lost in killed and wounded 5000 men. Philippon retired to San Cristobal, and surrendered the next day, being treated by the Duke with the honour due to a brave opponent. The baffled and out-generaled marshals had now no safety but in retreat, so Marmont fell back on Salamanca, and Soult on Seville; then Hill advanced on *Almaraz*, and destroyed the forts, the enemy flying before him to Navalmoral. The British bayonet had thus again cleared a road to Andalusia, and the Duke prepared to would not have handled him à la Beresford, but his plans were marred by his allies. Ciudad Rodrigo was not provisioned, as the Spaniards had neglected even to move in the stores provided by the English! Thus, as at rush on Soult at Albuera, where he Talavera and elsewhere, he was baulked, thanks to *nosotros*, of his whole victory, and Soult was again rescued from annihilation. Now-a-days Madoz (iii. 26) deals with this splendid capture of Badajoz, in which no Spaniard took a part except first to sell it to Soult, and next to save him from perdition, in two words: "Logró ocuparla,"—the Duke "managed to gain possession!"

Bailen (the Battle of).—The memorable battle of Bailen took place between the post-houses *La Casa del Rey* and *Bailen*. BAILEN! This great name, which first, which last is repeated by Spaniards, is the *one* victory, the hapworth of triumph which covers a multitude of intolerable defeats, such as in no history can be paralleled except in their own. BAILEN, where "No-

sotros crushed the veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo," [Dupont's troops being, in fact, raw conscripts and "*des soldats novices*," Foy, iv. 109,] "and thereby saved, not Spain alone, but Europe!" As the road to Madrid offers little to look at or write about, the *real truth* may at once amuse the English, and instruct the Spanish reader, while journeying over dreary and dull La Mancha.

When Cuesta had opened Madrid to the French, by being beaten at Rioseco, Buonaparte and Murat considered the conquest of Andalusia to be merely a *promenade Militaire*. Dupont accordingly was sent from Toledo, May 24, 1808, with 10,000 men, and boasted that on the 21st of June he should be at Cadiz: his forces were next increased by 12,950 more men under Vedel; but Dupont mismanaged the whole campaign: he arrived, without obstacles, at Andujar, and then neither pushed on to Cadiz nor fell back on Madrid while the mountains were open. Meanwhile Castaños was enabled to move his *bisnoños* from Algeciras, by the help of a loan advanced by the merchants of Gibraltar, and marched towards Andujar with 25,000 men: his army, both in men and generals, was little more than nominally Spanish, although Madoz, iii. 303, says they were *casi todos Andaluces*! The 1st division was Swiss, and commanded by Reding, a Swiss; the 2nd was commanded by De Coupigny, a Frenchman; the 3rd by Jones, an Irishman, and the best troops were Walloons. The 4th division, which really consisted of Spaniards, who now claim all the glory, never fired a shot, and Castaños, their chief, only arrived after the battle was gained; previously Dupont had so mismanœuvred and scattered his forces, that Castaños, by marching Reding to the r., got between him and Vedel. The positions were singular, each being placed in these hilly defiles between two fires: Dupont between Castaños and Reding, Reding between Dupont and Vedel.

July 18, Dupont quitted Andujar like a thief in the night. So careless was the Spanish look-out, that the

enemy had marched five hours before Castaños even knew that he was gone. Dupont was met at daybreak of the 19th by Reding and Coupigny, drawn up in a strong hill position. The battle was of short duration, for the French had become demoralized by indulgence in pillage; more than 1500 men were actually employed in guarding the "impedimenta," or waggons of plunder; thus, as at Victoria, the crime entailed its own punishment. But according to Justin (xxxii. 2) such defeat is no unusual consequence of Gallic plunder, and especially when sacrilegious; hence the classical proverb *Aurum Tolosanum*, the curse-entailing pillage of Delphi, which haunted the French of Toulouse, and the comrades of Brennus. Such was the just retribution of Nemesis, *Ullor Sacræ Pecuniæ*. And some high Officers, says Foy (iv. 100), "anxious to secure their *butin infame*, were ready to listen to dishonour;" the uneven country was also in favour of Reding, as it rendered all scientific manœuvring impossible; in short it was a Roncesvalles.

The report of the firing during the contest brought up La Peña with the 4th Spanish brigade, and Vedel with his division; thus Reding was attacked in front and rear by Dupont and Vedel, while Dupont was exposed in the same manner to Reding and La Peña; but the Spaniards arrived first, for Vedel had halted some hours to permit his troops to convert into soup a flock of goats which they had caught; thus nearly 20,000 Frenchmen were sold for a mess of pottage: "*La destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent*," says Brillat Savarin. This ought to be a warning to so truly great a gastronomic nation, how they meddle with the cuisine of the rude Iberians, who were sad goat-eaters, according to Strabo (iii. 155, *τραγοφαγοῦσι μάλιστα*).

All parties were anxious to come to some terms, particularly the chiefs, Dupont and Castaños; indeed the latter, on his arrival, after all the fighting was over, would have readily granted a convention of Cintra had he not been

prevented by Count Tilli, a sort of commissioner of the Seville junta.

Every moment's delay rendered the position of the French more desperate. The burning Andalusian sun, and the want of water, were more formidable than the Spaniards. Read Livy (xxxiv. 47) to see a former example of these effects on a French army. When the troops ventured down to the stream below, they were shot by hornet swarms of armed peasants. Eventually, on the 23rd, 17,635 Frenchmen laid down their arms. The panic spread far and wide: whole detachments of French along the road to Madrid volunteered their own submission. Joseph Buonaparte fled from Madrid instantly, having first pillaged everything; but the invaders ran away from the coming shadows of only their own fears, for Castaños, so far from advancing on the foe, more amazed at his victory, than even the French at their defeat, actually marched back to Seville to dedicate flags to St. Ferdinand: nor did he reach Madrid until Aug. 23, when he proceeded to kneel before the Atocha image of the Virgin, and thank her for her interference (Schep. i. 458). Meanwhile, Buonaparte was silently preparing his great revenge unmolested by the Spaniards, who quietly reposed under their laurels, not taking the smallest steps even to dislodge the French runaways from the line of the Ebro: they thought the war concluded by one blow; and even the sober English caught the infection, and imagined Bailen to be a tragedy to be repeated whenever the French appeared, until further notice. The rewards given to Castaños, this conqueror by deputy, were as slow as his military movements; he was not made *Duque de Bailen* until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and then simply and solely because Christina was anxious to create a liberal party for her own ends. To his praise be it said that he was free from mean jealousies, and cheerfully served under the Duke of Wellington, and of all his countrymen was best liked by their allies. He was fully aware of his own utter military incapacity, and being a

true *Pillo Andaluz*, cut his joke on himself and on everything else. Thus, when Dupont on delivering his sword, making a grandiloquent speech in the *Honneur et Patrie* style, said: "This is the first time mon épée has witnessed defeat;" "ma foi," replied Castaños, "what is odder still, this is the first time mine has witnessed a victory."

Castaños, who trimmed and weathered all the storms of Spanish politics, died liked by all Sept. 23rd, 1852, aged 95. On the 14th of that month, also full of years and honours, our great Duke had led the way, as he was wont. They indeed justly represent the shares of the real work done in the war of independence by England and Spain.

Castaños was a gentleman, and to his honour opposed the Punic manner in which the convention of Bailen was broken, on some quibble about the impossibility of sending the French home in "*Spanish ships*." Thus retaliation and poetical justice were satisfied rather than good faith. The French, who had sowed in the storm now reaped in the whirlwind. "They were treated," says Southey (ch. viii.), "as criminals rather than soldiers; as men who had laid down their arms, but could not lay down their crimes." "*On leur réclamait avec menaces et injures les vases sacrés des églises*" (Foy, iv. 107). Many were massacred in cold blood on the road, others were starved in the Cadiz hulks, the rest were exposed on the desolate island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of English officers.

Buonaparte concealed Bailen and the truth from his slaves; "*Les Français*," says Foy, "*n'en eurent même pas connaissance*." When the retreat from Madrid could no longer be kept back, he only hinted in the '*Moniteur*,' Sept. 6, that the heat of the weather and the superiority of the Ebro water were the causes; just as at Trafalgar he ascribed the *accidental disaster* to the elements. Barring this fanfaronade, his military genius fully comprehended how little Spanish strategics had caused the victory; and, writing

immediately after the disaster, he remarked, "*Les Espagnols ne sont pas à craindre, toutes les forces Espagnoles ne sont pas capables de culbuter 25,000 Français dans une position raisonnable*;" and subsequent events showed how true was this opinion. He never again lost any great battle with the Spaniards, and in a few months routed these very heroes of Bailen, who displayed everywhere the most incredible cowardice and incapacity. Even Schepeler observes, "*Le son de ce mot Bailen produisit un vertige de triomphe, et livra à Buonaparte mainte armée Espagnole*." This victory by an accident really proved to Spaniards a disaster, for they now took the exception for the rule, and imagined that their raw levies, wanting in everything, and led by incapable officers, could beat the highly organised veterans of France led by good commanders; in vain the Duke urged them to keep to their hills, and wage a Fabian defensive warfare, which history, the nature of the broken country, and the admirable *guerrilla* qualities of the Spanish people pointed out. "I am afraid," said the Duke, "that the *utmost* we can hope for is, *to teach them how to avoid being beaten*. If we can effect that object, I hope *we* may do the rest" (Disp. Aug. 18, 1812). But their *Españolismo* took huff. Bailen always interfered; they were always fighting it over again, planning how to catch all the French at once in one trap. This idea led them to quit the mountains and descend into the fatal plains, there to extend their lines, in order to surround the enemy and catch him in a trap, when these Tartars, by one charge of cavalry, generally put them to rout.

Meanwhile the effect of Bailen was electrical; for the truth could not be quite stifled, even in France. Europe roused from her moral subjection; Spain retook her place among nations; and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, rushed to her final deliverance.

Ballesteros.—This notorious coward, by birth an Aragonese, with all the obstinacy and insubordination of his stiff-necked countrymen, began life as a common soldier in 1804, and was turned out of the ranks for misconduct. Appointed afterwards a tobacco registrar in the Asturias, he was busied with his cigars near Covadunga, at the time of the national rising after the butcheries of Murat: then he became, says Toreno, "*entusiasmado*" with the glorious recollections of his "district," and thought himself a second Pelayus; but on May 24, 1810, when the first French detachment came in sight, his tobacco valour ended in smoke, and he took to his heels at once, never stopping until he reached *Potes*; and again, the instant the French reappeared, he started off to *Santander*, and leaving his troops in the lurch, rushed with José O'Donnell into an open boat, rowing away with the butts of muskets. Ballesteros being a *lechaculo* or toady of the Marques of Romana, the commander in these districts, manœuvred into place, and passed from being the slave to the tyrant. By nature impatient of any superior or control (self, indeed, was his only centre) he fired like a lucifer-match at the least opposition. He would not have obeyed Santiago himself, much less a foreigner.

The Duke soon fathomed this man (see *Disp.*, Feb. 16, Apr. 11, Nov. 15, 1811, and Dec. 18, 1813, "He is a mere freebooter, a chief of a disorderly rabble;" "a curse instead of a benefit to the nation which they are employed to defend." "He is not to be depended upon for one moment. Depend upon it, he will not co-operate in conjunction with you). He was chosen by Ferdinand VII. to be his Minister of War, an art of which, except as a *Guerrillero*, he was ignorant as a child. He poisoned the royal ear with anti-English prejudices, and next, in 1820, betrayed his king, becoming in 1823 his worst persecutor; but no sooner did the French troops appear than, as usual, he was again the first to run away. Thus the end of his career was just the same as the beginning. Being caught

near Granada by Gen. Molitor, in 1823, he saved himself by a dastardly treaty, and died an exile and in disgrace at Paris in 1832.

Barrosa (*Battle on the Knoll of*).—

When Soult, in 1811, left Seville to relieve Badajoz, an opportunity was offered to the Spaniards of raising the siege of Cadiz, by attacking Victor in the flank. The expedition was in an evil hour entrusted to Manuel de la Peña, a fool and a coward, but the favoured creature of the Duchess of Osuna, who mismanaged it from beginning to end. In February, 11,200 Spaniards, 4300 English and Portuguese, were landed at the distant Tarifa, when La Peña, instead of resting at Conil, brought the English to the ground after 24 hours of intense toil and starvation. Graham, contrary to his orders, had injudiciously ceded the command in chief to the Spaniard, who, on arriving in the critical moment, skulked away towards the Santi Petri, ordering Graham to descend from the *Sierra del Puercu*, the real key, to the *Torre Bermeja*, distant nearly a league. The French, who saw the error, made a splendid rush for this important height: but the gallant Græme, although left alone in the plain with his feeble, starving band, and scarcely having time to form his lines, the rear rank fighting in front, instantly defied the united brigades of Ruffin and Laval, commanded by Victor in person; and having riddled the head of their columns with a deadly fire, then charged with the bayonet in the "old style;" an hour and a half settled the affair by a "*saue qui peut*." Victor decamped, while La Peña did not even dare to follow up and finish the flying foe. No single stroke was struck that day by Spanish sabre: but assistance from Spain arrives either slowly or never. *Socorros de España tarde o nunca*. This is a very favourite Spanish pro-

verb; for the shrewd people revenge themselves by a *refran* on the culpable want of means and forethought of their incompetent rulers: Gonzalo de Cordova used to compare such help to San Telmo, who, like Castor and Pollux, never appears until the storm is over. Blessed is the man, said the Moorish general, who expects no aid, for then he will not be disappointed.

Graham remained master of the field. Then, had La Peña, who had thousands of fresh troops, but moved one step, Barrosa would indeed have been contemporaneous with Torres Vedras, for on that very day Massena too began his retreat. Victor, when he saw that he was not followed, recovered from his panic, and indited a bulletin, boasting "how he had beaten back 8000 Englishmen."

Touching the real truth of this engagement at Barrosa, what says the Duke (Disp., March 25, 1811), to whom Graham had thought it necessary to apologise for the *rashness* of attacking with his handful two entire French divisions?—"I congratulate you and your brave troops on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th; I have no doubt whatever that their success would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish troops had made any effort to assist them. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition is precisely the same as I have ever observed it to be: they march the troops night and day without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes a moment's delay to afford either to the fatigued or famished soldiers; they reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion or execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; they are totally incapable of any movement, and they stand to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal." La Peña, once safe in Cadiz, claimed the victory as *his*! and now the English are either not mentioned at all by Spanish *historians* (Igartuburu, p. 179, Madoz, vii. 324), or the ultimate failure of the

expedition is ascribed to *our* retreat! (Maldonado, iii. 29). La Peña, *el delincuente honrado*, was decorated with the star of Carlos III. and Ferd. VII., in 1815, created a new order for this brilliant *Spanish* victory!! The Cortes propounded to Graham a *grandeeship*, as a sop, which he scornfully refused. The title proposed, *Duque del Cierro del Puerco* (Duke of Pig's-hill), was in truth more euphonious among bacon-loving Spaniards than ourselves.

Buonaparte attributed Victor's *defeat* to Sebastiani (Belm. i. 518, 25), who, influenced by jealousy of his colleague, confined himself to advancing to *San Roque*, where he remained pillaging.

Barrosa was another of the many instances of the failures which the *disunion* of Buonaparte's generals entailed on their arms. These rivals never would act cordially together: as the Duke observed, when enclosing an intercepted letter from Marmont to Foy, "This shows how these *gentry* are going on; in fact, each marshal is the *natural* enemy of the king (Joseph Buonaparte, and of his neighbouring marshal" (Disp., Nov. 13, 1811).

Benavente (Moore's Retreat).—At *Benavente* (Dec. 28, 1809) Moore's retreat may be said to have commenced: here the laurel was wreathed with the cypress, and the sins of official epigrammatists were washed out by brave men's blood. His career was marred from the beginning by Mr. Canning, the "evil genius of the Peninsula," according to Napier. In Oct. Moore had been sent to the Peninsula, with some 25,000 men, without any specific instructions beyond a direction to act in concert with Spanish generals! The bleak Castiles, almost impracticable in winter from cold and rain, were chosen. Moore crossed the frontier in October; and in that nick of time, three ill-appointed Spanish armies, his allies, which were to be led by "children in the art of war," had melted like snow-

wreaths before the martial French, almost before attacked. Blake, on the 11th, was beaten at *Espinosa*, Belvidere having on the 10th been routed at Burgos; and ere Moore reached Salamanca, Castaños had been crushed at Tudela; soon after, the affair of Somosierra gave Madrid to Buonaparte—so much for Spanish co-operation. Thus at the beginning, as up to the end of the war, were the English left to bear the whole burden. 25,000 British troops were now opposed to 250,000 French veterans, flushed with victory; yet the Duke of York had counselled our imbecile ministers not to send less than 60,000 English to the Peninsula, which he was prepared to furnish: he felt that no little war ought to be carried on; but peddling, paltry politics prevailed, — this mere handful (says Napier) was embarked, without money, plans, or scarcely ammunition. Moore, who had now become the principal instead of the auxiliary, for “*il n’y a que les Anglais à craindre*,” said the shrewd Buonaparte, was next lured into the Castiles by the asinine juntas, and by our ambassador, Mr. Frere, who did his best to deceive and destroy Moore, by enticing him on to Sahagun. At that moment Buonaparte rushed (Dec. 12) like lightning from Madrid, and in ten days, defying the elements, reached Astorga with 80,000 men. Moore, ignorant of his peril, remained the 22nd and 23rd of Nov. at Sahagun, urged even then by Frere and Morla to advance on Madrid, when one step would have caused certain ruin. But the truth flashed across his martial mind, and he retreated with unexampled decision, baffling Buonaparte, who arrived twelve hours too late at Benavente: then the *échauffourée* of the Escla gave him some forebodings of what might happen “*dans une affaire générale*.” Remembering Acre, and prescient of Waterloo, he declined risking his reputation in the fastnesses of Galicia; having delegated that to Soult, he only himself advanced to Astorga, where (Jan. 1, 1810) he reviewed 80,000 Frenchmen pitted in pursuit of 19,053 English infantry, 2278 cavalry,

and 63 guns, a force magnified by him into 30,000 or 40,000. He then departed on the pretence that he had received important intelligence from Germany which required his return: being however so little pressed that he dawdled ten days at Valladolid, routing the English in his bulletins, paper pellets of his brain.

Moore, however brave and soldier-like throughout, sank under responsibility, overrated the enemy, and underrated himself: he began by a mistake, thinking that “when the French had Spain, Portugal could *not* be defended.” How thought the Duke? “If I hold Portugal, France cannot and will not hold Spain;” and *shall not*, he might have said. Moore, although always meditating a retreat, never made any preparations for one, either by sending to reconnoitre routes, or to prepare magazines and halting-places. He met with little aid from the Castilians, still less from the Galicians.

Napier (iii. 3) has rescued his fair fame, and exposed the red-tapists by whom the brave soldier was sacrificed. “*In Sir John Moore's campaign*” (said the honest Duke) “*I can see but one error; when he advanced upon Sahagun he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent officers in the rear to mark and prepare halting-places for every brigade; but this opinion I have formed after long experience of war, and especially the peculiarities of Spanish war, which must have been seen to be understood; finally, it is an opinion formed after the event.*” The Duke was soon afterwards sent to Portugal, where the retreat to *la Coruña* was more than wiped off by the *sauve qui peut* from Oporto, whence Soult, after a trouncing, which Moore never received at all, fled under every circumstance of precipitancy and discomfiture.

Bidasoa—Battle of San Marcial.—The Bidasoa divides France from Spain. Its name means in Basque either the “way to the west,” or *vida*, “two,”

and *osoa*, "streams," because composed of two streams flowing one from *Elisondo* and the other from the *Bazan*. The length of the Bidasoa is about 45 miles, and it forms for the last 12 the boundary between the two antipathetic countries. In olden times Spain claimed not only the whole river, because rising in Navarra, but so much of the French bank as its waters covered at high tide (Mariana, xxiii. 5). These questions, long matters of rivalry, were settled by the French republic and Charles IV., by each country retaining its own shore. The question of boundary was opened by France in 1851, and Spain will probably be done by the neighbour, as after Jaca was occupied in 1823, by the French troops, allies of Ferdinand VII., the original papers of the convention, kept at *San Juan de la Peña*, were found "missing." The river widens below the bridge into a tidal *rio* or estuary, and the embouchure is guarded on the Spanish side by *Fuenterabá*. At this point the Duke effected the passage of the Bidasoa, Oct. 8, 1813, one of the most daring exploits of military genius, in the teeth of the French army occupying strongly fortified positions all along the right bank. The bridges were broken down and every known ford was commanded by cannon, leaving Soult in security from attack save in the upper course of the river. The Duke, however, had ascertained from some Basque fishermen the existence of a ford close to the sea, nearly opposite Fuenterabia, practicable only for 3 or 4 hours at neap tides, but at other times covered with 16 ft. water. Awaiting the proper day and hour, he massed his columns unseen behind the hills on the l. bank during the night, and by sunrise, after a heavy thunderstorm, the British troops were seen to emerge 7 columns at once on a line of 5 miles, the lowest winding like serpents across the wet sands. The opposite heights were speedily gained, and the French driven before them from one redoubt after another, turning the French position, while the assault higher up the river ended in the capture of the Great Rhune mountain.

The tents were left standing in the British camp to avoid giving suspicion, and Soult was entirely taken by surprise.

Standing on the bridge and looking up the river to the l., in front rises the celebrated hill of *San Marcial*, the site of the crowning boast and glory of Spanish arms.

The panorama of ocean and mountain is grand. Seated on the knoll near the hermitage, a stone covers the ashes of the brave who died here; and a cannon on the anniversary used to fire salvos in their honour, sounds unpleasing to the echoes of the opposed heights. The hill is so called after an obscure saint, on whose day, in 1522, Beltran de la Cueva here defeated the French under Bonnavet, who had invaded Spain in the hopes of reversing their previous disasters at *Logroño*; and now, Aug. 30, 1813, Soult, making an ill-conceived, ill-executed, but desperate attempt to relieve San Sebastian, ordered Reille to cross the Bidasoa and attack the Spaniards, who, under the nominal command of Freire, were posted on San Marcial. At that moment the Duke rode up, and his presence produced the cheering influence which that of Hercules and Santiago did in olden times. Now the Spaniards felt that they were worthily commanded, and worthily did they do their duty, proving to Europe that those qualities yet remained uninjured which once rendered their infantry the terror of the world. Eighteen thousand right gallant French scaled the *Monte de los Lobos*: but now 12,000 *Merinos*, who knew that the shepherd was near, turned upon the *wolves*, charging them manfully with the bayonet, and driving them back headlong. "Their conduct," says the Duke, "was equal to that of any troops I have ever seen engaged." Every repeated French "attack was defeated with the same gallantry and determination." And the Duke—their Santiago or presiding tutelary—writing to Castaños, who once commanded this very corps, observed, "*Je l'ai fait battre Soult toute seule*." He readily left the whole glory to the Spaniards, to whom

he could well spare some crumbs from his ample banquet. He who had led the Sepoys to victory knew well how the native soldier lights his courage at the example of an English leader's skill and bravery; and gladly did the Spanish people trust in the foreigner, whatever might be the prejudice of their own unworthy leaders. Nor ever had the ill-used Spanish soldier a better friend than in the Duke, who in vain, but over and over again, stated their cruel wants to their ministers; and now, at San Marcial, he rejoiced in putting them in a good position, and thus demonstrating that their previous disasters had been the result not of the members, but their brainless heads. Here it was the Duke, and none other but the Duke, who commanded and conquered. Thus the last battle fought on the soil of Spain, like Bailen one of the first, added a laurel to the national chaplet; and to these, the Alpha and Omega of the Peninsular war, the Spanish annalists turn proudly, nor let any one begrudge their well-earned glory. To these two glorious days their Maldonados and Co. mainly ascribe the deliverance of their country and eventually of Europe, and small is the mention made of the ally who did the intervening work; nor does Mellado even allude to the English at San Marcial. This very Freire, whose name is almost synonymous with defeat, is now the Spanish god of war, and here *nosotros* alone fluttered the eagles of Austerlitz; but how stands the truth? The Spaniards, says the Duke, were "supported and protected" by the British on all sides; the first division, under Lord Aylmer, was between them and Irun, two brigades of the 4th division, under Cole, were to their r., while the 7th division, under Inglis, was close at hand. The Spaniards "were a little desirous of being relieved towards the end of the day, but I saw that the enemy were done, and I would not relieve them" (Disp., Sept. 3, 1813). *Venit, vidit, vicit*; for this *pobrecito* Freire never won a battle before or after, while he had taken a leading part in almost every flight and disgrace. The French

repulse was most complete. Soult, attended by Foy, beheld the rout from the opposite hill of Louis XIV.; while the conflict was going on, the Bidasoa most patriotically swelled its waters, and thus rendered a refording impossible. The beaten heart-and-foot-sore foe had to retreat round by the bridge of Vera, and there must have been cut off to a man, had Skerret, instead of remaining half a mile off and inactive, listened to the repeated entreaties of a handful of our rifles to be reinforced (Napier, xx. 3).

And as the boundaries of France and Spain lie at our feet like an opened map, how recollections crowd on the memory; now many spirit-stirring events have disturbed the repose of the now quiet scene; how much blood of the brave has dyed that clear stream which now winds peacefully to the ocean!

Princely forms and belted knights come and depart like shadows: there slouches the mean, false Bourbon Louis XI., cheating with sombre smile his gorgeous silly dupe the impotent Henrique IV.; next passes François I., model of French chivalry—he who at Pavia said he had lost all save honour; slowly he treads that bridge, and now, on touching again the "sacred soil" of France, gathers strength, like Antæus, and shaking off the prison-dust of hard Iberia, gallops furiously away, exclaiming, "I am yet a king!" but his second thought is how soonest he can break his plighted word; nor is a Clement VII. wanting to sanctify dishonour by absolving the obligation of a royal oath.

Next advances the stately Louis XIV., in the opening pride of a magnificent monarchy, of which he was the impersonation; with love and pledges on his lips, ambition and perfidy in his heart, he accepts the daughter of Philp IV. for his bride, soon to rob her country of liberty and crown; but the avenger is at hand; now a usurper greater than he sits on the ruins of the Bourbon throne, and grudges to the descendant of *le Grand Monarque* the sceptre of Spain: that prize of French fraud is again seized by French

treachery; Ferdinand, lured by Savary, crosses this Rubicon April 20, 1808, welcomed by Buonaparte (who, like a viper, could only proceed by a tortuous career) with a Judas kiss, soon he is dismissed, having tasted his salt, a prisoner and unkinged. And now across that narrow and creaking bridge legions press on legions with dense and heavy tread. How brilliant, this, the most splendid soldiery on earth, save that by whom it was driven back! how few destined ever to return to their beloved France! The war, begun with perfidy and carried out with terror, was, in the words of the French themselves, a source of making fortunes to the generals, of misery to the officers, and a grave to the poor soldier. Arguelles demonstrates ('Hist.' ii. 367) that 549,750 Frenchmen entered from Irun alone, of whom only 236,555 ever returned; while the loss on the Catalanian side exceeded 160,000.

The first legions were led across the Bidasoa Oct. 18, 1808, by Generals Laborde and our libeller M. Foy, who were the first to meet the English and defeat at Roleia, while by a poetical justice this identical Foy was the first to run and escape to France, Oct. 17, 1813, when Vitoria had consummated the Duke's career of uninterrupted victory; then, as Napier says, thousands of the finest and bravest troops in the world fled like sheep before the wolf; say rather from that leopard which their Massénas boasted they would drown in the sea, provided it would only dare to await their approach. And how trifling were the means by which this glorious result was obtained! "By having kept about 30,000 men in the Peninsula, the British government gave, for five years, employment to at least 200,000 French troops of the best Napoleon had; for it is ridiculous to suppose that either the Spaniards or the Portuguese could have resisted one moment if the British force had been withdrawn" (Disp., Dec. 21, 1813). The "same who fought at Vimiero and Talavera fought also at Sorauren" (Disp., Aug. 23, 1812). Neither was he adequately supported by all the "*Or et Marine*" of England,

or by the "*patriotismo invencible*" of Spain, since the "service was stinted and starved" on land by Lord Bathurst, while the French, *credite posteri*, were left by Lord Melville masters by sea of the Basque coast, and the conduct of the Spaniards was terrible" (Disp., Feb. 7, 1814). But it will be long ere the race of ministerial mediocrities is extinct, and the sins of official drivellers not washed out with the blood of the best and bravest. The Duke in himself supplied the deficiencies of others; he husbanded his handful of brave men which struggled through its difficulties for nearly six years (Disp., April 7, 1814). He was chary of them as of his children; thus, while Frederick the Great calculated the loss in every army during each campaign at one-third of its numbers, the average loss of the Duke did not exceed a sixth—see even Foy (i. 315), and this result he obtained when contending against an enemy "every one of whose generals was prodigal of men" (Disp., Aug. 23, 1813); for truly and sadly has Foy remarked (i. 58) that the field of battle was the natural death-bed of the French conscript. Buonaparte's murderous strategies consisted either in "*En avant, mes colonnes,*" or in rapidity backed by numerical superiority; he fought at the rate of 10,000 men per day. "*Vaincre, et trouver des instrumens de victoire, était,*" says Foy (i. 157), "*le travail de sa vie,*" and the travail and death to millions. Yet, so long as wounds were hidden under laurels, and the groans of dying drowned in shouts of victory, martial France grudged not her valorous children to the altar of her Moloch, military glory; and how much greater is the glory of him who, thwarted by miserable ministerial mediocrities at home and abroad, opened with his handful of men a campaign on the most western rock of Europe; and then proceeded in a steady advance of uninterrupted triumph, to crush marshal after marshal, the bravest of the brave; to rout armies after armies, the previous conquerors of the world, until he perfected the good work by annihilating their mighty master himself.

Then, indeed, having cropped all their large honours to make a garland for his brows and having given peace to the world, he exchanged for a civil wand a sword untarnished by cold bloodshed or pillage.

Bilbao (its Sieges).—*Bilbao*, in the civil wars, was twice exposed to destructive sieges; the dilapidations have, however, been much repaired. Don Carlos, in the first case, had absurdly ordered Zumalacarreui to attack this place, in order to satisfy Russia, and the other powers, who complained that he had mastered no important city in the Basque provinces; thus his cause was lost, for had he at once pushed on to Madrid, it must have surrendered. Such was the prestige of the *Guerrillero's* victories over the Rodils, Quesadas, Osmas, and other regular Christino generals: thus in the War of the Succession the Archduke Charles forced Peterborough to besiege Barcelona, instead of pouncing on the dispirited capital, and these sieges lost to both these Charleses the crown of Spain. Bilbao was defended by Mirasol, a personally brave man, but "a child in the art of war," who selected a line of defence beginning at the rise Larrinaga, on to Santa Cruz, and down to the Zendeja, thus actually leaving to the enemy the heights Morro and Artagan, which commanded his position and the town. On the 10th of June, 1835, Zumalacarreui, having routed Espartero at Descarga, came to Bilbao and seized the church and *Palacio de Begoña* (the holy image here is much venerated, the grand holiday is Aug. 15); from this position the town is commanded, which, having been left by Mirasol undefended, must have capitulated, had not a ball struck *el Tío Tomas* in the calf of his right leg, while standing in the balcony. The Basque surgeons did the rest, and with him died the Carlist cause, for Eraso raised the siege on the 1st of the ensuing July. The conduct of the Christinist generals, Mirasol inside and Alaix outside, was,

in the words of even their partisan, Mr. Bacon, "a burlesque on war;" both did everything that they ought not to have done, and did nothing that they ought to have done; the chief and real work was performed by the English sailors, under Captains Ebsworth, Lapidge, and Henry. Bilbao, relieved by others, now called itself a modern Saguntum, and, reposing under its laurels, made no sort of preparation against future attack, although warned of its approach; thus, October 23rd, when the Carlists re-appeared, they at once carried all the undefended positions on the right bank of the Nervion, from San Agustin to *Los Capuchinos*, the Christino general San Miguel abandoning everything without a struggle; and then had the Carlist Eguia occupied, as he ought to have done, the Begoña hill and the opposite *Miravilla*, the *ciudad invicta* would have been conquered at once. But now the English blue-jackets came again to the rescue. Meanwhile Espartero, either from want of means or talent, was busy doing nothing but "marching and counter-marching" his poor soldiers, and issuing orders and counter-orders. Then it was that Captain Lapidge and Colonel Wylde, the real heroes, pointed out the true line of relief by crossing the river to Espartero, and, it is said, using towards him a gentle violence: then English sailors prepared rafts, which the fire of English artillery protected, and so the Nervion was first passed by Espartero, and next the Asua was crossed at Luchana; thus Bilbao was relieved, after a sixty days' siege, on which the whole question of the war turned. The Carlists made a feeble resistance against the Christinists, who advanced in a snow storm and bivouacked that night on the ground, without food and half naked, with true Spanish endurance of hardships. The garrison in Bilbao in the meanwhile offered no sort of co-operation by way of sortie, such was the incredible ignorance or want of vigilance on the part of their commanders. Espartero, although in bad health, displayed much courage under fire, while the besieged and besiegers, during the

desultory contests, fought with all the desperate personal valour and individual implacability of local hatreds, hand to hand, knife to knife. The emphatic want on both sides, when everything was alike wanting, was a head to plan the war greatly and carry it out worthily. *Cosas de España.*

The best Carlist account is Henningsen's '*Twelve Months' Campaign with Zumalacarrequi*;' for Christinist details consult '*Scenes and Adventures of Poco Mas*,' in which Mr. Moore, a hearty partisan, while "reporting" the glories of his "grace," proves beyond doubt that Wylde and the English did the work. Again, Mr. Bacon, an equally staunch and honest partisan, admits, in his '*Six Years in Biscay*,' that "no satire can be written equal to the official bulletins" of the Christinos on this burlesque of war; and those who wish to see a choice specimen of the style called Rigmorale are referred to Madoz, iv. 333. But the Castilian is such a sonorous sesquipedalian language that it seems to be made for *valientes* who trumpet forth their own *prodigios de valor*, their own "*glorias y fatigas*;" and Mellado, writing in 1843, does not even allude to the English; thus the stout Legion was done not only out of its glory, but its pay.

Blake (Joaquin).—Joaquin Blake was born at Velez Malaga; his father was a rebel Irish shopkeeper who emigrated to Spain for his "country's good." He began life as a lecturer on the art of war in a military school and subsequently rose to the rank of general in the Spanish army, principally through his friendship with Malry, Ballesteros, and the anti-English party.

He was the loser of more pitched battles ("mas de cien," says his eulogist Maldonado) than any man in ancient or modern history. He was, however, *personally brave*. His crowning disgrace was at Valencia, where, after courting a repulse near Murviedro, he fell back on that city, and, on Suchet's advance, concluded his inglorious ca-

reer by surrendering to the enemy with 20,000 men and 390 guns.

Blayney. See Fuengerola.

Books of Reference. See Introd., Pt. II. § 18.

Borgas Family. See Xativa.

Bota, or Wine-bottle of Spain (the).—One word on the Spanish *Bota*, which is as necessary to the equestrian tourist as a saddle is to his horse. This article, so Asiatic and Spanish, is at once the bottle and the glass of the people of the Peninsula when on the road, and is perfectly unlike the vitreous crockery and pewter utensils of Great Britain. A Spanish woman would as soon think of going to church without her fan, or a Spanish man to a fair without his knife, as a traveller without his *bota*. Ours, the faithful, long-tried comforter of many a dry road, and honoured now like a relic, is hung up as a votive offering to the Iberian Bacchus, as the mariners in Horace suspended their damp garments to the deity who had delivered them from the dangers of water. Its skin, now shrivelled with age and with fruitless longings for wine, is still redolent of the ruby fluid whether the generous *Valdepeñas* or the rich *vino de Toro*: and refreshing to our nostrils is even an occasional smell at its red-stained orifice. There the racy wine-perfume lingers and brings water into the mouth, it may be into the eyelid. What a dream of Spanish odours, good, bad, and indifferent, is awakened by its well-known *borrachal*!—what recollections, breathing the aroma of the balmy south, crowd in; of aromatic wastes, of leagues of thyme, whence Flora sends forth advertisements to her tiny bee-customer; of churches, all incense; of the goats and monks, long-bearded and odoriferous; of cities whose steam of garlic, ollas, oil, and tobacco rises up to the heavens, mingled

with the thousand and one other continental sweets which assail a man's nose, whether he lands at Calais or Cadiz! There hangs our smelling-bottle *bota*, now a pleasure of memory; it has had its day, and is never again to be filled in torrid, thirsty Spain, nor emptied, which is better.

This *Bota*, from whence the terms *Butt* of sherry, *bouteille*, and bottle are derived, is the most ancient Oriental leathern bottle alluded to in Job xxxii. 19, "My belly ready to burst like new bottles;" and in the parable, Matt. ix. 17, about the old ones, the force and point of which is entirely lost by our word *bottle*, which, being made of glass, is not liable to become useless by age like one made of leather. Such a "bottle of water" was the last among the few things which Abraham gave to Hagar, when he turned out the mother of the Arabians, whose descendants brought its usage into Spain. The shape is like that of a large pear or shot-pouch, and it contains from two to five quarts. The narrow neck is mounted with a turned wooden cup, from which the contents are drunk. The way to use it is thus—grasp the neck with the left hand and bring the rim of the cup to the mouth, then gradually raise the bag with the other hand till the wine, in obedience to hydrostatic laws, rises to its level, and keeps always full in the cup without trouble to the mouth. The gravity with which this is done, the long, slow, sustained, Sancho-like devotion of the thirsty Spaniards when offered a drink out of another man's *bota*, is very edifying, and is as deep as the sigh of delight and gratitude with which, when unable to imbibe more, the precious skin is returned. No drop of the divine contents is wasted, except by some newly-arrived bungler, who, by lifting up the bottom first, inundates his chin. The hole in the cup is made tight by a wooden spigot, which again is perforated and stopped with a small peg. Those who do not want to take a copious draught do not pull out the spigot, but merely the little peg of it; the wine then flows out in a thin thread. The Catalonians and Ara-

gonese generally drink in this way; they never touch the vessel with their lips, but hold it up at a distance above, and pilot the stream into their mouths, or rather under-jaws. It is much easier for those who have had no practice to pour the wine into their necks than into their mouths, but their drinking-bottles are made with a long narrow spout, and are called "*Porrones*."

The *Bota* must not be confounded with the *Borracha* or *Cuero*, the wine-skin of Spain, which is the *entire*, and answers the purpose of the barrel elsewhere. The *bota* is the retail receptacle, the *cuero* is the wholesale one. It is the genuine pig's skin, the adoration of which disputes in the Peninsula with the cigar, the dollar, and even the worship of the Virgin. The shops of the makers are to be seen in most Spanish towns; in them long lines of the unclean animal's blown-out hides are strung up like sheep carcasses in our butchers' shambles. The tanned and manufactured article preserves the form of the pig, feet and all, with the exception of one; the skin is turned inside out, so that the hairy coat lines the interior, which, moreover, is carefully pitched like a ship's bottom, to prevent leaking; hence the peculiar flavour, which partakes of resin and the hide, which is called the *borracha*, and is peculiar to most Spanish wines, sherry excepted, which being made by foreigners, is kept in foreign casks, as we shall presently show when we touch on "good sherris sack." (See p. 145, *Jeres, its Wines*.) A drunken man, who is rarer in Spain than in England, is called *aborracho*; the term is not complimentary. These *cueros*, when filled are suspended in *ventas* and elsewhere, and thus economise cellarage, cooperage, and bottling; and such were the bigbellied monsters which Don Quijote attacked.

As the *bota* is always near every Spaniard's mouth who can get at one, all classes being ever ready, like Sancho, to give "a thousand kisses," not only to his own legitimate *bota*, but to that of his neighbour, which is coveted more than wife: therefore no prudent traveller will ever journey an

inch in Spain without getting one, and when he has, will never keep it empty, especially when he falls in with good wine. Every man's Spanish attendant will always find out, by instinct, where the best wine is to be had; good wine neither needs bush, herald, nor crier; in these matters our experience of them tallies with their proverb, "*Mas vale vino maldito, que no agua bendita*," "Cursed bad wine is better than holy water;" at the same time, in their various scale of comparisons, there is good wine, better wine, and best wine, but no such thing as bad wine; of good wine, the Spaniards are almost as good judges as of good water, they rarely mix them, because they say that it is spoiling two good things. *Vino Moro*, or Moorish wine, is by no means indicative of uncleanness, or other heretical imperfections implied generally by that epithet; it simply means, that it is pure from never having been baptized with water, for which the Asturians, who keep small chandlers' shops, are so infamous, that they are said, from inveterate habit, to adulterate even water; *aguan el agua*.

It is a great mistake to suppose, because Spaniards are seldom seen drunk, and because when on a journey they drink as much water as their beasts, that they have any Oriental dislike to wine; the rule is "*Aqua como buey, y vino como Rey*," "To drink water like an ox, and wine like a king." The extent of the given quantity of wine which they will always swallow rather suggests that their habitual temperance may in some degree be connected more with their poverty than with their will. And independently of the very obvious reasons which good wine does and ought to afford for its own consumption, the irritating nature of Spanish cookery provides a never-failing inducement. The constant use of the savoury class of condiments and of pepper is very heating, "*la pimienta escalienta*." A salt-fish, ham, or sausage diet creates thirst; a good rasher of bacon calls loudly for a corresponding long and strong pull at the "*bota*," "*a torresno de tocino, buen golpe de vino*."

Bread.—The finest bread in Spain is called *pan de candeal*, which is eaten by men in office and others in easy circumstances, as it was by the clergy. The worst bread is the *pan de munición*, and forms the fare of the Spanish soldier, which, being sable as a hat, coarse and hard as a brickbat, would just do to sop in the black broth of the Spartan military; indeed, the expression *de munición* is synonymous in the Peninsula with badness of quality, and the secondary meaning is taken from the perfection of badness which is perceptible in everything connected with Spanish ammunition, from the knapsack to the citadel. Such bread and water, and both hardly earned, are the rations of the poor patient Spanish private; nor can he, when before the enemy, reckon always on even that, unless it be supplied from an ally's commissariat.

Perhaps the best bread in Spain is made at Alcalá de Guadaira, near Seville, of which it is the oven, and hence the town is called the Alcalá of bakers. There bread may truly be said to be the soul of its existence, and samples abound everywhere: *roscas*, or circular-formed *rusk*s, are hung up like garlands, and *hogazas*, loaves placed on tables outside the houses. It is, indeed, as Spaniards say, *Pan de Dios*—the "angels' bread of Esdras." All classes here gain their bread by making it, and the water-mills and mule-mills are never still; women and children are busy picking out earthy particles from the grain, which get mixed from the common mode of threshing on a floor in the open air, which is at once Biblical and Homeric. At the outside of the villages, in corn-growing districts, a smooth open "threshing-floor" is prepared, with a hard surface, like a fives court; it is called the *era*, and is the precise Roman *area*. The sheaves of corn are spread out on it, and four horses yoked most classically to a low crate or harrow, composed of planks armed with flints, &c., which is

called a *trillo*: on this the driver is seated, who urges the beast round and round over the crushed heap. Thus the grain is shaken out of the ears and the straw tritured; the latter becomes food for horses, as the former does for men. When the heap is sufficiently bruised, it is removed and winnowed by being thrown up into the air; the light winds carry off the chaff, while the heavy corn falls to the ground. The whole operation is truly picturesque and singular. The scene is a crowded one, as many cultivators contribute to the mass, and share in the labour; their wives and children cluster around, clad in strange dresses of varied colours. They are sometimes sheltered from the god of fire under boughs, reeds, and awnings, run up, as if for the painter, and falling of themselves into pictures, as the lower classes of Spaniards and Italians always do. They are either eating and drinking, singing or dancing, for a guitar is never wanting. Meanwhile the fierce horses dash over the prostrate sheaves, and realise the splendid simile of Homer, who likens to them the fiery steeds of Achilles when driven over Trojan bodies. These out-of-door threshings take place of course when the weather is dry, and generally under a most terrific heat. The work is often continued at nightfall by torchlight. During the day the half-clad dusky reapers defy the sun and his rage, rejoicing rather in the heat like salamanders; it is true that their devotions to the porous water-jar are unremitting, nor is a swill at a good passenger's *bota* ever rejected; all is life and action, busy hands and feet, flashing eyes and eager screams; the light yellow chaff, which in the sun's rays glitters like gold dust, envelopes them in a halo, which by night, when partially revealed by the fires and mingled with the torch glare, is almost supernatural, as the phantom figures, now dark in shadows, now crimsoned by the fire flash, flit to and fro in the vaporous mist. The scene never fails to rivet and enchant the stranger, who, coming from the pale north and the commonplace in-door flail, seizes at

once all the novelty of such doings. Eye and ear, open and awake, become inlets of new sensations of attention and admiration, and convey to heart and mind the poetry, local colour, movement, grouping, action, and attitude. But while the cold-blooded native of leaden skies is full of fire and enthusiasm, his Spanish companion, bred and born under unshorn beams, is chilly as an icicle, indifferent as an Arab: he passes on the other side, not only not admiring, but positively ashamed; he only sees the barbarity, antiquity, and imperfect process; he is sighing for some patent machine made in Birmingham, to be put up in a closed barn after the models approved of by the Royal Agricultural Society in Hanover Square; his bowels yearn for the appliances of civilization, by which "bread stuffs" are more scientifically manipulated and manufactured, minus the poetry.

To return, however, to dry bread, after this new digression, but all those who have ever been in Spain, or have ever written on Spanish things, must feel how difficult it is to keep regularly on the road without turning aside at every moment, now to cull a wild flower, now to pick up a sparkling spar. This corn, so beaten, is very carefully ground, and in La Mancha in those charming windmills, which, perched on eminences to catch the air, look to this day, with their outstretched arms, like Quijotic giants; the flour is passed through several hoppers, in order to secure its fineness. The dough is most carefully kneaded, worked, and re-worked, as is done by our biscuit-makers; hence the close-grained, caky, somewhat heavy consistency of the crumb, whereas, according to Pliny, the Romans esteemed Spanish bread on account of its lightness.

The Spanish loaf has not that mysterious sympathy with butter and cheese as it has in our verdurous Old England, probably because in these torrid regions pasture is rare, butter bad, and cheese worse, albeit they suited the iron digestion of Sancho, who knew of nothing better: none, however, who have ever tasted Stilton

or Parmesan will join in his eulogies of Castilian *queso*, the pooriness of which will be estimated by the distinguished consideration in which a round cannon-ball Dutch cheese is held throughout the Peninsula. The traveller, nevertheless, should take one of them, for bad is here the best, in many other things besides these: he will always carry some good loaves with it, for in the damper mountain districts the daily bread of the natives is made of rye, Indian corn, and the inferior, cerealia. Bread is the staff of the Spanish traveller's life, who, having added raw garlic, not salt, to it, then journeys on with security, "*con pan y ajo crudo se anda seguro*." Again, a loaf never weighs one down, nor is ever in the way; as Æsop, the prototype of Sancho, well knew. "*La hogaza no embaraza*."

Having secured his bread, the cook in preparing supper should make enough for the next day's lunch, *las once*, the eleven o'clock meal, as the Spaniards translate *meridie*, twelve or mid-day, whence the correct word for luncheon is derived, *merienda merendar*. Wherever good dishes are cut up there are good leavings, "*donde buenas ollas quebran, buenos cascós quedan*," and nothing can be more Cervantic than the occasional *al fresco* halt, when no better place of accommodation is to be met with. As the sun gets high, and man and beast hungry and weary, wherever a tempting shady spot with running water occurs, the party draws aside from the high road, like Don Quijote and Sancho Panza; a retired and concealed place is chosen, the luggage is removed from the animals, the hampers which lard the lean soil are unpacked, the table-cloth is spread on the grass, the *botas* are laid in the water to cool their contents; then out with the provision, cold partridge or turkey, sliced ham or *chorizo*—simple cates, but which are eaten with an appetite and relish, for which aldermen would pay hundreds. They are followed, should grapes be wanting, with a soothing cigar, and a sweet slumber on earth's freshest, softest lap. In such wild banquets Spain surpasses

the Boulevards. Alas! that such hours should be bright and winged as sunbeams! Such is Peninsular country fare.

Bull-fights. See *Introd.*, Pt. II., § 24.

Burgos Cathedral. See Pt. I., p. 9.

Burgos (siege of).—The positions which the Duke of Wellington occupied upon the occasion of the investment of Burgos in 1812, were on the opposite hill to that on which the castle stands. Beginning at *San Miguel* on the l. of the road to Vitoria, his line extended to *San Pedro*.

The ruins of the castle (destroyed by fire in 1736) were used up by the French in the erection of fortifications.

This castle is memorable for the Duke's repulse sustained on the occasion of the assault. Everybody who was to have co-operated with him failed. The Duke marched for Burgos Sept. 1, 1812, expecting to be joined by the Galician army under Castaños, which, 35,000 strong on paper, arrived, after infinite delays, only 11,000, weak, "and wanting in everything, at the critical moment," while Madrid would not furnish the means of moving one gun; the Duke arrived at Burgos on the 19th with only three 18-pounders and scarcely any ammunition. A few guns were sent him *after* the siege was raised! The Spaniards also had deceived him by reporting that the castle was very weak; but the first glance revealed to him its formidable strength, and it was defended by a splendid garrison under the gallant Dubreton; Buonaparte had wisely had this important post on the main communication with France put in excellent order. "This most difficult job is not one to be carried by any trifling means," said the Duke: he, however, gained the heights of *San Miguel* by assault, and on the 22nd could and ought to have taken the castle at the breach below the church *Santa Maria la Blanca*, had the field-officer, who was killed, obeyed his instructions, which, found in his pocket, became known to the

enemy. The attack of the 28th, on the side of *San Pedro*, having also failed, he was reduced to sap and mine; but, on hearing of Soult's advance, he seized the nick of time, and instantly, Oct. 21, filed off by night, along the Arlanzon, under the guns of the castle, and thus gained a day's march on the French; finally he brought his army safely to *Ciudad Rodrigo*, the enemy, in spite of his vast superiority of numbers, never venturing to attack him.

The fortifications were subsequently destroyed by the French under Reille (June 14, 1813) upon the report that Wellington was again marching to besiege the place. Then the enemy mined the cathedral, which only escaped, like the Alhambra, by accident, from the train having failed, while by a premature explosion many hundreds of the disappointed destructives were "hoisted into the air by their own petards," in the sport of a retributive Nemesis. This castle, which had before baffled the Duke, had been left unrepared and unprovisioned by the French, in spite of the express orders of Buonaparte: and Wellington reached it without obstacle, to the Emperor's infinite surprise and indignation (*Joseph. Mem.*, ix. 307). Poor Joseph indeed had given up the campaign before a blow was struck, and fought the battle of Vitoria chiefly to save his accumulated plunder! (*Mem.* ix. 156). This most unexpected abandonment led to greater results and to the final expulsion of the French from Spain.

This castle is now scandalously dilapidated and defenceless, although the position of Burgos, as a second line of defence to Madrid, is as Buonaparte well knew, of the highest military importance.

Cabezón (the Battle of).—At Cabezón, a village with the canal and Pisuerga to the l., Bessières opened the Peninsular campaign with one of the easiest and most crushing defeats of the Spaniards. The brave undisciplined troops, instead of acting on the defensive,

courted a combat and defeat. The Junta had told the people that they were invincible, and the mob compelled Cuesta to engage; and had he hesitated they would have murdered him for a traitor (*Schep. i. 420*). Cuesta, a type of the Spanish generals of that war, made every disposition to ensure failure. The Spanish artillery, before even 50 bold French dragoons could get near them, abandoned a position which, as Foy observes (*iii. 278*), "défendue par de bonnes troupes, eût été imprénable."

Cardaña (Convent of). See *Cid*.

Cervantes. See *Don Quijote*.

Chocolate.—One word on *Chocolate*, which is to a Spaniard what tea is to a Briton—coffee to a Gaul. It is to be had almost everywhere, and is always excellent; the best is made by the nuns, who are great confectioners and compounders of sweetmeats, sugar-plums and orange-flower-water and comfits.

"Et tous ces mets sucrés en pâte, ou bien liquides,
Dont estomacs dévots furent toujours avides."

It was long a disputed point whether chocolate did or did not break fast theologically, just as happened with coffee among the rigid Moslems. But since the learned Escobar decided that *liquidum non ruptit jejunium* (a liquid does not break fast), it has become the universal breakfast of Spain. It is made just liquid enough to come within the benefit of clergy, that is, a spoon will almost stand up in it; only a small cup is taken, *una jicara*, a Mexican word for the cocoa-nuts of which they were first made, generally with a bit of toasted bread or biscuit: as these *jicaras* have seldom any handles, they were used by the rich (as coffee-cups are among the Orientals) enclosed in little filigree cases of silver or gold. Some of these are very beautiful, made in the form of a tulip or lotus leaf, on a saucer of mother-of-pearl; the flower

is so contrived that, by a spring underneath, on raising the saucer, the leaves fall back and disclose the cup to the lips, while, when put down, they reclose over it, and form a protection against the flies. A glass of water should always be drunk after this chocolate, since the aqueous *chasse* neutralizes the bilious propensities of this breakfast of the gods, as Linnæus called chocolate. Tea and coffee have supplanted chocolate in England and France; it is in Spain alone that we are carried back to the breakfasts of Belinda and of the wits at Button's; in Spain exist, unchanged, the fans, the game of ombre, *tresillo*, and the *coche de colleras*, the coach and six, and other social usages of the age of Pope and the 'Spectator.'

Church Bells (Spanish).—In no country has the original intention of bells, *per cacciare il diavolo*—to scare away the devil,—been more piously fulfilled than in the Peninsula: all are doleful, from the dull tinkle of the muleteer's *cencerro*, to the passing toll of the steeple. There is no attempt at melody in their *repique*, no chime, no triple bob majors. The *music* is devoid alike of scientific ringing, rural rustic melody, or the solemn association of sounds, the poetry of the steeple, the "nighest bordering on heaven." The *campanas* are headed with cross beams of wood, almost of the same weight as the bells themselves, and are pulled at until they keep turning round and round, head over heels, except when they are very large; then the clapper is agitated by a rope, *á golpe de badajo*. Any orchestral discipline and regularity is not a thing of Oriental Spain; the bells are all pulled their own way, like a company of guerilleros, or a Dutch concert, where each performer plays his own tune. Each bell, be it said, is struck singly for its special purposes: La Gorda, for instance, at the *Ave Maria*. A solemn peal is called *clamor de campanas*; and a requiem for a dead pope or king, a *tocando á muerto*.

The Cid.—Rodrigo Ruy Diaz was born at Vibar in 1026. He is the Champion of Spain, *el Cid Campeador*, the hero of Gotho-Spanish epos, a Castilian "to the backbone," *Castellano á las derechas*. No incident of his *guerillero* condottieri career was left unrecorded in song, that primitive form of history. Thus, as Schlegel says, "He is worth a whole library for understanding the spirit of his age, of which he was the personification; for six centuries his feats have formed the real reading of the Spanish people, and all now delight in his *Romancero*; and just as in the time of Cervantes *nos quita cañas* (Don Quij., i. 32) they gladden and prevent grey hairs."

This doughty Champion of Christendom was cast in the stern mould of a disputed creed and hostile invasion, when men fought for their God and their fatherland, for all they had in this world, or hoped for in the next; the Cid, who possessed the virtues and vices of the mediæval Spaniard, engrafted the daring personal valour, the cool determination and perseverance of the sledge hammering, crushing Northman, on the subtle perfidy and brilliant chivalry of the Oriental. Like an Alaric or Tamerlane, he was terrible to his enemies, kind and generous to his friends, charitable to the poor, liberal and submissive to the priest, and thus presented that strange mixture, which still marks Spanish and Arab character, of harshness and benevolence, cruelty and generosity, rapacity and munificence: for darker traits we must consult the Moorish annalists, since the early Spanish *histories*, being compiled exclusively by clergymen, naturally painted in a *couleur de rose*, the champion by whom infidel kings were destroyed and their temples overturned, while Christian altars were endowed with the spoil.

The '*Poema del Cid*' was written in the twelfth century; and this, like the 'Iliad,' the epic of Spain, and at once the earliest and finest work in the

language, is stamped with a poetry of heroism. Even then its Achilles, the Cid, was spoken of with pride and affection, "He who was born in a good hour"—"he who in an auspicious moment girded on sword;" being already, like Nelson, the property of his whole nation, *El mio Cid—my Cid*; and feeling himself to be the honour of his country, "*Soy el Cid, Honra de España*," which he is always ready to prove by his good sword. The leading events of his life have been handed down in an unbroken series of Spanish and Moorish writers; thus Alonso el Sabio, in the thirteenth century, speaks of him as already the hero of many early ballads, while Conde and Gayangos find the Arabic authors tallying exactly with the Spanish in dates and facts: but they paint him, as he really was to them, a fierce, perfidious, and merciless enemy. The type of the Cid is Oriental, and Biblical history abounds in parallel chiefs who raised themselves to power; such were Jephthah, Rezin, David, &c. And as the latter was persecuted by Saul, so the Cid was by Alonso: and both being compelled to carve out their fortunes with their own good sword, gathered around them "vain and light persons" (Judges ix. 4), "people in debt and discontented" (1 Sam. xxii. 2); and just the sort of desperate characters, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, who are so well described by Sallust (B.C. 14) as forming the recruits of the radical patriot Catiline.

Again, in semi-barbarous nations and periods, agriculture and war are the only professions which do not degrade. The Iberian of old, like the Pindarree of Hindostan, loved the joys of battle, the excitement of the *raid*, and the possession of red gold; while the chase, that mimic war, with love, the guitar, and personal decoration, filled up his brief hours of peace. These elements still exist, and form the basis of Spanish character: thus to this day they are personally brave, fond of adventure, and prodigal of life; and never has a Sertorius, a Hafssun, a Cid, wanted gallant followers. So in our times the Minas and Zumalacarreguys

have enacted deeds which only require the distance of centuries to make them appear almost equally fabulous; but these very qualities, admirable for predatory forays, ambushades, and a desultory irregular *petty war*—a *guerilla* in which Spain shines the best—have always incapacitated her from producing a really great general, for the Great Captain is the exception, which only proves the rule.

There is nothing in the Cid's rise or career more strange or eventful than in those of Jephthah or David. He, like them, was superstitious and reckless: but he was true to his faith and king, as to the Lord's anointed, while a halo of power gilded over his misdeeds. Thus, during the French invasion, church and palace plunder, if committed by armed marshals, is, it seems, to be over-looked; while, had private men done the same, it would have justly been stigmatized as robbery and sacrilege; but in those unprincipled and semi-civilized days, no disgrace was attached to bold violence, for those got, who had the power, and those kept, who could. Niebuhr, the decided sceptic of old history, considers the Cid to be a real character, and cites his ballad memoirs as early instances of records based on truth, yet hovering on the verge of fabulous times. Masdeu, however, thought fit to doubt his very existence; but this arose from his ignorance of the MS. of Leon, and from a secret pique against Florez and Risco, his rivals in antiquarian lore; and, in our times, Dr. Dunham, in Dr. Lardner's cyclopediac compilations, has repeated these absurd *Patrañas*. Our readers will do better to refer to the '*Chronica del Cid*,' fol., Burgos, 1593; to '*La Castilla*,' Manuel Risco, 4to., Mad., 1792; to the '*Romancero del Cid*,' Juan Müller, duo., Francfort, 1828, which is well fitted for the *alforjas* of the traveller. In his library at home let him place the edition of the '*Chronica del Cid*,' by Herr Von Huber, Marburg, 1844. This able Spanish scholar is the author of the '*Skizzen aus Spanien*,' one of the best sketches of this original people and country. The Cid again is the hero of Spanish ballad poetry,

the most convenient edition of which is that published in five volumes at Madrid, 1828-32, by Agustin Duran: Depping also, in 1817, printed at Leipzig a good selection, '*Samlung der besten alten Spanischen Romancen*,' and his countryman Nicolas Böhl y Faber edited at Hamburg an excellent '*Florresta*.' See also on the Cid the lively duo. volume of Mr. Dennis, 1845. The whole subject of Spanish ballads has been treated in two reviews of Mr. Lockhart's; one in the Edinburgh, No. cxlvi., and the other in the Westminster, No. lxxv.

Suffice it now to cite that the Cid, out of favour at court, was thrown on his own resources: and as the rich lands of the infidels in those days were considered fair game by the Christians, he assembled an army of bold adventurers, and captured Valencia, where he ruled on his own account, and died in 1091. His body was then brought to Cardena, mounted on Babieca,* and placed armed on a throne, with *Tizona*, "the sparkling brand," in his hand, according to legends, as Charlemagne had been with his Joyeuse. The Cid, however well he had paid off the Hebrews while alive, when dead knocked down a Jew whose valour plucked the dead lion by the beard. Ximena, his widow, in order to keep him quiet, then had the body put under ground. The still existing tomb was raised in 1272, by Alonso el Sabio who composed the still legible epitaph—

Belliger, invictus, famosus marte triumphis,
Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus Didaci Rodericus.

Some, however, consider the style of armour to be later than 1272. The original sepulchre was erected in the site of honour, near the high altar; but when the chapel was remodelled in 1447, the abbot, Pedro de Burgo, moved it into the *sacristia*, from whence it was turned out in 1541; thereupon the garrison of Burgos complained to Charles V., who ordered the good Cid's tomb back into the chapel; but in Feb. 5, 1736, it was moved into the chapel

* Down to the end of the last century bodies of *hidalgos* in the neighbourhood were taken to be buried on horseback.

of San Sisebuto, which was fitted up by Philip V. in 1736, in a semi-theatrical manner, with trumpery shields, &c. Around him were interred his faithful wife Ximena, their two daughters, Maria Sol, queen of Aragon, and Elvira queen of Navarre, who rest with their husbands, authentic history to the contrary notwithstanding. The Cid's only son was killed at the battle of Consuegra, together with Martin Antolinez, Pero Bermudez, and others, of his most faithful followers; among whom was Alvar Fañez Minaya, his first cousin and Fidus Achates, or, as he used to call him, his "right arm." The Cid blazoned on his shield, his two swords Tizona and Colada, crossed, with a cross between them, enclosed with a chain.

Cigars. See Introd., Pt. II., § 25.

Ciudad Rodrigo (Siege of). Ciudad Rodrigo is a point of military interest, for here the moral and physical superiority of our "Great Captain" and his brave troops over the French was signally tested.

The first siege, undertaken in the spring of 1810 by Massena and Ney, was a gross mistake, as during it the Duke was given time to prepare his lines at Torres Vedras. Although anxious to relieve the place he refused to risk an action against an enemy "double his number in infantry, and three times so in cavalry." He disregarded alike the sneers of allies and enemies at "his cowardly selfish caution." He well knew, which they did not, that the fate of Spain did not depend upon this point, but on the preservation of the little English army, which eventually delivered the Peninsula.

After a most desperate resistance, the accidental explosion of a powder-magazine forced its governor, gallant Herrasti, to surrender July 10, when every article of the capitulation was dishonourably violated by Ney (Toreno, xii., Madoz, vi. 459).

After the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo the Duke continued patient. He waited

through fair and foul report until his time for action was come. He knew that Buonaparte would never rest without making another attempt on Portugal, in the hopes of retrieving the misfortunes of Junot before Lisbon, and those of Soult at Oporto. The Duke was, therefore, prepared for the invasion of Massena in July, 1810; and the result was signally decided at Torres Vedras.

While Ney and Massena differed on the field of battle, Soult at a distance was influenced by those rivalries which so often sapped the French cause. Instead of hastening day and night, as he ought, to his comrade's relief, he never moved from Seville until December, when it was too late, and then loitered at Olivenza and Badajoz, where, but for the misconduct of Mendizabal at Gébora, of Imaz at Badajoz, and of Lapeña at Barrosa, both he and Victor would have been beaten at the same time as Ney and Massena. The Duke was thus robbed by Spanish misconduct of his full reward; he could deserve success, but 'tis not in mortals to command it.

The next year the Duke pounced upon Ciudad Rodrigo, and took it in 11 days, being in less than half the time which he himself had expected. His secrecy and boldness of plan, rapidity of attack, and admirable strategics baffled both Soult and Marmont alike. Now, as afterwards at Badajoz, the French scarcely began to move before the deed was done, and yet this fortress, which when weak had defied Ney and Massena for three months, had in the mean time been rendered much stronger by General Barrie, an able officer who worthily commanded a most gallant garrison; he had thrown up new works, and fortified the two convents, Santa Cruz to the N.W. and San Francisco to the N.E. into redoubts. The Duke, in spite of the winter season, appeared before the place Jan. 8, 1812, and at dusk that very evening took the strong fortified *teson* to the N.; Graham, with the light division, having converted a proposed reconnaissance into a real attack. This daring dash determined the rapid fall of the fortress, as

precious time was gained, and breaching batteries securely established. On the 19th two practicable breaches to the N.E. were nobly carried by Picton and Craufurd, the latter receiving his death-wound. After Ciudad Rodrigo was taken the Duke rode back to Gallegos; he outstripped his suite, and arrived alone and in the dark. Marmont was so taken aback by the rapidity and brilliancy of this capture, that in his official report he observed, "There is something so *incomprehensible* in all this, that until I know more I refrain from any remarks." The captor was made an English earl, and the Cortes bestowed on him the rank of *Grande*, making him duke of his recovered fortress; and by this title, *Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo*, Spaniards are fond of calling him.

Wellington gave over Ciudad Rodrigo to Castaños, but his confidence was miserably disappointed; for Don Carlos de España, who was placed in command, forthwith broke all promises of pay to his men, and as a mutiny ensued the repairs were neglected, and even the stores furnished by England not even moved in! By this Spanish neglect the Capture of Badajoz was neutralized, and ever lucky Soult again saved from ruin, as by Lapeña at Barrosa. "*If Ciudad Rodrigo had been provisional as I—ipse dixit—had a right to expect, there was nothing to prevent me marching to Seville at the head of 40,000 men*" (Disp. April 11, 1812).

Visit the English position, walking out to the suburb by the Alameda to San Francisco, then to the smaller *teson*, now called de Craufurd, and then to the larger *teson*, now termed *el fuerte de Wellington*; return by Santa Cruz and the Agueda, on whose banks, Oct. 11, 1811, Julian Sanchez, the *guerrillero*, surprised Mons. Reynaud, the governor, while out riding, and carried him off. The Spaniard treated his French prisoner with hospitality, and yet the Don had taken up arms because his house had been burnt, his parents and sister murdered, and he himself at that very moment proscribed as a *brigand* by Gen. Marchand

(Toreno, x.). Ciudad Rodrigo became in the hands of the Duke an important base for future operations, and its capture may be termed the first blow by which he struck down the invader.

Climate. See Introd., Pt. II., § 30.

Coche de Colleras.—The Spanish *veturino*, or "*Calesero*," is to be found, as in Italy, standing for hire in particular and well-known places in every principal town. There is not much necessity for hunting for him; he has the Italian instinctive perception of a stranger and traveller, and the same importunity in volunteering himself, his cattle, and carriage, for any part of Spain. The man, however, and his equipage are peculiarly Spanish; his carriage and his team have undergone little change during the last two centuries, and are the representatives of the former ones of Europe; they resemble those vehicles once used in England, which may still be seen in the old prints of country-houses by Kip; or, as regards France, in the pictures of Louis XIV.'s journeys and campaigns by Vandermeulen. They are the remnant of the once universal "coach and six," in which, according to Pope who was not infallible, British fair were to delight for ever. The "*coche de colleras*" is a huge cumbrous machine, built after the fashion of a reduced lord mayor's coach, or some of the equipages of the old cardinals at Rome. It is ornamented with rude sculpture, gilding, and painting of glaring colour, but the modern pea-jacket and round hat spoil the picture, which requires passengers dressed in brocade and full-bottomed wigs; the fore-wheels are very low, the hind ones very high, and both remarkably narrow in the tire: remember when they stick in the mud, and the drivers call upon Santiago, to push the vehicle out *backwards*, as the more you draw it forwards the deeper you get into the mire. The pole sticks

out like the bowsprit of a ship, and contains as much wood and iron work as would go to a small waggon. The interior is lined with gay silk and gaudy plush, adorned with lace and embroidery, with doors that open indifferently, and windows that do not shut well; latterly the general poverty and prose of transpyrenean civilization has effaced much of these ornate nationalities, both in coach and drivers; better roads and lighter vehicles require fewer horses, which were formerly absolutely necessary to drag the heavy concern through heavier ways.

The luggage is piled up behind, or stowed away in a front boot. The management of driving this vehicle is conducted by two persons. The master is called the "*mayoral*;" his helper or cad the "*mozo*," or, more properly, "*el zagal*," from the Arabic, "a strong active youth." The costume is peculiar, and is based on that of Andalusia, which sets the fashion all over the Peninsula, in all matters regarding bull-fighting, horse-dealing, robbing, smuggling, and so forth. He wears on his head a gay-coloured silk handkerchief, tied in such a manner that the tails hang down behind; over this remnant of the Moorish turban he places a high-peaked sugarloaf-shaped hat with broad brims; his jaunty jacket is made either of black sheepskin, studded with silver tags and filigree buttons, or of brown cloth, with the back, arms, and particularly the elbows, welted and tricked out with flowers and vases, cut in patches of different-coloured cloth and much embroidered. When the jacket is not worn, it is usually hung over the left shoulder, after the hussar fashion. The waistcoat is made of rich fancy silk; the breeches of blue or green velvet plush, ornamented with stripes and filigree buttons, and tied at the knee with silken cords and tassels; the neck is left open, and the shirt collar turned down, and a gaudy neck-handkerchief is worn, oftener passed through a ring than tied in a knot; his waist is girt with a red sash, or with one of a bright yellow. This

"*faja*,"* a *sine quâ non*, is the old Roman zona; it serves also for a purse, "girds the loins," and keeps up a warmth over the abdomen, which is highly beneficial in hot climates, and wards off any tendency to irritable colic; in the sash is stuck the "*navaja*," the knife, which is part and parcel of a Spaniard, and behind the "*zagal*" usually places his stick. The richly embroidered gaiters are left open at the outside to show a handsome stocking; the shoes are yellow, like those of our cricketers, and are generally made of untanned calfskin, which, being the colour of dust, require no cleaning. The *caleseros* on the eastern coast wear the Valencian stocking, which has no feet to it—being open at the bottom, it is likened by wags to a Spaniard's purse; instead of top boots they wear the ancient Roman sandals, made of the *esparto* grass, with hempen soles, which are called "*alpargatas*," Arabicè *Alpalgah*. The "*zagal*" follows the fashion in dress of the "*mayoral*," as nearly as his means will permit him. He is the servant of all-work, and must be ready on every occasion; nor can any one who has ever seen the hard and incessant toil which these men undergo, justly accuse them of being indolent—a reproach which has been cast somewhat indiscriminately on all the lower classes of Spain; he runs by the side of the carriage, picks up stones to pelt the mules, ties and unties knots, and pours forth a volley of blows and oaths from the moment of starting to that of arrival. He sometimes is indulged with a ride by the side of the mayoral on the box, when he always uses the tail of the hind mule to pull himself up into his seat. The harnessing of the six animals is a difficult operation; first the tackle of ropes is laid out on the ground, then each beast is brought

into his portion of the rigging. The start is always an important ceremony, and, as our royal mail used to do in the country, brings out all the idlers in the vicinity. When the team is harnessed, the mayoral gets all his skeins of ropes into his hand, the "*zagal*" his sash full of stones, the helpers at the venta their sticks; at a given signal all fire a volley of oaths and blows at the team, which, once in motion, away it goes, pitching over ruts deep as routine prejudices, with its pole dipping and rising like a ship in a rolling sea, and continues at a brisk pace, performing from twenty-five to thirty miles a-day. The hours of starting are early, in order to avoid the mid-day heat; in these matters the Spanish customs are pretty much the same with the Italian; the *calesero* is always the best judge of the hours of departure and these minor details, which vary according to circumstances.

Whenever a particularly bad bit of road occurs, notice is given to the team by calling over their names, and by crying out "*arré, arré*," gee-up, which is varied with "*firme, firme*," steady, boy, steady! The names of the animals are always fine-sounding and polysyllabic; the accent is laid on the last syllable, which is always dwelt on and lengthened out with a particular emphasis—*Căpitănă-ă*—*Băndôlără-ă*—*Gănerălă-ă*—*Vălerôsă-ă*. All this vocal driving is performed at the top of the voice, and, indeed, next to scaring away crows in a field, must be considered the best possible practice for the lungs. The team often exceeds six in number, and never is less; the proportion of females predominates: there is generally one male mule making the seventh, who is called "*el macho*," the male par excellence, like the Grand Turk, or a substantive in a speech in Cortes, which seldom has less than half a dozen epithets: he invariably comes in for the largest share of abuse and ill usage, which, indeed, he deserves the most, as the male mule is infinitely more stubborn and viciously inclined than the female. Sometimes there is a horse of the Rosinante breed: he is

* Faja; the Hbezum of Cairo. Atrides tightens his sash when preparing for action, *Iliad* xi. 15. The Roman soldiers kept their money in it. *Ibit qui zonam perdidit*, *Hor.* ii. Ep. 2, 40. The Jews used it for the same purpose, *Matthew* x. 9; *Mark* vi. 8. It is loosened at night. "None shall slumber or sleep, neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed,"—*Isaiah* v. 27,

called "*el caballo*," or rather, as it is pronounced, "*el cāvāl yō-ō*." The horse is always the best used of the team; to be a rider, "*caballero*," is the Spaniard's synonym for gentleman; and it is their correct mode of addressing each other, and is used gravely among the lower orders, who have never ridden any quadruped save a mule or a jackass.

The driving a *coche de colleras* is quite a science of itself, and is observed in conducting *diligences*; it amuses the Spanish "*majo*" or fancy-man as much as coach-driving does the fancy-man of England; the great art lies not in handling the ribbons, but in the proper modulation of the voice, since the cattle are always addressed individually by their names; the first syllables are pronounced very rapidly; the "*macho*," the male mule, who is the most abused, is the only one who is not addressed by any names beyond that of his sex: the word is repeated with a voluble iteration; in order to make the two syllables longer, they are strung together thus, *Mächō—mächō—mächō-ō*: they begin in semi-quavers, flowing on crescendo to a semibreve or breve, so the four words are compounded into one polysyllable. The horse, *caballo*, is simply called so; he has no particular name of his own, which the female mules are never without, and which they perfectly know—indeed, the owners will say that they understand them, and all bad language, as well as Christian women, "*como Cristianas*;" and, to do the beasts justice, they seemed more shocked and discomfited thereby than the bipeds who profess the same creed. If the animal called to does not answer by pricking up her ears, or by quickening her pace, the threat of "*lā vārā*," the stick, is added—the last argument of Spanish drivers, men in office, and schoolmasters, with whom there is no sort of reason equal to that of the *bastinado*, "*no hay tal razon, como la del baston*." It operates on the timorous more than "unadorned eloquence." The Moors thought so highly of the *bastinado*, that they held the stick to be a special gift from Allah to the

faithful. It holds good, *à priori* and *à posteriori*, to mule and boy, "*al hijo y mulo, para el culo*;" and if the "*macho*" be in fault, and he is generally punished to encourage the others, some abuse is added to blows, such as "*que pèrrō-ō*," "what a dog!" or some unhandsome allusion to his mother, which is followed by throwing a stone at the leaders, for no whip could reach them from the coach-box. When the name of any particular mule has been called, if her companion be the next one to be abused, she is seldom addressed by her name, but is spoken to as "*a la òtrā-ā*," "*aquella òtrā-ā*," "Now for that other one," which from long association is expected and acknowledged. The team obeys the voice, and is in admirable command. Few things are more entertaining than driving them, especially over bad roads; but it requires much practice in Spanish speaking and swearing.

Among the many commandments that are always broken in Spain, that of "swear not at all" is not the least. "Our army swore lustily in Flanders," said Uncle Toby. But few nations can surpass the Spaniards in the language of vituperation: it is limited only by the extent of their anatomical, geographical, astronomical, and religious knowledge; it is so plentifully bestowed on their animals—"un muletier à ce jeu vaut trois rois"—that oaths and imprecations seem to be considered as the only language the mute creation can comprehend; and as actions are generally suited to the words, the combination is remarkably effective. As much of the traveller's time on the road must be passed among beasts and muleteers, who are not unlike them, some knowledge of their sayings and doings is of great use: to be able to talk to them in their own lingo, to take an interest in them and in their animals, never fails to please; "*Por vida del demonio, mas sabe Usia que nosotros*;" "By the life of the devil, your honour knows more than we," is a common form of compliment. When once equality is established, the master mind soon becomes the real master of the rest. The great oath of Spain,

which ought never to be written or pronounced, practically forms the foundation of the language of the lower orders; it is a most ancient remnant of the phallic abjuration of the evil eye, the dreaded fascination which still perplexes the minds of Orientals, and is not banished from Spanish and Neapolitan superstitions.* The word terminates in *ajo*, on which great stress is laid: the *j* is pronounced with a most Arabic, guttural, aspiration. The word *ajo* means also garlic, which is quite as often in Spanish mouths, and is exactly what Hotspur liked, a "mouth-filling oath," energetic and Michael Angelesque. The pun has been extended to onions; thus, "*ajos y cebollas*" means oaths and imprecations. The sting of the oath is in the "*ajo*;" all women and quiet men, who do not wish to be particularly obnoxious, but merely to enforce and give a little additional vigour, *un soupçon d'ail*, or a shotting to their discourse, drop the offensive "*ajo*," and say "*car*," "*carai*," "*caramba*." The Spanish oath is used as a verb, as a substantive, as an adjective, just as it suits the grammar or the wrath of the utterer. It is equivalent also to a certain place and the person who lives there. "*Vaya Usted al C—ajo*" is the worst form of the angry "*Vaya Usted al demonio*," or "*á los infernos*," and is a whimsical mixture of courtesy and transportation. "Your

* The dread of the fascination of the evil eye, from which Solomon was not exempt (Proverbs xxiii. 6), prevails all over the East; it has not been extirpated from Spain or from Naples, which so long belonged to Spain. The lower classes in the Peninsula hang round the necks of their children and cattle a horn tipped with silver; this is sold as an amulet in the silver-smiths' shops; the cord by which it is attached ought to be braided from a black mare's tail. The Spanish gipsies, of whom Borrow has given us so complete an account, thrive by disarming the "*mal de ojo*," "*querelar nasula*," as they term it. The dread of the "*Ain ara*" exists among all classes of the Moors. The better classes of Spaniards make a joke of it; and often, when you remark that a person has put on or wears something strange about him, the answer is, "*Es para que no me hagan mal de ojo*." Naples is the head-quarters for charms and coral amulets; all the learning has been collected by the Canon Jorio and the Marques Ardit.

Grace may go to the devil, or to the infernal regions!"

Thus these imprecatory vegetables retain in Spain their old Egyptian flavour and mystical charm; as on the Nile, according to Pliny, onions and garlic were worshipped as adjutory divinities. The Spaniards have also added most of the gloomy northern Gothic oaths, which are imprecatory, to the Oriental, which are grossly sensual. Enough of this. The traveller who has much to do with Spanish mules and asses, biped or quadruped, will need no hand-book to teach him the sixty-five or more "*serments espagnols*" on which Mons. de Brantôme wrote a treatise. More becoming will it be to the English gentleman to swear not at all; a reasonable indulgence in *Caramba* is all that can be permitted; the custom is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and bad luck seldom deserts the house of the imprecator. "*En la casa del que jura, no falta desventura*."

Previously to hiring one of these "coaches of collars," which is rather an expensive amusement, every possible precaution should be taken in clearly and minutely specifying everything to be done, and the price; the Spanish "*caleseros*" rival their Italian colleagues in that untruth, roguery, and dishonesty, which seem everywhere to combine readily with jockeyship, and distinguishes those who handle the whip, "do jobbings," and conduct mortals by horses; the fee to be given to the drivers should never be included in the bargain, as keeping this important item open, and dependent on the good behaviour of the future recipients, offers a sure check over both master and man. In justice, however, to this class of Spaniards, it may be said that on the whole they are civil, good-humoured, and hard-working, and, from not having been accustomed either to the screw bargaining or the alternate extravagance of English travellers in Italy, are as tolerably fair in their transactions as can be expected from human nature brought in constant contact with four-legged and four-

wheeled temptations. They offer to the artist an endless subject of the picturesque; everything connected with them is full of form, colour, and originality. They can do nothing, whether sitting, driving, sleeping, or eating, that does not make a picture; the same may be said of their animals and their habits and harness; those who draw will never find the midday halt long enough for the infinite variety of subject and scenery, to which their travelling equipage and attendants form the most peculiar and appropriate foreground: while our modern poetasters will consider them quite as worthy of being sung in immortal verse, as the Cambridge carrier Hobson, who was Milton's choice.

Columbus at the Bridge of Pinos.—

It was on the bridge of *Pinos*, near Granada, that Columbus was stopped, in Feb. 1492, by a messenger from Isabella, who informed him that she would espouse his scheme of discovery. He had retired in disgust at the delays and disappointments which he had met with in the court of the cold cautious Ferdinand, until his more generous queen, urged by the good prior of Palos, at last came forward. Thus Columbus was recalled, and she was rewarded with a new world. The offer was made in the very nick of time, and even then he hesitated to replunge into the heart-sickening intrigues of the Spanish court. Had he proceeded on his journey to our Henry VII., that sagacious monarch, ever alive to maritime expeditions, would have listened at once to his proposals, and S. America would have been English, Protestant, free, and rich, instead of Papist, bigoted, beggarly, and blood-thirsty; on such trifles do the destinies of nations turn.

Constitution (Spanish), See Introd., Pt. II., § 26.

Cookery (Spanish).—It would require an entire vol. properly to discuss the merits of Spanish cookery. All that can be now done is to skim the subject, which is indeed fat and unctuous. Those meats and drinks will be briefly noticed which are of daily occurrence, and those dishes described which we have often helped to make, and oftener helped to eat, in the most larderless *ventas* and hungriest districts of the Peninsula, and which provident wayfarers may make and eat again, and, as we pray, with no worse appetite.

To be a good cook, which few Spaniards are, a man must not only understand his master's taste, but be able to make something out of nothing; just as a clever French *artiste* converts an old shoe into an *épigramme d'agneau*, or a Parisian milliner dresses up two deal boards into a fine live *Madame*, whose only fault is the appearance of too much *embonpoint*. Genuine and legitimate Spanish dishes are excellent in their way, for no man or man-cook ever is ridiculous when he does not attempt to be what he is not. The *au naturel* may occasionally be somewhat plain, but seldom makes one sick; at all events it would be as hopeless to make a Spaniard understand real French cookery, as to endeavour to explain to a *député* the meaning of our constitution or parliament. The ruin of Spanish cooks is their futile attempts to imitate foreign ones: just as their silly *grandees* murder the glorious Castilian tongue, by substituting what they fancy is pure Parisian, which they speak *comme des vaches Espagnoles*. "*Dis moi ce que tu manges et je te dirai ce que tu es*" is "un mot profond" of the great equity judge, Brillat Savarin, who also discovered that "*Les destinées des nations dépendent de la manière dont elles se nourrissent*;" since which General Foy has attributed all the accidental victories of the British to rum and beef. And this great fact much enhances our serious respect for punch, and our true love for the *ros-bif* of old England, of which, by the way, very little will be

got in the Peninsula, where bulls are bred for baiting, and oxen for the plough, not the spit.

The national cookery of Spain is for the most part Oriental; and the ruling principle of its preparation is *stewing*; for, from a scarcity of fuel, roasting is almost unknown; their notion of which is putting meat into a pan, setting it in hot ashes, and then covering the lid with burning embers. The pot, or *olla*, has accordingly become a synonyme for the dinner of Spaniards, just as beefsteaks or frogs are vulgarly supposed to constitute the whole bill of fare of two other mighty nations. Wherever meats are bad and thin, the sauce is very important; it is based in Spain on oil, garlic, saffron, and red peppers. In hot countries, where beasts are lean, oil supplies the place of fat, as garlic does the want of flavour, while a stimulating condiment excites or curries up the coats of a languid stomach. It has been said of our heretical countrymen that we have but one form of sauce—melted butter—and a hundred different forms of religion, whereas in orthodox Spain there is but one of each, and, as with religion, so to change this sauce would be little short of heresy. As to colour, it carries that rich burnt umber, raw sienna tint, which Murillo imitated so well; and no wonder, since he made his particular brown from baked olla bones, whence it was extracted, as is done to this day by those Spanish painters who indulge in meat. This brown *negro de hueso* colour is the livery of tawny Spain, where all is brown from the *Sierra Morena* to duskier man. Of such hue is his cloak, his terra-cotta house, his wife, his ox, his ass, and everthing that is his. This sauce has not only the same colour, but the same flavour everywhere; hence the difficulty of making out the material of which any dish is composed. Not Mrs. Glass herself could tell, by taste at least, whether the ingredients of the caldron be hare or cat, cow or calf, the aforesaid ox or ass. It puzzles even the acumen of a Frenchman; for it is still the great boast of the town of Olvera that they served up some donkeys as rations to

a Buonapartist detachment. All this is very Oriental. Isaac could not distinguish tame kid from wild venison, so perplexing was the disguise of the savoury sauce; and yet his senses of smell and touch were keen, and his suspicions of unfair cooking were awakened. A prudent diner, therefore, except when forced to become his own cook, will never look too closely into the things of the kitchen if he wishes to live a quiet life; for *quien las cosas mucho apura, no vive vida segura*.

All who ride or run through the Peninsula, will read thirst in the arid plains, and hunger in the soil-denuded hills, where those who ask for bread will receive stones. The knife and fork question has troubled every warrior in Spain, from Henri IV. down to Wellington; "subsistence is the great difficulty always found" is the text of a third of the Duke's wonderful despatches. This scarcity of food is implied in the very name of Spain, *Σπαινα*, which means poverty and destitution, as well as in the term *Bisoños*, wanters, which long has been a synonyme for Spanish soldiers, who are always, as the Duke described them, "hors de combat," always *wanting* in every thing at the critical moment." Hunger and thirst have ever been, and are, the best defenders of the Peninsula against the invader. On sierra and steppe these gaunt sentinels keep watch and ward, and, on the scarecrow principle, protect this paradise, as they do the infernal regions of Virgil:—

"Malesuada fames et turpis egestas
Horribiles visu."

A riding tour through Spain has been likened to serving a campaign; and it was a saying of the Grand Condé, "*If you want to know what want is, carry on a war in Spain.*" Yet notwithstanding the thousands of miles which we have ridden, never have we yet felt that dire necessity, which has been kept at a respectable distance by a constant unremitting attention to the proverb, "A man forewarned is forearmed." "*Hombre prevenido nunca fu vencido,*" there is nothing like precaution and provision. "If you mean to

dine," writes the all-providing Duke to Lord Hill from Moraleja, "*you had better bring your things*, as I shall have nothing with me;"—the ancient Bursal fashion holds good on Spanish roads:—

"Regula Bursalis est omni tempore talis,
Prandia fer tecum, si vis comedere mecum."

A man who is prepared, is never beaten or starved; therefore, as the valorous Dalgetty has it, "a prudent man will always victual himself in Spain with viviers for three days at least, and his cook, like Sancho Panza, should have nothing else in his head, but thoughts how to convey the most eatables into his ambulant larder."

He must set forth from every tolerable-sized town with an ample supply of tea, sugar, coffee, brandy, good oil, wine, salt, to say nothing of solids. The having something ready gives him leisure to forage and make ulterior preparations. Those who have a *corps de réserve* to fall back upon—say a cold turkey and a ham—can always convert any spot in the desert into an oasis; at the same time the connection between body and soul may be kept up by trusting to *venta* luck, which offers, however, but a miserable existence to persons of judgment. And even when this precaution of provision be not required, there are never wanting in Spain the poor and hungry, to whom the taste of meat is almost unknown, and to whom these crumbs that fall from the rich man's table are indeed a feast; the relish and gratitude with which these fragments are devoured do as much good to the heart of the donor as to the stomach of the donees, for the best medicines of the poor are to be found in the cellars, kitchens, and hampers of the rich. All servants should be careful of their traps and stores, which are liable to be pilfered and plundered in *ventas*, where the élite of society is not always assembled: the luggage should be well corded, for the devil is always gleaning, "*ata al saco, ya espiga el diablo*."

Formerly all travellers of rank carried a silver olla with a key, the *guardacena*, the *save* supper. This ingenious contrivance has furnished matter

for many a pleasantry in picaresque tales and farces. Madame Daunoy gives us the history of what befel the good Archbishop of Burgos and his orthodox olla.

There is nothing in life like making a good start; thus the party arrives safely at the first resting-place. The cook must never appear to have anything when he arrives at an inn; he must get from others all he can, and much is to be had for asking and crying, as even a Spanish Infante knows—the child that does not cry is not suckled, "*quien no llora, no mama*;" the artiste must never fall back on his own reservoirs except in cases of absolute need; during the day he must open his eyes and ears and must pick up every thing eatable, where he can, and when he can. By keeping a sharp look-out, and going quietly to work, the cook may catch the hen and her chickens too. All is fish that comes into the net. The peasants, who are poachers, will constantly hail travellers from the fields with offers of partridges, rabbits, melons, hares, which always jump up in this pays de l'imprévu when you least expect it: "*Salta la liebre cuando menos uno piensa*."

Notwithstanding Don Quijote thought that it augured bad luck to meet with a hare on entering a village, let not a bold traveller be scared, but forthwith stew the omen; a hare, as in the time of Martial, is considered by Spaniards to be the glory of edible quadrupeds, and to this day no old stager ever takes a rabbit when he can get a hare, "*á perro viejo echale liebre y no conejo*." In default, however, of catching one, rabbits may always be bagged. Spain abounds with them to such a degree, that ancient naturalists thought the animal indigenous, and went so far as to derive the name Spain from *Sephan*, the rabbit, which the Phœnicians found here for the first time. Be that as it may, the long-eared timid creature appears on the early Iberian coins, as it will long do on her wide wastes and tables. By-the-bye, a ready-stewed rabbit or hare is to be eschewed as suspicious in a *venta*: at the same time, if the consumer does not find out that it

is a cat, there is no great harm done—ignorance is bliss; let him not know it, he is not robbed at all. It is a pity to dispel his gastronomic delusion, as it is the knowledge of the cheat that kills, and not the cat. *Pol! me occiditis, amici*. The cook therefore should ascertain beforehand what are the *bonâ fide* ingredients of every dish that he sets before his lord.

For a *pisto* or meat omelette take eggs, which are to be got almost everywhere; see that they are fresh by being pellucid; beat these *huevos transparentes* well up; chop up onions and whatever savoury herbs you have with you: add small slices of any meat out of your hamper, cold turkey, ham, &c.; beat it all up together and fry it quickly. Most Spaniards have a peculiar knack in making these *tortillas, revueltas de huevos*, which to fastidious stomachs are, as in most parts of the Continent, a sure resource to fall back upon.

The *Guisado*, or stew, like the olla, can only be really done in a Spanish pipkin, and of those which we import, the Andalusian ones draw out the flavour the best. This dish is always well done by every cook in every *venta*, barring that they are apt to put in bad oil, and too much garlic, pepper, and saffron. Superintend it, therefore, yourself, and take hare, partridge, rabbit, chicken, or whatever you may have foraged on the road; it is capital also with pheasant; cut it up, save the blood, the liver, and the giblets; do not wash the pieces, but dry them in a cloth; fry them with onions in a teacup of oil till browned; take an olla, put in these bits with the oil, equal portions of wine and water, but stock is better than water; claret answers well, Valdepeñas better; add a bit of bacon, onions, garlic, salt, pepper, *pimientos*, a bunch of thyme or herbs; let it simmer, carefully skimming it; half an hour before serving add the giblets; when done, which can be tested by feeling with a fork, serve hot. The stew should be constantly stirred with a wooden spoon, and grease, the ruin of all cookery, carefully skimmed off as it rises to the surface. When made

with proper care and with a good salad, it forms a supper for a cardinal, or for Santiago himself.

Another excellent but very difficult dish is the *pollo con arroz*, or the chicken and rice. It is eaten in perfection in Valencia, and therefore is often called *Pollo Valenciano*. Cut a good fowl into pieces, wipe it clean, but do not put it into water; take a saucepan, put in a wine-glass of fine oil, heat the oil well, put in a bit of bread; let it fry, stirring it about with a wooden spoon; when the bread is browned take it out and throw it away; put in two cloves of garlic, taking care that it does not burn, as, if it does, it will turn bitter; stir the garlic till it is fried; put in the chicken, keep stirring it about while it fries, then put in a little salt and stir again; whenever a sound of cracking is heard, stir it again; when the chicken is well browned or gilded, *dorado*, which will take from five to ten minutes, *stirring constantly*, put in chopped onions, three or four chopped red or green chilis, and stir about: if once the contents catch the pan, the dish is spoiled; then add tomatas, divided into quarters, and parsley; take two teacupsful of rice, mix all well up together; add hot stock enough to cover the whole over; let it boil *once*, and then set it aside to simmer until the rice becomes tender and done. The great art consists in having the rice turned out granulated and separate, not in a pudding state, which is sure to be the case if a cover be ever put over the dish, which condenses the steam.

It may be objected, that these dishes, if so curious in the cooking, are not likely to be well done in the rude kitchens of a *venta*; but practice makes perfect, and the whole mind and intellect of the artist is concentrated on one object, and not frittered away by a multiplicity of dishes, the rock on which many cooks founder, where more dinners are sacrificed to the eye and ostentation. One dish and one thing at a time is the golden rule of Bacon; many are the anxious moments that we have spent over the rim of a Spanish pipkin, watching, life set on the cast,

the wizened old woman, whose mind, body, and spoon were absorbed in a single mess : Well, my mother, *que tal* ? what sort of a stew is it ? Let me smell and taste the *salsa*. Good, good ; it promises much. *Vamos Señora*—go on, my lady, thy spoon once more—how, indeed, can oil, wine, and nutritive juices amalgamate without frequent stirring ? Well, very well it is. Now again, daughter of my soul, thy fork. *Así, así* : thus, thus. *Per Bacco*, by Bacchus, tender it is—may heaven repay thee ! Indeed, from this tenderness of the meat arises ease of digestion ; here, pot and fire do half the work of the poor stomach, which too often in inns elsewhere is overtaxed, like its owner, and condemned to hard labour and a brickbat beefsteak.

Poached eggs are at all events within the grasp of the meanest culinary capacity. They are called *Huevos estrelados*, starred eggs. When fat bacon is wedded to them, the dish is called *Huevos con magras* ; not that *magras* here means thin as to condition, but rather as to slicing ; and these slices, again, are positively, thick ones when compared to those triumphs of close shaving which are carved at Vauxhall. To make this dish, with or without the bacon, take eggs ; the contents of the shell are to be emptied into a pan filled with hot oil or lard, *manteca de puerco*, pig's butter : it must be remembered, although Strabo mentions as a singular fact that the Iberians made use of butter instead of oil, that now it is just the reverse : a century ago butter was only sold by the apothecaries, as a sort of ointment, and it used to be iniquitous. Spaniards generally used either Irish or Flemish salted butter, and from long habit thought fresh butter quite insipid ; indeed, they have no objection to its being a trifle or so rancid, just as some aldermen like high venison. In the present age of progress the Queen Christina had a fancy dairy at Madrid, where she made a few pounds of fresh butter, of which a small portion was sold, at five shillings the pound, to foreign ambassadors for their breakfast. Recently more attention has been paid

to the dairy in the Swiss-like provinces of the north-west. The Spaniards, like the heroes in the Iliad, seldom boil their food (eggs excepted), at least not in water ; for frying, after all, is but boiling in oil.

Travellers should be cautioned against the captivating name of *manteca Valenciana*. This Valencian butter is composed (for the cow has nothing to do with it) of equal portions of garlic and hogs' lard pounded together in a mortar ; it is then spread on bread, just as we do arsenic to destroy vermin. It, however, agrees well with the peasants, as does the soup of their neighbours the Catalans, which is made of bread and garlic in equal portions, fried in oil and diluted with hot water. This mess is called *sopa de gato*, probably from making cats, not Catalans, sick.

One thing, however, is truly delicious in Spain—the salad, to compound which, says the Spanish proverb, four persons are wanted : a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir it all up. N.B. Get the biggest bowl you can, in order that this latter operation may be thoroughly performed. The salad is the glory of every French dinner, and the disgrace of most in England, even in good houses, and from two simple causes ; first, from putting in eggs, mustard, and other heretical ingredients, and, secondly, from making it long before it is wanted to be eaten, whereby the green materials, which should be crisp and fresh, become sodden and leathery. Prepare, therefore, your salad in separate vessels, and never mix the sauce with the herbs until the instant that you are ready to transfer the refreshing result to your plate. Take lettuce, or whatever salad is to be got ; do not cut it with a steel knife, which turns the edges of the wounds black, and communicates an evil flavour ; let the leaf be torn from the stem, which throw away, as it is hard and bitter ; wash the mass in many waters, and rinse it in napkins till dry ; take a small bowl, put in equal quantities of vinegar and water, a teaspoonful of pepper and salt, and

four times as much oil as vinegar and water, mix the same well together; prepare in a plate whatever fine herbs can be got, especially tarragon and chervil, which must be chopped small. Pour the sauce over the salad, powder it with these herbs, and lose no time in eating. *N.B. For making a much worse salad than this, a foreign artiste in London used some years ago to charge a guinea.*

Any remarks on Spanish salads would be incomplete without some account of *gazpacho*, that vegetable soup, or floating salad, which during the summer forms the food of the bulk of the people in the torrid portions of Spain. This dish is of Arabic origin, as its name, "soaked bread," implies. This most ancient Oriental Roman and Moorish refecton is composed of onions, garlic, cucumbers, chilis, all chopped up very small and mixed with crumbs of bread, and then put into a bowl of oil, vinegar, and fresh water. Reapers and agricultural labourers could never stand the sun's fire without this cooling acetous diet. This was the *οξύκρατος* of the Greeks, the *posca*, potable food, meat and drink, *potus et esca*, which formed part of the rations of the Roman soldiers, and which Adrian (a Spaniard) delighted to share with them, and into which Boaz at meal-time invited Ruth to dip her morsel. Dr. Buchanan found some Syrian Christians who still called it *ail*, *ail*, *Hil*, *Hila*, for which our Saviour was supposed to have called on the Cross, when those who understood that dialect gave it him from the vessel which was full of it for the guard. In Andalusia, during the summer, a bowl of *gazpacho* is commonly ready in every house of an evening, and is partaken of by every person who comes in. It is not easily digested by strangers, who do not require it quite so much as the natives, whose souls are more parched and dried up, and who perspire less. The components, oil, vinegar, and bread, are all that is given out to the lower class of labourers by farmers who profess to feed them; two cow's horns, the most primitive form of bottle and cup, are constantly seen suspended on each

[Spain—PT. II.]

side of their carts, and contain this provision, with which they compound their *migas*: this consists of crumbs of bread fried in oil, with pepper and garlic; nor can a stronger proof be given of the common poverty of their fare than the common expression, "*buenas migas hay*," there are good crumbs, being equivalent to capital eating. In very cold weather the mess is warmed, and then is called *gazpacho caliente*. Oh! dura messorum ilia—oh! the iron mess digesting stomachs of ploughmen.

Cordova (Sack of, by the French).—

Cordova has never recovered the fatal June, 1808, when it was entered by the French under Gen. Dupont: although no resistance was made, the populace was massacred, and the city, *Mezquita*, and churches were plundered. Every one, says Maldonado (i. 291), from the general to the fraction of a drummer-boy, gave themselves up to pillage. The "plunder exceeded ten millions of reals:" 8000 ounces, or 25,000*l.*, were found in Dupont's luggage alone (see Maldonado i. 335).

General Villoutreys, who was sent to Paris with the news, although professedly travelling express, halted a day at Bayonne, to convert his ill-gotten Spanish gold into lighter French billets de banque (Maldonado, i. 333). Even Foy does not dare to hide the notorious truth: he tells the sad details (iii. 231), the sack of the mosque, the inexcusable butchery of peaceful, defenceless multitudes. In the words of Thiers it was "*une véritable brigandage*." Our Napier (i. 8), notwithstanding, asserts that, "as the inhabitants took no part in the contest, and received the French without any signs of aversion" (thus far he is correct), "the town was protected from pillage!" Buonaparte, however, who knew the real facts, told Savary that he could only account for the "*un-usual cowardice and subsequent defeat*"

of Dupont's troops at Bailen from their fear of losing their plunder,"—and he was right. Those who rob are worth little when faced against the enemy.

Cortes of Cadiz.—The Cortes of Cadiz sat during the war of independence in San Felipe Neri. Their debates ended Sept. 14, 1813: many are printed in 16 vols., 4to. *Diario de las Cortes*, Cadiz, 1811-12. This Spanish Hansard is rare, Ferdinand VII. having ordered all the copies to be burnt by the hangman on a public bonfire lit to celebrate his first birth-day after his restoration. Whoever will open one of the volumes will at once see that the pages are the greatest satire which any set of incompetent rulers ever published on themselves. Amongst the speeches read one delivered on the 30th December, 1812, by the Duke, in his usual energetic, straightforward, business-like fashion.

Cortes. Hernando Cortes was born at Medellin in 1485.* The rise, career, and end of Cortes, were truly Moorish. Elevated from nothing, he, like Musa or Tarik, conquered kingdoms, trampled on foreign kings, and was rewarded by his own with ingratitude. After 40 years passed, to use his own words, with little food, less sleep, his arms constantly at his side, he applied, when old, infirm, and embarrassed with debt, to Charles V. for aid: but his petition was not even answered, for Charles, dazzled by the gold of Peru, which Pizarro was sending home, undervalued the past services of a worn-out servant, and barely would give an audience to a man who had conquered for him more provinces than he before owned

cities. Well did Humboldt remark, "We may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we meet a national monument which the public gratitude has raised either to Columbus or Cortes." Both, indeed, died broken-hearted with the cutting coldness of neglect, and thankless breach of promises.

Cortes was a fine specimen of a Spanish *Guerillero*: his types were Sertorius, Al-Mansúr, and the Cid. He was deeply impregnated with the combined principles of the Moslem conquest and propagandism. He began life as an adventurer, greedy only of gold, of the precious metal for itself; but he rose, when successful, to higher notions of glory. Reckless, devoid alike of mercy, justice, or good faith, no laws, human or divine, ever arrested him in his advance. His system combined the Spanish *Algara*, or foray, with the Moorish *Algihad*, or crusade. He forced his Christianity on the conquered by the sword, but he was satisfied, like the Moslem, with mere nominal conversion, content with the admission of the new faith, and the mere passing from one creed to another, without any regard to the spirituality or real belief of the neophyte. His dispatches, oriental in language, breathe the stately tone of a cruel, arbitrary propagandist of the sword. He carried out the besetting sins of both Moor and Spaniard—avarice, cruelty, bloodshed, bigotry, and bad faith, gilded by a chivalrous, bold, lofty, adventurous daring and talent.

Coruña (History of).—It was from Coruña that the Spanish *Invincible Armada* sailed on the 26 July, 1588, to conquer and Romanize Great Britain. The squadron consisted, of 130 ships, armed with 2630 cannon, and manned by 19,275 sailors, and 8450 soldiers. They made as sure of conquering and making slaves of the English, as if they had been wild S. American savages. This Armada, which had taken

* See Prescott's excellent work, the 'Conquest of Mexico,' i. 208. His dispatches have been translated and published at New York by G. Folsom.

4 years to prepare, was settled in 9 days, and ended as a true 9 days' wonder. "Off Callice," writes a Spaniard, "all our castles of comfort were builded in the aire, or upon the waves of the sea." Drake, with 50 little ships, had attacked 150 of the floating monsters, and beat them just as Nelson did the three-deckers at St. Vincent. "In all these fights," wrote our Spaniard, "Christ showed himself altogether a Lutheran." The Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, lodged himself during the combat in the bottom of the ship; while the Duke of Parma, who was to have co-operated at Dunkirk with 35,000 men, proved to be *hors de combat* in the nick of time: *Socorros de España*.

Thus the Spaniard, scared by fire-ships, determined on flight—*venit, vidit, fugit*; and not venturing to re-pass the Channel, made a circuit of Scotland; but when off the Orkneys and the Irish coast, were caught in storms, when 32 more ships and 10,185 men perished. The Armada, as usual in Spanish expeditions, was so ill provided, that from 4 to 5 men died per day of hunger on board even the admiral's ship; but to such cruel shifts and such incompetent leaders have the brave people of Spain, worthy of a better fate, been always exposed; nor has the valour with which the Spanish sailors fought on this occasion ever been questioned. Medina Sidonia arrived at Santander about the end of September, "with noe more than 60 sayle oute of his whole fleete, and those very much shattered." The first newspaper ever published in England, the '*Mercurio*,' appeared on purpose to give daily reports of this Armada. The Spaniards lost 81 ships. Philip II. "thanked God that his *whole* fleet was not taken; while at Rome pasquinades were made, and the Pope offered 1000 years' indulgence to any one who could tell him where the invincible Catholic Armada was, whether gone to heaven or hell" (Strype, ii. 15). The defeat of this Armada sunk deep in the mind of the nation, which ever sees clearer than its misgovernors; "then arose in the fleet the common brute (the report or

saying, *bruit*), that if ever they got back again, they never would meddle with the English any more."—This axiom was embodied in a proverb—

"*Con todo el mundo guerra
Y paz con Inglaterra.*"

and remained a state maxim acted upon until the Bourbon and French succession, when family compacts and alliances with Buonaparte brought Spain into hostile contact with her natural and best ally, and cost her her navy and colonies.*

La Coruña was taken, April 20, 1589, by Drake and Norris with only 1200 men, the Spanish fleet flying on his approach to El Ferrol, and the garrison to the citadel. His name passed into a proverb; and "the threat" *Viene el Drake*, was long the frightening phrase, the bugaboo—the *coco*, the "black man" is coming—in short, the phrase with which naughty children were made good at the Havannah, which he so often visited: so the expression *Melac Ric*, our Cœur de Lion, long scared squalling brats in the douars of Arabia, and the word "Mal-brok" silenced the nurseries of France. Hence the expression of Gongora (Duran, iii. 123)—

"*Mas bien peloteada
Que La Coruña del Draque.*"

In this bay Sir David Baird coming in October, 1809, with 6000 men, to assist the Spaniards, was detained on board the transports 15 days, not allowed to land by the base suspicions of the Junta. "Call ye that backing your friends?"

The last hard-fought action between the French and the English at Coruña took place on the 16 January, 1809. The very name of Coruña now suggests

* Consult 'A true Discourse of the Armie, which the King of Spaine,' &c., translated from the French by Daniel Archdeacon, London, John Wolfe, 1588; also the 'Copie of a Letter' and of Bernardin Mendoza, bk. lr., London, 1 Vantroller for Richd. Field, 1588: the lying author, Philip's ambassador at Paris, gave out that the Spaniards had won the day, and was henceforth called *Mendacia*. See also for curious details, 'Hackluyt' (ed. 1598), vol. i. p. 91; also Schepeler's 'Beitrag', p. 167. Consult also Sharon Turner's 'Elizabeth,' ch. 35.

the battle, the triumph, and the hero's death. This furious engagement was fought, Jan. 16, 1809, on the heights of Elvina, behind the town. Moore's position was bad, from no fault of his, as with only 13,244 men he could not defend the stronger but more extended line of the outer heights against the superior numbers of the enemy, while from his artillery being embarked, he was obliged to occupy the range nearer the town. About two in the afternoon, Soult, with 20,000 men, with great superiority of cavalry and artillery, attacked the English, and was everywhere most signally repulsed; the 4th, 42nd, and 50th, under Baird, putting to flight at Elvira a whole column commanded by our libeller Foy, who after a most feeble defence (Nap. iv. 5), turned and retreated; next La Houssaye, the plunderer of the Escorial, Cuenca, and Toledo, fled with his dragoons, Paget riding down the enemy; and then, had our lines advanced, Soult must have followed the example of his subordinates. Our loss amounted to 700, while the enemy's exceeded 3000, as their column was riddled by our steady lines at Elvina, who fortunately before the battle were supplied with fresh muskets and ammunition. Moore, like Wolfe, Abercrombie, and Nelson, lived long enough to know that the foe was defeated, and like them died happily, having "done his duty." His last words (the tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony) were in anticipation of his posthumous calumniators: "I HOPE THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND WILL BE SATISFIED; I HOPE MY COUNTRY WILL DO ME JUSTICE." The dispatch of General Hope—one of the most simple, manly, pathetic, and beautiful compositions ever written by soldier's pen—is the very antithesis in taste and truth to Buonaparte's bulletin:—"Les Anglais," says he ('Œuv.' v. 383), "*furent abordés franchement par la première brigade, qui les culbuta, et les délogea du village d'Elvina. L'ennemi culbuté de ses positions, se retira dans les jardins qui sont autour de la Corogne. La nuit devenant très-obscure, on fut obligé de suspendre*

l'attaque: l'ennemi en a profité pour s'embarquer en toute hâte; nous n'avons eu d'engagés pendant le combat qu'environ 6000. Notre perte s'élève à cent hommes [i. e. 3000]: l'opinion des habitants du pays, et des déserteurs, est que le nombre des blessés [English] excède 2500—des 38,000 hommes que les Anglais avaient débarqués, on peut assurer qu'à peine 24,000 retourneront en Angleterre. Les régimens Anglais portant les numéros 42, 50, 52, ont été entièrement détruits. L'armée Anglaise avait débarqué plus de 80 pièces de canon, elle n'en a pas rembarqué 12; le reste a été pris, ou perdu; et de compte fait, nous nous trouvons en possession de 60 pièces de canon Anglais."

The truth was, that the embarkation took place with perfect order, and so entirely unmolested by the worsted foe, that had the English only then been turned against Soult, he himself must have taken to his heels.

Narrow, indeed, now was Soult's escape, for had Moore not over-responded, this fleet of transports might easily have brought fresh troops from Portugal, nay, it ought to have done so, for the intelligence of the real ill condition and limited numbers of the French had long before been conveyed to Oporto, by channels to which unfortunately no credence was given by the presumption of official ignorance. Then was lost by Sir John Craddock the nick of time, and the chance of being a Wellington: had he arrived with his brigades Soult must have been annihilated. This was one of the possibilities which Buonaparte foresaw when he pretended to be obliged himself to return from Astorga, so he judiciously left the chance of defeat to his deputy Soult.

The Corunnesse distinguished themselves both before and after the battle. Their first step was to detain Baird, to whom when disembarked they never gave or even offered any assistance.

Safe so long as the English were present, their ships had scarcely left the bay when the Spanish commander, Don Antonio Acedo, hastened to surrender to Soult, who having no battering

train, could not have taken the place or citadel. Soult, thus provided with Spanish artillery! turned against *El Ferrol* on the 22nd. This important arsenal, with eight ships of the line and garrisoned by 8000 men, was scandalously surrendered on the 26th, by the governor, Francisco Melgarejo, and Pedro Obregon. By this base act Soult obtained the stores provided by England for these patriots, and was thus enabled to conquer Galicia and invade Portugal.

Costume (Spanish). See *Introd.*, Part II., § 29.

Country Houses.—The correct Castilian term for a country villa is *Casa del Campo* or *quinta*, Arabicè *Chennat chint*, “a garden.” In Galicia, they are called *Aldeas*, Arabicè *Aldaiá*, “a small place;” in Aragon and Catalonia the name is *Torres*; in Andalusia *Haciendas Cortijos*; in Granada *Carmenes*, Arabicè *Karm*, “a vine,” and in Malaga they are called *Lagares* when there are wine presses in them.

Death-Bed, and Burial in Spain.—The dying man in Spain (if he has the *Bull*), has the Host brought to him with great pomp; the procession is attended by crowds who bear crosses, lighted candles, bells and incense; and as the chamber is thrown open to the public, the ceremony is accompanied by multitudes of idlers. The spectacle is always imposing, as it must be, considering that the incarnate Deity is believed to be present. It is particularly striking on Easter Sunday, when the host is taken to all the sick who have been unable to communicate in the parish church. Then the priest walks either under a gorgeous canopy, or is mounted in the finest carriage in the town; and while all as he passes kneel to the wafer which he bears, he

chuckles internally at his own reality of power over his prostrate subjects; the line of streets is gaily decorated as for the triumphal procession of a king: the windows are hung with velvets and tapestries, and the balconies filled with the fair sex arrayed in their best, who shower sweet flowers down on the procession just at the moment of its passage, and sweeter smiles during all the rest of the morning on their lovers below, whose more than divided adoration is engrossed by female divinities.

To die without confession and communion is to a Spaniard the most poignant of calamities, as he believes he cannot be saved, while he is taught that there is in these acts a preserving virtue of their own, independent of any exertions on his part. The host is given when human hopes are at an end, and the heat, noise, confusion, and excitement seldom fail to kill the already exhausted patient. Then, when life's idle business at a gasp is o'er, the body is laid out in a *capilla ardiente*, or an apartment prepared as a chapel, by taking out the furniture; where the family is rich, a room on the ground floor is selected, in which a regular altar is dressed up, and rows of large lighted candles placed around the body; the public is then allowed to enter, even in the case of the sovereign. This public exhibition is a sort of coroner's inquest; formerly the body was clad in a monk's dress, with the feet naked and the hands clasped over the breast; the sepulchral shadow then thrown over the dead and placid features by the cowl, seldom failed to raise a solemn undefinable feeling in the hearts of spectators, speaking, as it did, a language to the living which could not be misunderstood.

The woollen dresses of the mendicant orders were by far the most popular, from the idea that, when old, they had become too much saturated with the odour of sanctity for the vile nostrils of the evil one; and as a tattered dress often brought more than half-a-dozen new ones, the sale of these old clothes was a benefit alike to the pious vendor and purchaser; those of

St. Francis were preferred, because at his triennial visits to purgatory, he knows his own, and takes them back with him to heaven; hence Milton peopled his shadowy limbo with wolves in sheep's clothing,—

—“ who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the robes of Dominick,
Or in Franciscan think to pass unseen.”

Women were formerly laid out in nuns' dresses, wearing also the scapulary of the Virgin of Carmel, which she gave to Simon Stock, with the assurance that none who died with it on should ever suffer eternal torments. The general adoption of these grave fashions induced an accurate foreigner to remark, that no one ever died in Spain except nuns and monks. In this hot country, burial goes hand-in-hand with death, and it is absolutely necessary from the rapidity with which putrefaction comes on. The last offices are performed in a somewhat indecent manner: formerly the interment took place in churches, or in the yards near them, a custom which from hygeian reasons is now prohibited. Public cemeteries, which give at least 4 per cent. interest, have been erected outside the towns, in which long lines of catacombs gape greedily for those occupants who can pay for them, while a wide ditch is opened every day for those who cannot. In this *campo santo*, or holy field, death levels all ranks, which seems hard on those great families who have built and endowed chapels to secure a burial among their ancestors. They, however, raised no objections to the change of law, nor have ever much troubled themselves about the dilapidated sepulchres, and crumbling effigies, of their “grand-sires cut in alabaster;” the real opposition arose from the priests, who lost their fees, and thereupon assured their flocks that a future resurrection was anything but certain, to bodies committed into such new-fangled depositories.

Be that as it may, the corpse in its slight coffin is carried out, followed by the male relations, and is then put into its niche without further form or prayer.

Ladies who die soon after marriage, and before the bridal hours have danced their measure, are sometimes buried in their wedding dresses, and covered with flowers, the dying injunctions of Shakspeare's Queen Catherine :—

“ When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour; strew me o'er
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know
I was a chaste wife to my grave.”

At such funerals the coffin is opened in the catacomb, to gratify the indecent curiosity of the crowd; the dress is next day discussed all over the town, and the *entierro* or funeral is pronounced to be *muy lucido* or very brilliant; but life in Spain is a jest, and these things show it. The place assigned for children who die under seven years of age lies apart from that of the adults; their early death is held in Spain to be rather a matter of congratulation than of grief, since those whom the gods love die young; their epitaphs tell a mixed tale of joy and sorrow. *El parvulo fue arrebatado á la gloria* (the little one was snatched up into Paradise):—

“ There is beyond the sky a heaven of joy and
love,
And holy children, when they die, go to that
world above.”

Yet nature will not be put aside, and many a mother may be seen, loitering alone near the graves, adorning them with roses, and plucking up weeds which have no business to grow there, the little corpses are carried to the tomb by little children of the same age, clad in white, and are strewed with flowers short-lived as themselves, sweets to the sweet. The parents return home yearning after the lost child—its cradle is empty, its piteous moan is heard no more, its playthings remain where it left them, and recall the cruel gap which grief cannot fill up, although it

“ Stuffs out its vacant garments with its form.”

The bodies of the lower orders, dressed in their ordinary attire, are borne to their long home by four men, as is described by Martial; “no useless coffins enclose their breasts,” they

are carried forth as was the widow's son at Nain. Such bodies are cast into the trench like those of dogs, and often naked, as the survivors or sextons strip them even of their rags. Those poorer still, who cannot afford to pay the trifling fee, sometimes during the night suspend the bodies of their children in baskets, near the cemetery porch. A cloaked Spaniard has been seen pacing mournfully in the burial-ground of Seville, who, when the public trench was opened, drew from beneath the folds the body of his dead child, cast it in and disappeared. Thus half the world lives without knowing how the other half dies.

In the upper ranks the etiquette of the funeral commences after the reality is over. The first necessary step is within three days to pay a visit of condolence to the family; this is called *para dar el pesame*. The relations are all assembled in the best room, and seated on chairs placed at the head, the women at one end and the men at another. When a condoling lady and gentleman enter, she proceeds to shake hands with all the other ladies one after another, and then seats herself in the next vacant chair, the gentleman bows to each of the men as he passes, who rise and return it, a grave dumb-show of profound affliction being kept up by all. On reaching the chief mourners, they are addressed by each condoler with this phrase, "*Acompaño á usted en su sentimiento*;" "I share in the affliction of your grace;" the company meanwhile remain silent as an assemblage of undertakers. After sitting among them the proper time, each retires with much the same form.

In a few days afterwards a printed letter is sent round in the name of all the surviving relations to announce the death to the friends of the family, and to beg the favour of attendance at the funeral service: these invitations are all headed with a cross (+), which is called *El Cristus*. Before the invasion of the enemy, who not only destroyed the walls of convents, but also sapped religious belief, very many books were printed, and private letters written, with this sign prefixed; in

later times sundry medical men at Seville have headed with it their prescriptions, the Cardinal Archbishop having granted a certain number of years' release from purgatory to all who sanctified with this mark their recipes even of senna and rhubarb. Under this cross, in the invitation, are placed the letters R. I. P. A., which signify "Requiescat in pace. Amen." At the appointed hour the mourners meet in the *casa mortuaria*, or the house of death, and proceed together to church. All are dressed in full black, and before the progress of pale-tots and civilization, wore no cloaks: this, as it rendered each man of them more uncomfortable than St. Bartholomew was without his skin, was considered an offering of genuine grief the manes of the deceased. Uncloaking in Spain is, be it remembered, a mark of respect, and is equivalent to our taking off the hat. (See 'Spanish Costume,' Introd. § 29. When the company arrives at church, they are received by the ministers, and the ceremony is very solemnly performed before a catafalque covered with a pall, which is placed before the altar, and is brilliantly lighted up with wax candles. As soon as the service is concluded, all advance and bow to the chief mourners, who are seated apart, and thus the tragedy concludes. Parents do not put on mourning for their children; this is a remnant of the patriarchal and Roman superiority of the head of the family, for whom, however, when dead, all other members pay the most observant respect. The forms and number of days of mourning are most nicely laid down, and are most rigidly observed, even by distant relations, who refrain from all kinds of amusements:—

"None bear about the mockery of woe
To public dances or to private show."

Previous to the death of a kind and venerable Marquesa at Seville just before the carnival, whose chief grief at dying was the thought of the number of young ladies who would thus be deprived of their balls and masquerades, many, anxious, and obliging,

were the inquiries sent after her health, and more even were the daily prayers offered up to the Virgin, for the prolongation of her precious existence, could it be only for a few weeks.

Drear November brings in other solemnities connected with the dead, and in harmony with the fall of the sear and yellow leaves, to which Homer compares the races of mortal men. The night before the first of November—our All Hallow-e'en—is kept in Spain as a vigil or wake; it is the fated hour of love, divinations and mysteries; then anxious maidens used to sit at their balconies to see the image of their destined husbands pass by. The first of November is dedicated to the sainted dead, and November the second to all souls: it is termed in Spanish *el día de los difuntos*, the day of the dead, and is most scrupulously observed by all who have lost during the past year some friend, some relation—how few have not! The dawn is ushered in by mournful bells, which recall the memory of those who cannot come back at the summons; the cemeteries are then visited; at Seville, long processions of sable-clad females, bearing chased lamps on staves, walk slowly round and round, chanting melancholy dirges, returning when it gets dusk in a long line of glittering lights. The graves during the day are visited by those who take a sad interest in their occupants, lamps and flower garlands are suspended as memorials of affection, and holy water is sprinkled, every drop of which puts out some of the fires of purgatory. These picturesque proceedings at once resemble the *Eed es Segheer* of modern Cairo, the *feralia* of the Romans, the *Νεμεσια* of the Greeks: here are the flower offerings of Electra, the *funes assensi*, the funeral torches of pagan mourners, which have vainly been prohibited to Christian Spaniards by their early Council of Illiberis. In Navarre, and in the north-west of Spain, bread and wheat offerings, called *robos*, are made, which are the same as the doles or gifts offered for the rest of the soul of the deceased by the pious of ancient Rome.

As on this day the cemetery becomes

the public attraction, it too often looks rather a joyous fashionable promenade, than a sad and religious performance. The levity of mere strangers and the mob contrasts strangely with the sorrow of real mourners. But life in this world presses on death, and the gay treads on the heels of pathos; the spot is crowded with mendicants, who appeal to the order of the day, and importune every tender recollection, by begging for the sake of the lamented dead. Outside the dreary walls all is vitality and mirth; a noisy sale goes on of cakes, nuts, and sweetmeats, a crash of horses and carriages, a din and flow of bad language from those who look after them, which must vex the repose of the *benditas animas*, the blessed souls in purgatory, for whom otherwise all classes of Spaniards manifest the fondest affection and interest.

Such is the manner in which the body of a most orthodox Catholic Castilian is committed to the earth; his soul, if it goes to purgatory, is considered and called blessed by anticipation, as the admittance into Paradise is certain at the expiration of the term of penal transportation, that is, "when the foul crimes done in the days of nature are burnt and purged away," as the ghost in Hamlet says, who had not forgotten his Virgil. If the scholar objects to a Spanish clergyman, that the whole thing is Pagan, he will be told that he may go farther and fare worse. In the case of a true Roman Catholic, this term of hard labour may be much shortened, since that can be done by masses, any number of which will be said, if first paid for. The vicar of St. Peter holds the keys, which always unlock the gate to those who offer the golden gift by which Charon was bribed by Æneas; thus, to a judicious rich man, nothing, supposing that he believes the Pope *versus* the Bible, is so easy as to get at once into Heaven; nor are the poor quite neglected, as any one may learn who will read the extraordinary number of days' redemption which may be obtained at any altar in Spain, by the performance of the most trumpery routine. The only wonder is, how any one of the faithful should

ever fail to secure his delivery from this spiritual Botany Bay, without going there at all, or, at least, only for the form's sake. It was calculated by an accurate and laborious German, that an active man, by spending three shillings in coach-hire, in visiting different privileged altars during the Holy week, might obtain in an hour a diminution of purgatorial punishment for 29,639 years, nine months, thirteen days, three minutes and a half. This merciful reprieve was offered by Spanish priests in South America, on a grander scale commensurate with that colossal continent; for a single mass at the San Francisco in Mexico, the Pope and prelates granted 32,310 years, ten days, and six hours indulgence. "As a means of raising money," says our Mexican authority, "I would not give this simple institution of masses for the benefit of souls, for the power of taxation possessed by any government, since no tax-gatherer is required; the payments are enforced by the best feelings, for who would not pay to get a parent's or friend's soul from the fire?" Purgatory has thus been a Golconda mine of gold to his Holiness, as even the poorest have a chance, since charitable persons can deliver blank souls by taking out a *habeas animam* writ, that is, by paying the priest for a mass. The especial days are marked in the almanac, and known to every waiter at the inn; moreover, notice is put on the church door, *Hoy se saca anima*, "This day you can get out a soul." They are generally left in their warm quarters during winter, and taken out in the spring.

Matters connected with the grave have been placed, as regards Protestants, on a much more pleasant footing of recent years; and it may be a consolation to invalids, who are sent to Spain for change of climate, and who are particular, to know, in case of accidents, that Protestant burial-grounds are now permitted at Madrid, Linares, Bilbao, Barcelona, Seville, Malaga and Cadiz. The history of the permission is curious, and has never, to the best of our belief, been told. In the days of Philip II., Lutherans were counted

in many degrees worse than dogs; when caught alive, they were burnt by the holy tribunal; and when dead, were cast out on the dunghill. Even when our James I. sent, in 1622, his ill-judged olive-bearing mission, by which Spain was saved from utter humiliation, Mr. Hole, the secretary of the ambassador, Lord Digby, having died at Santander, the body was not allowed to be buried at all; it was put into a shell, and sunk in the sea; but no sooner was his lordship gone, than "the fishermen," we quote from Somers' tracts, "fearing that they should catch no fish as long as the coffin of a heretic lay in their waters," fished it up, "and the corpse of our countryman and brother was thrown above ground, to be devoured by the fowls of the air." In the treaty of 1630, the 31st Article provided for the disposal of the goods of those Englishmen who might die in Spain, but not for their bodies. "These," says a commentator of Rymer, "must be left stinking above ground, to the end that the dogs may be sure to find them." When Mr. Washington, page to Charles I., died at Madrid, at the time his master was there, Howell, who was present, relates that it was only as an especial favour to the suitor of the Spanish Infanta that the body was allowed to be interred in the garden of the embassy, under a fig-tree. A few years afterwards, 1650, Ascham, the envoy of Cromwell, was assassinated, and his corpse put, without any rites, into a hole; but the Protector was not a man to be trifled with, and knew well how to deal with a Spanish government, from whom nothing was to be obtained by concession and gentleness, which was considered as weakness, while everything was to be extorted from its fears. He that very year commanded a treaty to be prepared for the proper burial of his subjects, to which the blustering Spaniard immediately assented. This provision was stipulated for in the treaty of Charles II. in 1664, and was conceded, and ratified, in 1667, to Sir Richard Fanshawe.

No step, however, appears to have been taken before 1796, when Lord

Bute purchased a spot of ground for the burial of Englishmen outside the Alcalá-gate, at Madrid. During the war, when all Spain was a churchyard to our countrymen, this bit of land was taken possession of by a worthy Madrilenian, not for his place of sepulture, but for good and profitable cultivation. In 1831, Mr. Addington caused some researches to be made, and the original conveyance was found in the *Contaduría de Hypothecas*, the registry of deeds and mortgages which backward Spain possesses, and which advanced England does not. The intruder was ejected after some struggling on his part. Before Lord Bute's time the English had been buried at night and without ceremonies, in the garden of the convent *de los Recoletos*; and, as Lord Bute's new bit of ground was extensive and valuable, the pious monks wished to give up the English corner in their garden, in exchange for it; but the transfer was prevented by the recent law which forbade all burial in cities. The field purchased by Lord Bute is now unenclosed and uncultivated; fortunately it has not been much wanted, only fifteen Protestants having died at Madrid during the thirty years that it remained open. In November, 1831, Ferdinand VII. finally settled this grave question by a decree, in which he granted permission for the erection of a Protestant burial-ground in all towns where a British consul or agent should reside, subject to most *degrading* conditions. The first cemetery set apart in Spain, in virtue of this gracious decree from a man replaced on his throne by the death of 30,000 Englishmen, was the work of Mr. Mark, our consul at Malaga; he enclosed a spot of ground to the east of that city, and placed a tablet over the entrance, recording the royal permission, and above that a cross. Thus he appealed to the dominant feelings of Spaniards, to their loyalty and religion. The Malagenians were amazed when they beheld this emblem of Christianity raised over the last home of Lutheran dogs, and, exclaimed, "So even these Jews make use of the cross." The term Jew, it must be

remembered, is the acme of Spanish loathing and vituperation. The first body interred in it was that of Mr. Boyd, who was shot by the bloody Moreno, with the poor dupe Torrijos, and the rest of his rebel companions.

Diligences.—The usual mode of travelling for the affluent, where no railways exist, is in the public conveyances, which were only introduced under Ferdinand VII.; previously to their being allowed at all, serious objections were started, similar to those raised by his late Holiness to the introduction of railways into the papal states; it was said that these tramontane facilities would bring in foreigners, and with them philosophy, heresy, and innovations, by which the wisdom of Spain's ancestors might be upset. These scruples were ingeniously got over, by bribing the monarch with a large share of the profits. Now that the royal monopoly is broken down, many new and competing companies have sprung up; this mode of travelling is the cheapest and safest, nor is it thought at all beneath the dignity of "the best set," nay royalty itself goes by the coach. Thus the Infante Don Francisco de Paula constantly hired the whole of the diligence to convey himself and his family from Madrid to the sea-coast; and one reason gravely given for Don Enrique's not coming to marry the Queen, was that his Royal Highness could not get a place, as the diligence was booked full. The public carriages of Spain are quite as good as those of France, and the company who travel in them generally more respectable and better bred. This is partly accounted for by the expense; the fares are not very high, yet still form a serious item to the bulk of Spaniards: consequently those who travel in the public carriages in Spain are the class who would in other countries travel per post. It must, however, be admitted that all travelling in the public conveyances

of the Continent necessarily implies great discomfort to those accustomed to their own carriages; and, with every possible precaution, the long journeys in Spain, of three to five hundred miles at a stretch, are such as few English ladies can undergo, and are, even with men, undertakings rather of necessity than of pleasure. The mail is organized on the plan of the French *malle-poste*, and offers, to those who can stand the bumping, shaking, and churning of continued and rapid travelling without halting, a means of locomotion which leaves nothing to be desired. The diligences also are imitations of the lumbering French model. It will be in vain to expect in them the neatness, the well-appointed turn-out, the quiet, time-keeping, and infinite facilities of the English original. These matters when passed across the water are modified to the heroic Continental contempt for doing things in style; cheapness, which is their great principle, prefers rope-traces to those of leather, and a carter to a regular coachman: the usual foreign drags also exist, which render their slow coaches and bureaucratic absurdities so hateful to free Britons; but when one is once booked and handed over to the conductor, you arrive in due time at the journey's end. The "guards" are realities; they consist of stout, armed, most picturesque, robber-like men and no mistake, since many, before they were pardoned and pensioned, have frequently taken a purse on the Queen's highway; for the foreground of your first sketch, they are splendid fellows, and worth a score of marshals. They are provided with a complete arsenal of swords and blunderbusses, so that the cumbersome machine rolling over the sea of plains looks like a man-of-war, and has been compared to a marching citadel. Again, in suspicious localities, a mounted escort of equally suspicious look gallops alongside, nor is the primitive practice of black mail altogether neglected: the consequence of these admirable precautions is, that the diligences are seldom or never robbed; the thing, however, is possible.

The whole of this garrisoned Noah's ark is placed under the command of the *Mayoral* or conductor, who like all Spanish men in authority is a despot, and yet, like them, is open to the conciliatory influences of a bribe. He regulates the hours of toil and sleep, which latter—blessings, says Sancho, on the man who invented it!—is uncertain, and depends on the early or late arrival of the diligence, and the state of the roads, for all that is lost of the fixed time on the road is made up for by curtailing the time allowed for repose. One of the many good effects of setting up diligences is the bettering of the inns on the road; and it is a safe and general rule to travellers in Spain, whatever be their vehicle, always to inquire in every town which is the *posada* that the diligence stops at. Persons were dispatched from Madrid to the different stations on the great lines, to fit up houses, bed-rooms, and kitchens, and provide everything for table service; cooks were sent round to teach the innkeepers to set out and prepare a proper dinner and supper. Thus, in villages in which, a few years before, the use of a fork was scarcely known, a table was laid out, clean, well served, and abundant. The example set by the diligence inns has produced a beneficial effect, since they offer a model, create competition, and suggest the existence of many comforts, which were hitherto unknown among Spaniards, whose abnegation of material enjoyments at home, and praiseworthy endurance of privations of all kinds on journeys, are quite Oriental.

In some of the new companies every expense is calculated in the fare, to wit, journey, postilions, inns, &c., which is very convenient to the stranger, and prevents the loss of much money and temper. A chapter on the diligence is as much a standing dish in every Peninsular tour, as a bullfight or a bandit adventure, for which there is a continual demand in the home-market; and no doubt in the long distances of Spain, where men and women are boxed up for three or four mortal days together (the nights not being omitted)

the plot thickens, and opportunity is afforded to appreciate costume and character; and the farce or tragedy may be spun out into as many acts as the journey takes days. In general the order of the course is as follows: the breakfast consists at early dawn of a cup of good stiff chocolate, which, being the favourite drink of the church, and allowable even on fast days, is as nutritious as delicious. It is accompanied by a bit of roasted or fried bread, and is followed by a glass of cold water, to drink which is an axiom with all wise men who respect the efficient condition of their livers. After rumbling on, over a given number of leagues, when the passengers get well shaken together and hungry, a regular knife-and-fork breakfast is provided which closely resembles the dinner or supper which is served up later in the evening; the table is plentiful, and the cookery, to those who like oil and garlic, excellent. Those who do not, can always fall back on the bread and eggs, which are capital; the wine is occasionally like purple blacking, and sometimes serves also as vinegar for the salad, as the oil is said to be used indifferently for lamps or stews; a bad dinner, especially if the bill be long, and the wine sour, does not sweeten the passengers' tempers; they become quarrelsome, and if they have the good luck, a little robber skirmish gives vent to ill-humour.

At nightfall after supper, a few hours are allowed on your part to steal whatever rest the *mayoral* and certain *voltigeurs*, creeping and winged, will permit; the beds are plain and clean; sometimes the mattresses may be compared to sacks of walnuts, but there is no pillow so soft as fatigue; the beds are generally arranged in twos, threes, and fours, according to the size of the room. The traveller should immediately on arriving secure his, and see that it is comfortable, for those who neglect to get a good one must sleep in a bad. Generally speaking, by a little management, he may get a room to himself, or at least select his companions. There is, moreover, a real civility and politeness shown by all

classes of Spaniards, on all occasions, towards strangers and ladies; and, that even failing, a small tip, "*una gratificacioncita*," given beforehand to the maid, or the waiter, seldom fails to smooth all difficulties. On these, as on all occasions in Spain, most things may be obtained by good humour, a smile, a joke, a proverb, a cigar, or a bribe, which, though last, is by no means the least resource, since it will be found to mollify the hardest heart and smooth the greatest difficulties, after civil speeches had been tried in vain, for *Dadivas quebrantan peñas, y entra sin barrenas* (gifts break rocks, and penetrate without gimlets); again, *Mas ablanda dinero que palabras de Caballero* (cash softens more than a gentleman's palaver). The mode of driving in Spain, which is so unlike our way of handling the ribbons, is described at p. 89.

Means of conveyance for those who cannot afford the diligence are provided by vehicles of more genuine Spanish nature and discomfort; they may be compared to the neat accommodation for man and beast which is doled out to third-class passengers by our monopolist railway kings, who have usurped her Majesty's highway, and fleece her lieges by virtue of act of Parliament.

First and foremost comes the *galera*, which fully justifies its name; and even those who have no value for their time or bones, will, after a short trial of the rack and dislocation, exclaim,—"*Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère?*" These machines travel periodically from town to town, and form the chief public and carrier communication between most provincial cities; they are not much changed from that classical cart, the *rheda*, in which, as we read in Juvenal, the whole family of Fabricius was conveyed. In Spain these primitive locomotives have stood still in the general advance of this age of progress, and carry us back to our James I., and Fynes Moryson's account of "carryers who have long covered waggons, in which they carry passengers from city to city; but this kind of journeying is so tedious, by

reason they must take waggons very early, and come very late to their inns, none but women and people of inferior condition used to travel in this sort." So it is now in Spain.

This *galera* is a long cart without springs; the sides are lined with matting, while beneath hangs a loose open net, as under the calesinas of Naples, in which lies and barks a horrid dog, who keeps a Cerberus watch over iron pots and sieves, and such-like gipsy utensils, and who is never to be conciliated. These *galeras* are of all sizes; but if a *galera* should be a larger sort of vehicle than is wanted, then a "*tartana*," a sort of covered tilted cart, which is very common in Valencia, and which is so called from a small Mediterranean craft of the same name, will be found convenient.

The packing and departure of the *galera*, when hired by a family to remove their goods, is a thing of Spain; the heavy luggage is stowed in first, and beds and mattresses spread on the top, on which the family repose in admired disorder. The *galera* is much used by the "poor students" of Spain, a class unique of its kind, and full of rags and impudence; their adventures have the credit of being rich and picturesque, and recall some of the accounts of "waggon incidents" in 'Roderick Random,' and Smollett's novels.

Civilization, as connected with the wheel, is still at a low ebb in the remoter parts of Spain, notwithstanding the numerous political revolutions. Except in a few great towns, the quiz vehicles remind us of those caricatures at which one laughed so heartily in Paris in 1814; and in Madrid, even down to Ferdinand VII.'s decease, the *Prado*—its Rotten Row—was filled with antediluvian carriages—grotesque coachmen and footmen to match, which with us would be put into the British Museum; they are now, alas for painters and authors! worn out, and replaced by poor French imitations of good English originals.

As the genuine older Spanish ones were built in remote ages, and before the invention of folding steps, the

ascent and descent were facilitated by a three-legged footstool, which dangled, strapped up near to door, as appears in the hieroglyphics of Egypt 4000 years ago; a pair of long-eared fat mules, with hides and tails fantastically cut, was driven by a superannuated postilion in formidable jackboots, and not less formidable cocked hat of oil-cloth. In these, how often have been seen Spanish grandes with pedigrees as old-fashioned, gravely taking the air and dust! These slow coaches of old Spain have been rapidly sketched by the clever young American; such are the ups and downs of nations and vehicles. Spain for having discovered America has in return become her butt; she cannot go a-head; so the great dust of Alexander may stop a bung-hole, and we too join in the laugh, and forget that our ancestors—see Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Maid of the Inn'—talked of "*hurrying* on featherbeds that move upon four-wheel Spanish *caroches*."

While on wheel subjects it may be observed that the carts and other machines of Spanish rural locomotion and husbandry have not escaped better; when not Oriental they are Roman; rude in form and material, they are always odd, picturesque, and inconvenient. The peasant, for the most part, scratches the earth with a plough modelled after that invented by Triptolemus, beats out his corn as described by Homer, and carries his harvest home in strict obedience to the rules in the Georgics. The ironwork is iniquitous, but both sides of the Pyrenees are centuries behind England: there, absurd tariffs prohibit the importation of our cheap and good work in order to encourage their own bad and dear wares—thus poverty and ignorance are perpetuated.

The carts in the north-west provinces are the unchanged *plaustra*, with solid wheels, the Roman *tympana* which consist of mere circles of wood, without spokes or axles, much like millstones or Parmesan cheeses, and precisely such as the old Egyptians used, as is seen in hieroglyphics, and no doubt much resembling those sent

by Joseph for his father, which are still used by the Affghans and other unadvanced coachmakers. The whole wheel turns round together with a piteous creaking; the drivers, whose leathern ears are as blunt as their edgeless teeth, delight in this excruciating *Chirrio* (Arabicè *charrar*, to make a noise), which they call music, and delight in, because it is cheap, and plays to them of itself; they moreover think it frightens wolves, bears, and the devil himself, as Don Quijote says, which it well may, for the wheel of Ixion, although damned in hell, never whined more piteously. The doleful sounds, however, serve like our waggoners' lively bells, as warnings to other drivers, who, in narrow paths and gorges of rocks, where two carriages cannot pass, have this notice given them, and draw aside until the coast is clear.

The *Coche de colleras* (see p. 88), the *caroche* of horse-collars, which is the real coach of Spain, is doomed to be scheduled away, for Spaniards are descending from these coaches and six to a chariot and pair, and, by degrees beautifully less, to a fly.

Mails and diligences, we have said, are only established on the principal high roads: there are but few local coaches which run from one provincial town to another, where the necessity of frequent and certain intercommunication is little called for. In the other provinces, where these modern conveniences have not been introduced, the earlier mode of travelling is the only resource left to families of children, women, and invalids, who are unable to perform the journey on horseback. This is the *festina lentè*, or *voiturier* system; and from its long continuance in Italy and Spain, in spite of all the improvements adopted in other countries, it would appear to have something congenial, and peculiarly fitted to the habits and wants of those cognate nations of the south, who have a Gotho-Oriental dislike to be hurried—*No corre priesa* (there is plenty of time.) *Sie haben Zeit genug.*

Don Carlos. See Durango.

Don Quijote (or Don Quijote as it is now spelt). According to M. Montesquieu, the sayer of smart things, "this, the one and only good book of Spain, is employed in exposing the ridicule of all others." Certainly, for Don Quijote's sake, a vast tribe of Spanish sins in print may be spared, which, to no loss of mankind, might be condemned to the fire of the Don's niece or the furnace of the inquisition of Ximenez; but we must not suppose that it was written to put down knight-errantry; that exponent of a peculiar age had passed with its age, and had Don Quijote been a mere satire on it, both the conqueror and conquered would long ago have been buried in the same grave and forgotten. Those who say that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," forget that it had expired at least a century before his birth. It is impossible not to see that it is "Cervantes loquitur" all through, and that the tale is made the vehicle for his own chivalrous temperament, and for his philosophical comment on human life, his criticisms on manners, institutions, and literature. The actors in the narrative—the "*Cura*," for instance, the Canon, and Don Quijote himself—are the mouth-piece of the author, as the "*Cautivo*" is the hero of some of his real adventures when captive in Algiers. Don Quijote is a delineation of the old high-bred Castilian, a hater of injustice and lover of virtue; he is indeed a monomaniac, but that one point is not one which is unbecoming to an *hidalgo*; although the sweet bells of his intellect are jangled and out of tune, he is always the gentleman, always disinterested, generous, elevated, and beneficent; he gradually recovers his senses in the second part, when our feelings of pity and sympathy, always strong in his favour, increase. Cervantes probably did not intend or anti-

cipate the spirit of ridicule which he excited against this sentiment of "the chivalrous;" accordingly the tone and character of his hero rise in the second part; he is exposed to somewhat fewer rude and less personal mishaps. Undoubtedly Cervantes contributed to injure the heroic and energetic character of the old Castilian, for one cannot laugh at books of chivalry without in some wise affecting the principle; but his real and avowed object was to put an end to the absurd romances which it was then all the fashion to read.

The second part was produced in consequence of an author under the name of Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, having put forth a spurious continuation, published at Tarragona, 1614. This called up the hitherto careless Cervantes, who has transfixed the plagiarist by the *banderillas* of his wit. He then became so chary of his hero that he killed him, in order, as Addison said of Sir Roger de Coverley, that no one else might murder him; then, as he says with honest pride, "did *Cid Hamet Ben Engeli* lay down his pen, and place it up so high that none since have ever been able to take it down." This name of Ben Engel, is thought by Conde to shadow out in Arabic the Spanish word "*Cervantes*," the "son of the stag," *Cieruo*; the final *ez* being in Basque nomenclature equivalent to our son, Juan-Juanes, John-Johnson. The prefix Ben-Ibn meaning "son" in the Arabic, is the French Fitz-fils, and Eggel-Agl is a stag.

It is a mistake to consider Sancho Panza (*Paunch*) to be a vulgar clown; he is the homely, shrewd, natural native of La Mancha, and may be compared with the grave-diggers in "*Hamlet*," or the *Δῆμος* in Aristophanes. Notwithstanding his preferring his belly to honour, and his *bota* to truth, his constant and truly Spanish reference to self and his own interests, we love him for the true affection which he bears to his master, for his Boswell-like admiration, which hopes everything, believes everything, in spite of his hero's eccentricities, which he cannot help noticing and condemning.

But none who have ridden far and long with a single humble Spanish attendant, will think either his credulity or confidence in the least forced. The influence of the master spirit over the *man* is unbounded; nor is it any exaggeration to say, that these squires end in believing their English "*amo*" to be invincible and infallible, if not supernatural, although not perhaps owing to a very orthodox spiritual connexion. Hence the Spanish troops, composed of such materials, entertained, said the Duke (Disp. May 6, 1812), an opinion that our soldiers were invincible, and that it was only necessary for them to *appear* (like Santiago) to secure success. The attachment of these fine fellows becomes devotion, and they will follow their new master to the end of the world like a dog, leaving their own home, and kith and kin. Neither is the admirable and decorous conduct of Sancho, when made a governor, at all in variance with Catholic, Spanish, or Oriental usages. There the serf is the raw material for the Pasha and Regent. "*Debajo de ser hombre puedo venir á ser Papa*," says Sancho. In Spain, as in the East, the veriest Jack-in-office, armed with authority, becomes in his petty locality the representative of the absolute king; he suffices for the welfare of the many, or, it may be their oppression, as did the jawbone of an ass in the hands of a Samson. Again, where laws and habits of ceremonial manner are so well defined, and the bearing of the lower classes so naturally high bred, every one on his promotion falls, like the Oriental, into his place, without effort or uncertainty.

The spirit of wit which pervades Don Quijote is enhanced by the happy and original idea of bringing the sublime into constant contact with the ridiculous; hence the never-failing charm of the conversations of master and man, *los graciosos razonamientos*, the well-compounded salad of practical, utilitarian, all-for-the-main-chance, common sense, with the most elevated abstract romance of chivalrous *μεγαλαψυχεία*; yet the opposition, however marked, is always natural. The

Hidalgo, tall, spare, and punctilious, clad in armour, and mounted on a steed worthy of the burden, is balanced by the short, round, fat, and familiar squire, clad in his *paño pardo*, and straddling his ignoble "*rucio*." The one brave, temperate, and vigilant, the other cowardly, greedy, and somnolent: never was the *tel maître tel valet* doctrine more contradicted. The master, always reasoning well and acting absurdly; the servant, like the Spaniard in general, seeing clearly and distinctly what is brought closely to him, but with no wider grasp than his own petty profit and locality. Both, however, are always and equally serious, and intensely in earnest: the knight never losing sight of his high calling, the squire of his own eating, interest, and island, and, to make perfection perfect, both speaking Spanish, that magnificent and ceremonious idiom, at the same time so capable of expressing the proverbial mother wit of the lower classes. This state-paper language of big promise, and beggarly, not to say ridiculous, performance, has long been, and long will be, the natural and appropriate vernacular of juntas and generals, and the multitudinous Quijotes and Quesadas of the Peninsula.

This truth to Spanish nature, and the constant contrast of the sublime and the ridiculous, of grandeur and poverty, runs like a vein of gold throughout the whole novel. If true wit consists in bringing together things which have no apparent connexion, then all books must yield to this. The high is always being brought alongside the low by the master, and the low raised up to the high by the servant, by Don Quijote in ventas, and by Sancho among dukes and duchesses. It is the true Mock Heroic, and another charm is the *propriety* of the story: everything is possible, nay probable, to happen to any one whose head was turned by knight-errantry, and who set forth in search of adventures at that period and in that country. The simple-spoken villager, thus transported into new society, delights mankind by his earnestness, his absence of all pretension to be saying good things, and

his utter unconsciousness of the merriment which they produce. He never laughs at his own jokes, which others do all the more, for although he never read a word of his countryman Quintilian, he fully acts on his principle:—"*Quam plurimum dictis severitas affert, sitque ridiculum id ipsum quia qui dicit non ridet*" (Inst. vi. 3). So Sancho, like Falstaff, is not only droll himself, but the cause of wit in others. The happy idea of juxta-position in this novel is one reason why all nations love it; however ill translated, there is no mistaking the rich racy wit of sayings, doings, and situations; from our delight in this well-conceived plot, and in our eagerness to get on with the story, to the master and his man, we skim over the episodes, the beautiful descriptions, the rural and poetical disquisitions. The delicate Spanish "*Borracha*" is, however, untranslatable; like Burgundy, it must be quaffed on the spot; the aroma is too fine for transportation. The proverbs of Sancho are comparatively misplaced out of Spain. To English ears they convey a sort of vulgarity, which they neither do, nor were intended to do, with Spaniards. Cervantes, like Shakspeare, is honourably distinguished from his contemporaries, by an avoidance of those coarse, dirty, and indecent allusions, which were then so prevalent in the picaresque and fashionable literature, inasmuch that he was condemned as austere: he felt "that a want of decency is a want of sense." His moral is always high, he shuns and abhors the low,—*odit profanum vulgus et arceat*. With him repressed thought took refuge in light burlesque, in hidden irony, and side-wind assaults. His critical taste led him equally to eschew the affected euphuisms of the day; his tact and judgment always kept his wit and ridicule in its proper place, while a rich air of poetry, and a dramatic delineation of character, which are breathed over the whole, show that he was not merely a writer of novels, but of tragedy almost reaching the epic. Never let Don Quijote be out of our readers' *alforjas*. Let it be one of the "*little books*" which Dr. Johnson said

no man ought ever "not to have in his pocket." It is the best HAND-BOOK for La Mancha, moral and geographical: there is nothing in it imaginary except the hero's monomania. It is the best comment on Spaniards, who themselves form the most explanatory notes on the work, which reflects the form and pressure of them and their country.

One word on the different and the best editions of this Shakspeare of Spain.* Happy the man whose eye can glance on a goodly set of the earliest, worthily arrayed in fawn, olive, and tender-tinted old morocco! and such as may be seen in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum. The first edition of the first part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1605; the first edition of the same, as amended by the author, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1608: the first edition of the second part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1615; and consult Brunet, 'Manuel du Libraire' (i. 370), and 'Nouvelles Recherches' (i. 295). Of the reprints of the original text the first really fine one was published in London by Tonson, 4 vols. 4to. 1737, as the first really critical one was that of John Bowles, 6 vols. 4to. 1781, and from which every subsequent commentator has borrowed largely. Of modern Spanish editions the finest, that "*de lujo*," was published for the Academy of Madrid, by Ibarra, 4 vols. 8vo. 1780. That of Juan Ant^o Pellicer, 6 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1797, contains many valuable notes. The last, and not the least, is that of Don Diego Clemencin, the author of the 'Memoirs of Queen Isabella,' 6 vols. 4to. 1833-39.

Don Quijote has been translated into most languages; but England,

whose practical genius had anticipated this travestie of the knight-errant in the Sir Topaz of Chaucer,—England, the real nation for wit and genuine caricature, the land of Butler, Fielding, and Hogarth,—has published far more splendid translations of Don Quijote than the rest of the continent. The best in some respects, is the earliest, that of Thomas Skelton, 1612-1620, which breathes the spirit of the age and quaint manners. Of those by Smollett, Jarvis, and Motteux, the last is the very worst. It is, however, a *peccado mortal*—a heresy—to read Don Quijote except in his own language. Such authors, like Dante, fix a language; from the feeling that they cannot be adequately translated we learn the original. What idea can be formed of Shakspeare, when curled and powdered by Monsieur Ducis? Even Schiller and Schlegel, translating into a cognate idiom a cognate work, have often missed the charm, and turned English gold into German silver.

Cervantes, like Velazquez, was not merely a portrait-painter of the Hidalgo, but a poet—a critic of poets, and somewhat too true a one to be very popular—an author of comedy, tragedy, satire, and light novels. To him was granted that rarest gift of the Deity, *invention*, that spark of the Creator's own prerogative. The popularity of Don Quijote has eclipsed, and justly, the other works of Cervantes, and his taste and style in the drama approached too nearly to the Greek theatre to succeed with Spaniards, whose *Españolismo* prefers the particular nature by which it is surrounded. His 'Numantia' and 'Trato de Argel' have been compared to the 'Persæ' and 'Prometheus.' This Iberian Æschylus gave way before the rising sun of Lope de Vega; he retired as did Walter Scott before Byron, to immortalise himself by his novels. Lope de Vega was also imitated by the elegant and poetical Calderon and the soft harmonious Guillen de Castro. These three illustrious authors were as nearly contemporaries as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks; Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Ford among the English.

* Cervantes and Shakspeare died *nominally* on the same day—Pellicer says, 23rd April, 1616; but it must always be remembered, in comparing Spanish dates with English, that dates apparently the same are not so in reality. The Gregorian calendar was adopted in Spain in 1582, in England in 1751. We must therefore make an allowance between the old style and the new style, and add to the English date, in order to obtain the true corresponding Spanish date previously to 1751, 10 days up to 1699, and 11 afterwards. Cervantes lived and died poor. Spain, ever ungrateful to those who serve her best, raised no monument to his memory. It is only the other day that she has given him a stope, to whom living she denied bread.

They elevated their stage to the highest pitch of excellence, from whence it soon declined, for such is the condition of human greatness. The first edition of the theatrical works of Cervantes, '*Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses*,' was published at Mad. by the Viuda de Alonzo Martin, in 1615. It was republished at Mad. in 2 vols., 1749.

The amusing little satire in verse of Cervantes, '*El Viaje al Parnaso*,' has not been sufficiently estimated out of Spain. The first edition is that of Alonzo Martin, Mad. 1614; Sancha republished it at Mad. in 1784.

The first edition of his other novels, '*Novelas exemplares*,' that of Juan de Cuesta, Mad. 1613, is rare: in default of which the collector must be contented with the Mad. edition of Sancha, 2 vols. 1783; '*Los trabajos de Persiles*,' were first published at Mad. in 1617.

One word now for honest Sancho Panza's proverbs, *Refranes*, which are peculiarly classical, Oriental, and Spanish. These ethical maxims, *Γνωμαί*, these wise saws and instances, are in the mouth of every Solomon or Sancho of the Peninsula; they are the "refrain," the chorus and burden of their song: they are the philosophy of the many, the condensed experience and knowledge of ages, when the wit of one man becomes the wisdom of thousands. The constant use of a *refrain* gives the Spaniard his sententious, dogmatical admixture of humour, truism, twaddle, and common sense; a proverb well introduced—*magnas secat res*: is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. This shooting a discourse is always greeted with a smile from high or low: it is essential, national, and peculiar, like the pitched skin *borrachá* to Spanish wines, and garlic to their stews: therefore we have sometimes larded our humble pages with this flavouring condiment.

Collectors of Spanish proverbs may purchase '*Proverbios*,' Lopez de Mendoza, fol. Sevilla, 1509; '*Refranes*,' Hernan Núñez el comendador, fol. Salamanca, 1555; or the 4to. ed., Lérida, 1621, which has the curious work of Mallara reprinted with it, the original edition of which, entitled '*La Philoso-*

phia Vulgar,' by Joan de Mallara, is a folio, Sevilla, 1568, and absolutely necessary to curious collectors. There is also *Lugares communes*, 4to., printed at Madrid, 1613, by Juan de la Cuesta, the publisher of Cervantes. The modern collection by Repulles, in 6 duo. volumes, is useful.

Dos de Mayo. See Madrid, Pt. I., p. 31.

Drinks of the Peninsula.—In dipping into Spanish liquids we shall not mix wine with water, but keep them separate, as most Spaniards do; the latter is entitled to rank first, by those who prefer the opinion of Pindar, who held water to be the best of things, to that of Anacreon, who was not a member of any temperance society. The profound regard for water of a Spaniard is quite Oriental; at the same time, as his blood is partly Gothic and partly Arabic, his allegiance is equally mixed and divided; thus, if he adores the juice of flints like a Moslem, he venerates the juice of the grape like a German.

Water is the blood of the earth, and the purificator of the body in tropical regions and in creeds which, being regulated by latitudes, enforce frequent ablu-tion; loud are the praises of Arab writers of wells and water-brooks, and great is their fountain and pool worship, dipping in which, if their miraculous cases are to be credited, effects more and greater cures than those worked by hydropathists at Grafenberg; a Spaniard's idea of a paradise on earth, of a "garden," is a well-watered district; irrigation is fertility and wealth, and therefore, as in the East, wells, brooks, and water-courses have been a constant source of bickering; nay the very word *rivalry* has been derived from these quarrel and law-suit engendering rivers, as the name given to the well for which the men of Gerah and Isaac differed, was called *Esek* from the contention.

The flow of water cannot be mistaken; the most dreary sterility edges

the most luxuriant plenty, the most hopeless barrenness borders on the richest vegetation; the line of demarcation is perceived from afar, dividing the tawny desert from the verdurous garden. The Moors who came from the East were fully sensible of the value of this element; they collected the best springs with the greatest care, they dammed up narrow gorges into reservoirs, they constructed pools and underground cisterns, stemmed valleys with aqueducts that poured in rivers, and in a word exercised a magic influence over this element, which they guided and wielded at their will; their system of irrigation was far too perfect to be improved by Spaniards or even destroyed. In those favoured districts where their artificial contrivances remain, Flora still smiles and Ceres rejoices with Pomona; wherever the ravages of war or the neglect of man have ruined them, the garden has relapsed into the desert, and plains once overflowing with corn, gladness, and population, have shrunk into sad and silent deserts.

The fountains of Spain, especially in the hotter and more Moorish districts, are numerous; they cannot fail to strike and please the stranger, whether they be situated in the public walk, the garden, market-place, or private dwelling. Their mode of supply is simple: a river which flows down from the hills is diverted at a certain height from its source, and is carried in an artificial canal, which retains the original elevation, into a reservoir placed above the town which is to be served; as the waters rise to their level, the force, body, and altitude of some of the columns thrown up are very great. In our cold country, where, except at Charing Cross, the stream is conveyed underground and unseen, all this gush of waters, of dropping diamonds in the bright sun, which cools the air, and gladdens the sight and ear, is unknown. Again there is a waste of the "article," which would shock a Chelsea Waterworks Director, and induce the rate-collector to refer to the fines, as per Act of Parliament. The fondest wish of those Spaniards who wear long-

tailed coats, is to imitate those gentry; they are ashamed of the patriarchal uncivilised system of their ancestors—much prefer the economical lead pipe to all this extravagant and gratuitous splashing—they love a turncock better than the most Oriental Rebecca who comes down to draw water. The fountains in Spain as in the East are the meeting and greeting places of woman-kind; here they flock, old and young, infants and grandmothers. It is a sight to drive a water-colour painter crazy, such is the colour, costume, and groupings, such is the clatter of tongues and crockery, such is the life and action; now trip along a bevy of damsel Hebes with upright forms and chamois step, light yet true; more graceful than opera-dancers, they come laughing and carolling along, poising on their heads pitchers modelled after the antique, and after everything which a Sèvres jug is not. It would seem that to draw water is a difficult operation, so long are they lingering near the sweet fountain's rim. It indeed is their *al fresco* rout, their *tertulia*; here for a while the hand of woman-labour ceases, and the urn stands still; here more than even after church mass, do the young discuss their dress and lovers, the middle-aged and mothers descant on babies and housekeeping; all talk, and generally at once; but gossip refresheth the daughters of Eve, whether in gilded boudoir or near mossy fountain, whose water, if a dash of scandal be added, becomes sweeter than *eau sucrée*.

The Iberians were decided water-drinkers, and this trait of their manners, which are modified by climate that changes not, still exists as the sun that regulates: the vinous Greek Athenæus was amazed that even rich Spaniards should prefer water to wine; and to this day they are, if possible, less curious about the quality of the latter; they will just drink the wine that grows the nearest, while they look about and enquire for the best water; thus even our cook Francisco, who certainly had one of the best places in Seville, and who, although a good artiste, was a better rascal—qualities not incompat-

ible—preferred to sacrifice his interests rather than go to Granada, because this man of the fire had heard that the water there was bad.

The mother of the Arabs was tormented with thirst, which her Hispano-Moro children have inherited ; in fact in the dog-days, of which here there are packs, unless the mortal clay be frequently wetted, it would crumble to bits like that of a figure model. Fire and water are the elements of Spain, whether at an *auto de fé* or in a church-stoop ; with a cigar in his mouth a Spaniard smokes likes Vesuvius, and is as dry, combustible, and inflammatory ; and properly to understand the truth of Solomon's remark, that cold water is to a thirsty soul as refreshing as good news, one must have experienced what thirst is in the exposed plains of the calcined Castiles, where *coup de soleil* is rife, and the brains of gentlemen on horseback seem to be melting like those of Don Quijote, when Sancho put the curds into his helmet. It is just the country to which to send a patient, who is troubled with hydrophobia. "Those rayes," to use the words of old Howell, "that do but warm you in England, do roast you here ; those beams that irradiate onely, and gild your honey-suckled fields, do here scorch and parch the chinky gaping soyle, and put too many wrinkles upon the face of your common mother."

Then, when the heavens and earth are on fire, and the sun drinks up rivers at one draught, when one burnt sienna tone pervades the tawny ground, and the green herb is shrivelled up into black gunpowder, and the rare pale ashy olive-trees are blanched into the livery of the desert ; then, when the heat and harshness make even the salamander muleteers swear doubly, as they toil along like demons in an ignited salitrose dust—then, indeed, will an Englishman discover that he is made of the same material, only drier, and learn to estimate water ; but a good thirst is too serious an evil, too bordering on suffering, to be made, like an appetite, a matter of congratulation ; for when all fluids evaporate, and the blood thickens into currant jelly, and

the nerves tighten up into the catgut of an overstrung fiddle, getting attuned to the porcupinal irritability of the tension of the mind, how the parched soul sighs for the comfort of a Scotch mist, and fondly turns back to the uvula-relaxing damps of Devon!—then, in the blackhole-like thirst of the wilderness, every mummy-hag rushing from a reed hut, with a porous cup of brackish water, is changed by the mirage into a Hebe, bearing the nectar of the immortals ; then how one longs for the most wretched *Venta*, which heat and thirst convert into the Clarendon, since in it at least will be found water and shade, and an escape from the god of fire ! Well may Spanish historians boast, that his orb at the creation first shone over Toledo, and never since has set on the dominions of the great king, who, as we are assured by Señor Berni, has the sun for his hat—" *tiene al sol por su sombrero* ;" but humbler mortals who are not grandes of this solar system, and to whom a *coup de soleil* is neither a joke nor a metaphor, should stow away non-conductors of heat in the crown of their beavers. Thus Apollo himself preserved us. And oh ! ye our fair readers, who chance to run such risks, and value complexion, take for Heaven's sake a parasol and an *Alcarraza*.

This clay utensil—as its Arabic name *al Karaset* implies—is a porous refrigeratory vessel, in which water when placed in a current of hot air becomes chilled by evaporation ; it is to be seen hung up on poles dangling from branches, suspended to waggons—in short, is part and parcel of a Spanish scene in hot weather and localities ; every *posada* has rows of them at the entrance, and the first thing every one does on entering, before wishing even the hostess Good morning, or asking permission, is to take a full draught : all classes are learned on the subject, and although on the whole they cannot be accused of teetotalism, they are loud in their praises of the pure fluid. The common form of praise is *agua muy rica* (very rich water). According to their proverbs, good water should have neither taste, smell, nor colour, "*ni*

sabor, olor, ni color," it neither makes men sick nor in debt; nor women widows, "*que no enferma, no adeuda, no enviuda*," and besides being cheaper than wine, beer, or brandy, it does not brutalize the consumer, nor deprive him of his common sense or good manners.

As Spaniards at all times are as dry as the desert or a sponge, selling water is a very active business; on every alameda and Prado shrill voices of the sellers of drinks and mouth-combustibles—"vendedores de combustibles de boca"—are heard crying, "Fire, fire," *candela*—Water; who wants water?—"Agua; quien quiere agua?" which, as these Orientals generally exaggerate, is described as *mas fresca que la nieve* (colder than snow); and near them little Murillo-like urchins run about with lighted ropes like artillerymen for the convenience of smokers, that is, for every ninety and nine males out of a hundred; while water-carriers, or rather retail pedestrian aqueducts, follow thirst like fire-engines; the *Agua-dor* carries on his back, like his colleague in the East, a porous water-jar, with a little cock by which it is drawn out; he is usually provided with a small tin box strapped to his waist, and in which he stows away his glasses, brushes, and some light *azucarillos*—*panales*, which are made of sugar and white of egg, which Spaniards dip and dissolve in their drink. In the town, at particular stations, water-mongers in wholesale have a shed, with ranges of jars, glasses, oranges, lemons, &c., and a bench or two on which the drinkers "untire themselves." In winter these are provided with an *añafe* or portable stove, which keeps a supply of hot water, to take the chill off the cold, for Spaniards, from a sort of dropsical habit, drink like fishes all the year round. Ferdinand the Catholic, on seeing a peasant drowned in a river, observed, "that he had never before seen a Spaniard who had had enough water."

At the same time it must be remembered that this fluid is applied with greater prodigality in washing their inside than their outside. Indeed, a clas-

sical author remarks that the Spaniards only learnt the use of hot water, as applicable to the toilette, from the Romans after the second Punic war. Their baths and *thermæ* were destroyed by the Goths, because they tended to encourage effeminacy; and those of the Moors were prohibited by the Gotho-Spaniards partly from similar reasons, but more from a religious hydrophobia. Ablutions and lustral purifications formed an article of faith with the Jew and Moslem, with whom "cleanliness is godliness," so the mendicant Spanish monks, according to their practice of setting up a directly antagonist principle, considered physical dirt as the test of moral purity and true faith; and by dining and sleeping from year's end to year's end in the same unchanged woollen frock, arrived at the height of their ambition, according to their view of the odour of sanctity, insomuch that Ximenez, who was himself a shirtless Franciscan, induced Ferdinand and Isabella, at the conquest of Granada, to close and abolish the Moorish baths. They forbade not only the Christians but the Moors from using anything but holy water. Fire, not water, became the grand element of inquisitorial purification.

The fair sex was warned by monks, who practised what they preached, that they should remember the cases of Susanna and Bathsheba, and of La Cava, whose fatal bathing under the royal palace at Toledo led to the downfall of the Gothic monarchy. Their aqueous anathemas extended not only to public, but to minutely private washings, regarding which Sanchez instructs the Spanish confessor to question his fair penitents, and not to absolve the overwashed. Many instances could be produced of the practical working of this enjoined rule; for instance, Isabella, the favourite daughter of Philip II., his eye, as he called her, made a solemn vow never to change her shift until Ostend was taken. The siege lasted three years, three months, and thirteen days. The royal garment acquired a tawny colour, which was called *Isabel* by the courtiers, in compliment to the pious princess. Again, Southey relates

that the devout Saint Eufraxia entered into a convent of 130 nuns, not one of whom had ever washed her feet, and the very mention of a bath was an abomination. These obedient daughters to their Capuchin confessors were what Gil de Avila termed a sweet garden of flowers, perfumed by the good smell and reputation of sanctity, "*ameno jardín de flores, olorosas por el buen odor y fama de santidad.*" Justice to the land of Castile soap requires us to observe that latterly, since the suppression of monks, both sexes, and the fair especially, have departed from the strict observance of the religious duties of their excellent grandmothers. Warm baths are now pretty generally established in the larger towns. At the same time, the interiors of bedrooms, whether in inns or private houses, as well by the striking absence of glass and china utensils, which to English notions are absolute necessities, as by the presence of French pie-dish basins, and duodecimo jugs, frequently indicate that this "little damned spot" on the Spanish hand, has not yet been quite rubbed out.

However hot the day, dusty the road, or long the journey, it has never been our fate to see a Spanish attendant use a single drop of water as a detergent, or, as polite writers say, "perform his ablutions;" the constant habit of bathing and complete washing is undoubtedly one reason why the French and other continentals consider our soap-loving countrymen to be cracked. Under the Spanish Goths the Hemerobaptistæ, or people who washed their persons once a day, were set down as heretics. The Duke of Frias, when a few years ago on a fortnight's visit to an English lady, never once troubled his basins and jugs; he simply rubbed his face occasionally with the white of an egg, which, as Madame Daunoy records, was the only ablution of the Spanish ladies in the time of Philip IV.

But these details of the dressing-room are foreign to the use made in Spain of liquids in kitchen and parlour.

Cold liquids in the hot dry summers of Spain are necessities, not luxuries; snow and iced drinks are sold in the

streets at prices so low as to be within the reach of the poorest classes: the rich refrigerate themselves with *agraz*. This, the Moorish *Hacaraz*, is the most delicious and most refreshing drink ever devised by thirsty mortal; it is the *new* pleasure for which Xerxes wished in vain, and beats the "hock and soda water," the "*hoc erat in votis*" of Byron, and sherry cobbler itself. It is made of pounded unripe grapes, clarified sugar, and water; it is strained till it becomes of the palest straw-coloured amber, and is well iced. It is particularly well made in Andalusia, and it is worth going there in the dog-days, if only to drink it—it cools a man's body and soul. At Madrid an agreeable drink is sold in the streets: it is called *Michi Michi*, from the Valencian *Mitj e Mitj*, "half and half," and is as unlike the heavy wet mixture of London, as a coal-porter is to a pretty fair Valenciana. It is made of equal portions of barley-water and *orgeat of Chufas*, and is highly iced. The Spaniards, among other cooling fruits, eat their strawberries mixed with sugar and the juice of oranges, which will be found a more agreeable addition than the wine used by the French, or the cream of the English,—the one heats, and the other, whenever it is to be had, makes a man bilious in Spain. Spanish ices, *helados*, are apt to be too sweet, nor is the sugar well refined; the ices, when frozen very hard and in small forms, either representing fruits or shells, are called *quesos*, cheeses.

Another favourite drink is a weak bottled beer mixed with iced lemonade. Spaniards, however, are no great drinkers of beer, notwithstanding that their ancestors drank more of it than wine, which was not then either so plentiful or universal as at present; this substitute of grapeless countries passed from the Egyptians and Carthaginians into Spain, where it was excellent, and kept well. The vinous Roman soldiers derided the beer-drinking Iberians, just as the French did the English before the battle of Agincourt. "Can sodden water—barley-broth—decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?" Polybius sneers at the magni-

ficence of a Spanish king, because his home was furnished with silver and gold vases full of beer (barley-wine). The genuine Goths, as happens everywhere to this day, were great swillers of ale and beer, heady and stupefying mixtures, according to Aristotle. Their archbishop, St. Isidore, distinguished between *celia ceria*, the ale, and *cerbisia*, beer, whence the present word *cerbeza* is derived. Spanish beer, like many other Spanish matters, has now become small. Strong English beer is rare and dear; among one of the infinite ingenious absurdities of the law of Spanish customs, English beer in barrels used to be prohibited, as were English bottles if empty—but prohibited beer, in prohibited bottles, was admissible, on the principle that two fiscal negatives made an exchequer affirmative.

Driving in Spain. *See* Coche de Coleras.

Durango Decree (Don Carlos).—From Durango Don Carlos issued his decree, during the Christino-Carlist struggle, that all *foreigners* taken in arms against him should be put to death without trial; an Oriental and Draco-like proceeding, which, however disgusting to Europe, was in perfect accordance with all the immemorial and still existing laws and feelings of Spaniards among whom it was, is, and will be of an everyday occurrence, being simply one of the common form, one of the almost stereotyped *Bandos*, which every Spanish man armed with brief authority issues at once, and acts upon without mercy or remorse.

By some wiseacres it has been ascribed to the personal cruelty of Don Carlos, who has been stigmatised by penny-a-liners as a monster, on the ground that he was the inventor of such a summary process; but such accusers are either biassed by political prejudices, or utterly ignorant of the history and philosophy of Spain and

Spaniards, when they thus argue about the matter as if it had taken place in England. Don Carlos, whatever may have been his faults, which were rather those of head than heart, was a man of strict honour, and one by no means of a sanguinary or unforgiving disposition; he merely acted as his cabinet advised him, and exactly as ninety-nine out of one hundred Spaniards always have done before him.

Engravings (Spanish). *See* Introd., Pt. II., § 21.

Era (the). *See* Introd., Pt. II., § 27.

Espartero.—Baldomero Espartero was born in 1790. His father was a wheelwright. His mother was called "*la tía Perdiz*." The son, destined to be a monk, began life as a poor student, but, when the war of independence broke out, his martial turn led him to join *el batallón sagrado*. In 1816 he volunteered to serve in South America. Having, it is said, won money of Canterac and other generals, with whom pay was in a case of stagnation, he was paid by promotion. He fought well during the previous campaigns against Bolívar. This war was ended by the battle of *Ayacucho*,* in Lower Peru, where Sucre (Dec. 8, 1825) completely defeated the royalists. A *Cintra* convention ensued, by which the beaten officers secured their safe transportation to Spain, and to new titles; hence the depreciatory *apodo*, or, nickname, *Los Ayacuchos*, of which Maroto, Valdes, Rodil, Tacon, Seoane, and sundry other mediocrities were among the stars. Espartero having obtained the rank of a colonel, and being quartered at Logroño, there married Doña Jacinta de la Cruz, a most excellent lady of considerable fortune. The *Ayacuchos*, companions in dis-

* *Ayacucho* is an Indian word, and signifies the "plain of the dead," as it was the site of one of Almagro's and Pizarro's early butcheries of the poor aborigines, whose manes were now avenged.

grace, clung afterwards together; the defeats by the Carlists of the blundering Valdes, and Cordova, made way for Espartero, whose fortune was completed by the death of Zumalacarre-guy, and his relief of Bilbao by help of the English; then he soon managed the Vergara convention with his brother *Ayacucho* Maroto, and thus rose to be the Duke of Victory. Personally a very brave and honest man, he proved himself timid and vacillating in authority, and therefore fell under the intrigues of Christina and Louis Philippe; as Regent he showed his earnest desire to govern according to constitutional law.

Esparto Grass.—This product of the Southern provinces of Spain, the *Stipa*, or *Macrochloa tenacissima* of botanists, is now becoming of considerable commercial importance. It is in its nature somewhat similar to the “Spanish rush,” *Spartium Junceum*, with which it must not be confounded; perhaps, however, it more nearly resembles the beautiful feather-grass, with which every traveller in Southern Europe is familiar. Esparto grows in considerable profusion on the Eastern coast of Spain, and is also found in some parts of Algeria. It has been long in use in the Spanish Navy for cordage, and many articles of domestic utility are manufactured from it. The great tenacity of its fibre enables these articles to wear for a considerable period: a large proportion of the ropes, mats, baskets, and shoes which are now in use in the South of Spain, are made from this plant. Its increased commercial importance, however, mainly results from its utility as an agent in the manufacture of paper. All vegetable fibres with a corrugated edge, and which are capable of being macerated into pulp, have in their turn been used for the purpose. With the exception of linen or cotton rags, esparto seems now to be acknowledged as the best material for making paper; and probably, when increased facilities of com-

munication diminish its present cost, its consumption may even exceed that of rags. It was first introduced into this country in 1857, and at the present time more than 100,000 tons of it are imported annually.

Lloyd's Weekly News and various other newspapers of large circulation are printed upon Esparto paper. In Spain also, its paper-making qualities seem to be obtaining wide recognition, whilst the “Achbar,” a daily Algerian paper, is printed upon it. Esparto has been the subject of several patents since the first specimens of the plant, and of paper made from its fibre, were exhibited in the Algerian section of the Exhibition of 1851: it obtained prominent notice also in the Exhibition of 1862, the official catalogue itself being printed on esparto paper.

Several living specimens of the plant were safely brought to Newcastle in 1867, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether its cultivation can be successfully pursued on English soil. The use of Esparto in English paper-mills has given rise to various intricate questions of law, and to more than one Chancery suit. These cases have generally turned upon the question, as to whether a customary right to pollute a stream with the refuse of rags, will enable the owner of the right to pollute it instead with the refuse of esparto. They have generally arisen from the desire of riparian owners to put an end if possible to the right of pollution, because, as a matter of fact, the refuse of esparto is much less deleterious in its effects upon the animal and vegetable life of a stream, than the refuse of rags. The use of esparto is gradually extending, and it is becoming yearly of increased importance as an article of commerce, and thus a hitherto neglected weed will furnish an additional source of wealth to Spain. [J. F. B.]

The annual imports into this country of esparto from Spain in 1862 was 747 tons, which had increased to 65,000 tons in 1866; while in 1868 it amounted to 95,828 tons,—viz., from Spain 92,927 tons, valued at 599,213*l.*, from Algeria 2762 tons, other parts 139 tons.

Feet of Spanish Women.—The Spanish foot, female, which most travellers describe at length, is short, and with a high instep; it is plump, not to say pinched or contracted. An incarceration in over-small and pointed shoes (*il faut souffrir pour être belle*) occasionally renders the ankles puffy; but, as among the Chinese, the correct foot-measure is conventional; and he who investigates affairs with line and rule will probably discover that these *Gaditanas* will sooner find out the exact length of his foot, than he of theirs. The Spaniards abhor the French foot, which the rest of mankind admire—they term it “*un pie seco*,” dry measure. They, like Ariosto, prefer “*il breve asciutto e ritondello pede*.” Be that as it may, there can be no difference in opinion as to the stockings of open lace embroidery, *medias caladas*. They leave nothing to be desired. The Spanish satin shoe and white kid glove deserve the most serious attention of all our lady readers; although the former are somewhat too pointed, and cut too low in the quarter, whereby the pressure is thrown forward, and the tarsus and meta-tarsus uncovered, which occasions bunions; but vanity can endure even a corn.

Formerly the Spanish foot female was sedulously concealed; the dresses were make very long, after the Oriental *ποδηφης*, *Talaris* fashion; the least exposure was a disgrace; compare Isa. iii. 17; Jer. xiii. 22; Ezek. xvi. 25. As among the Germans (Tacitus, Ger. 19), so among the Spanish Goths, the shortening of a lady's *basquiña* was the deadliest affront; the castastrophe of the Infantes of Lara turns upon this curtailment of Doña Lambra's *sayá*. The feet of the Madonna are never allowed to be painted or engraved; and it was contrary to court etiquette to allude even to the possibility of the Queens of Spain having legs: they were a sort of royal *ποδα*, of the bird of Paradise species.

Figaro.—Few who love Don Quijote will deem any notice of the Peninsula complete in which the barber is not mentioned. Although the names of barber and surgeon have long been nearly synonymous in Spain, the barber is much to be preferred, insomuch as his cuts are less dangerous, and his conversation is more agreeable. He, with the curate, formed the quiet society of the Knight of La Mancha, as the apothecary and vicar used to make that of most of our country squires of England. Let, therefore, every Adonis of France, now bearded although young, nay, let each and all of our fair readers, albeit equally exempt from the pains and penalties of daily shaving, make instantly on reaching sunny Seville, a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Figaro. His shop—apocryphal it is to be feared as other legendary localities—lies near the cathedral, and is a no less established lion than is the house of Dulcinea at Toboso, or the prison tower of Gil Blas at Segovia. Such is the magic power of genius. Cervantes and Le Sage have given form, fixture, and local habitation to the airy nothings of their fancy's creations, while Mozart and Rossini, by filling the world with melody, have bidden the banks of the Guadalquivir re-echo to their sweet inventions. In a land where beards were long honoured as the type of valour and chivalry, and where shaving took the precedence of surgery, even to this day, *la tienda de barbero*, the shop of the man of the razor, is better supplied than many a Spanish hospital, both with patients and cutting instruments.

One word first on the black whiskers of tawny Spain. These *patillas*, as they are now termed, must be distinguished from the ancient mustachio, the *mostacho*, a very classical but almost obsolete word, which the scholars of Salamanca have derived from *μυστάξ*, the upper lip. Their present and usual name is *Bigote*, which is also of foreign etymology, being the Spanish corruption of the German oath *bey gott*, and formed under the following circumstances; for nicknames, which stick like burrs, often survive

the history of their origin. The free-riding followers of Charles V., who wore these tremendous appendages of manhood, swore like troopers, and gave themselves infinite airs, to the more infinite disgust of their Spanish comrades, who have a tolerably good opinion of themselves, and a first-rate hatred of all their foreign allies. These strange mustachios caught their eyes, as the stranger sounds which proceeded from beneath them did their ears. Having a quick sense of the ridiculous, and a most Oriental and schoolboy knack at a nickname, they thereupon gave the sound to the substance, and called the redoubtable garnish of hair, *bigotes*. This process in the formation of phrases is familiar to philologists, who know that an essential part is often taken for the whole. For example, a hat, in common Spanish parlance, is equivalent to a grandee, as with us the woollack is to a Lord Chancellor. It is natural that unscholastic soldiers, when dealing with languages which they do not understand, should fix on their enemies, as a term of reproach, those words which, from hearing used the most often, they imagine must constitute the foundation of the hostile grammar. Thus our troops called the Spaniards *los Carajos*, from their terrible oaths and terrible runnings away. So the clever French designated as *les godams*, those "stupid" fellows in red jackets who never could be made to know when they were beaten, but continued to make use of that significant phrase in reference to their victors, until they politely showed them the shortest way home over the Pyrenees.

The real Spanish mustachio, as worn by the real Don Whiskerandos, men with shorter cloaks and purses than beards and rapiers, have long been cut off, like the pig-tails of our monarchs and cabinet ministers. Yet their merits are embalmed in metaphors more enduring than that masterpiece in bronze with which Mr. Wyatt, full of Phidias, has adorned King George's back at Charing Cross. Thus *hombre de mucho bigote*, a man of much moustache, means, in Spanish, a personage of con-

siderable pretension, a fine, liberal fellow, and anything, in short, but a bigot in theology. The Spanish original realities, like the pig-tails of Great Britain, have also been immortalised by fine art, and inimitably painted by Velazquez. Under his life-conferring brush they required no twisting with hot irons. Curling from very ire and martial instinct, they were called *bigotes á la Fernandina*, and their rapid growth was attributed to the eternal cannon smoke of the enemy, into which nothing could prevent their valorous wearers from poking their faces. This luxuriance has diminished in these degenerate times, unless Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War' be, as the Spaniards say, written in a spirit of envy and jealousy against their heroic armies, which alone trampled on the invincible eagles of Austerlitz.

As among the Egyptian gods and priests, rank was indicated by the cut of the beard, so in Spain the military, civil, and clerical shapes were carefully defined. The Charley, or Imperial, as we term the little tuft in the middle of the under lip, a word by the way which is derivable either from our Charles or from his namesake emperor, was called in Spain *El perrillo*, "the little dog," the terminating tail being omitted, which, however becoming in the animal and bronzes, shocked Castilian euphuism.

In the mediæval periods of Spain's greatness the beard and not the whisker was the real thing; and as among the Orientals and ancients, it was at once the mark of wisdom and soldiership, to cut it off was an insult and injury scarcely less than decapitation; nay, this nicety of honour survived the grave. The seated corpse of the Cid, so tells his history, knocked down a Jew who ventured to take the dead lion by his beard, which, as all natural philosophers know, has an independent vitality, and grows whether its master be alive or dead, be willing or unwilling. When the insolent Gauls pulled these flowing ornaments of the aged Roman senators, they, who with unmoved dignity had seen Marshal Bren-

nus steal their plate and pictures, could not brook that last and greatest outrage. In process of time and fashion the beards of Spain fell off, and being only worn by mendicant monks and he-goats, were considered ungentlemanlike, and were substituted among cavaliers by the Italian mostachio; the seat of Spanish honour was then placed under the nose, that sensitive sentinel. The renowned Duke of Alva being of course in want of money, once offered one of his bigotes as a pledge for a loan, and one only was considered to be a sufficient security by the Rothschilds of the day, who remembered the hair-breadth escape of their ancestor too well to laugh at anything connected with a hero's beard. But *nous avons changé tout cela*; the united Hebrews of Paris and London would not now advance a stiver for every particular hair on the face of Narvaez or Espartero, not even if the moustache réglementaire of Montpensier, and a bushel of Bourbon beards, warranted legitimate, were added.

The use of the *bigote* in Spain is legally confined to the military, most of whose generals—their name is legion—are tenderly chary of their Charlies, dreading razors no less than swords; when the Infante Don Carlos escaped from England, the only real difficulty was in getting him to cut off his moustache; he would almost sooner have lost his head. Elizabeth's gallant Drake, when he burnt Philip's fleet at Cadiz, simply called his Nelsonic touch "singeing the King of Spain's whiskers." Zurbano thought it punishment enough for any Basque traitors, to cut off their *bigotes*, and turn them loose, like rats without tails, *pour encourager les autres*. It is indeed a privation. Thus Majaval, the pirate murderer, who by the glorious uncertainty of English law was not hanged at Exeter, offered his prison beard, when he reached Barcelona, to the delivering Virgin. Many Spanish civilians and shopkeepers, in imitation of the transpyrenean *Calicots*, men who wear moustachios on their lips in peace, and spectacles on their noses in war, so constantly let them grow, that Ferdi-

nand VII. fulminated a royal decree which was to cut them off from the face of the Peninsula. Such is the progress of young and beardless civilization; the attempt to shorten the cloaks of Madrid nearly cost Charles III. his crown, and this cropping mandate of his beloved grandson was obeyed, as Spanish decrees generally are, for a month all but twenty-nine days, these decrees, like solemn treaties, charters, stock-certificates, and so forth, being mostly used to light cigars.

Now-a-days, when the Moro-Spaniard is aping the true Parisian polish, the national face is somewhat put out of countenance, to the serious sorrow and disparagement of poor Figaro. As for his house and home none can fail finding it out; no cicerone is wanted, for the outside is distinguished from afar by the emblems of his time-honoured a bright glittering metal Mambrino-profession: first and foremost hangs helmet basin, with a neat semicircular opening cut out of the rim, into which the throat of the patient is let during the operation of lathering, which is always done with the hand and most copiously; near it are suspended huge grinders, which would pass for the teeth of elephants in an English museum, and for those of San Christopher in Spanish churches, where comparative anatomy is scouted as heretical in the matter of relics; strange to say, and no Spanish theologian could ever satisfy us why, this saint is not the "especial advocate" against the toothache; here Santa Apollonia is the soothing patroness. Near these molars are displayed awful phlebotomical symbols, and rude representations of blood-lettings; for in Spain, in church and out, painting does the work of printing to the many who can see, but cannot read. The barber's pole, with its painted bandage riband, the support by which the arm was kept extended, is wanting to the threshold of the Figaros of Spain, very much because bleeding is generally performed in the foot, in order that the equilibrium of the whole circulation may be maintained. The painting usually presents a female foot, which being an

object, and not unreasonably, of great devotion in Spain, is selected by the artist; tradition also influences the choice, for the dark sex were wont formerly to be bled regularly as calves are still, to obtain whiteness of flesh and fairness of complexion. The *Sangrados* of Spain, professional as well as unprofessional, have long been addicted to the shedding of innocent blood; indeed, no people in the world are more curious about the pedigree purity of their own blood, nor less particular about pouring it out like water, whether from their own veins, or those of others.

One word on this vital fluid with which unhappy Spain is too often watered during her intestine disorders. If the Iberian anatomists did not discover its circulation, the heralds have "tricked" out its blazoning, as we do our admirals, with all the nicety of armorial colouring. *Blue blood*, *Sangre azul*, is the ichor of demigods which flows in the arteries of the grandees and highest nobility, each of whose pride is to be

"A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Jewish blood,"

a boast which, like some others of theirs, wants confirmation, as nature has stamped on their countenances the marks of hybrid origin; it is from this tint of celestial azure that the term *sangre su* is given in Spain to the elect and best set of earth, the *haute volée*, who soar above vulgar humanity. *Red blood* flows in the veins of poor gentlemen and younger brothers, and is just tolerated by all, except judicious mothers whose daughters are marriageable. *Blood*, simple blood, is the puddle which paints the cheek of the plebeian and roturier; it has, or ought to possess, a perfect incompatibility with the better coloured fluid, and an oil and vinegar property of non-amalgamation. There is more difference, as Salario says, between such bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish. These and other dreams are, it is to be feared, the fond metaphors of heralds. The rosy stream in mockery of *rouge croix* and *blue dra-*

gons flows inversely and perversely: in the arteries of the lusty muleteer it is the lava blood of health and vigour; in the marquis and baron it stagnates in the dull lethargy of a blue collapse. Their noble ichor is virtually more impoverished than their nominal rent-roll, since the operation of trans-mission of wholesome blood from young veins into a worn-out frame, which is so much practised elsewhere, is too nice for the *Sangre su* and *Sangrados* of Spain; the thin fluid is never enriched with the heiress of an alderman, nor is the decayed genealogical stock renewed by the golden graft of a banker's only daughter. The insignificant grandees of Spain quietly permitted Christina to barter away their country's liberties; but when her children by the base-born Muñoz came betwixt them and their nobility, then alone did they remonstrate. Indifferent to the degradation of the throne, they were tremblingly alive to the punctilios of their own order.

To stick, however, to our colours; *black blood* is the vile Stygian pitch which is found in the carcasses of Jews, Gentiles, Moors, Lutherans, and other combustible heretics, with whose bodies the holy tribunal made bonfires for the good of their souls. Nay, in the case of the Hebrew this black blood is also thought to stink, whence Jews were called by learned Latinists *putos*, quia putant; and certainly at Gibraltar an unsavoury odour seems to be gentilitious in the children of Israel, not however to unorthodox and unheraldic nostrils a jot more so, than in the believing Spanish monk. Recently the colour *black* has been assigned to the blood of political opponents, and a copious "*shedding of vile black blood*" has been the regular panacea of every military *Sangrado*. How extremes meet! Thus, this aristocracy of colour, in despotical old Spain, which lies in the veins, is placed on the skin in new republican America. Where is the free and easy Yankee would recognise a brother, in a black?

To return to Figaro. There is no mistaking his shop; for, independently of the external manifestations of the fine

arts practised within, his threshold is the lounge of all idlers, as well as of those who are anxious to relieve their chins of the thick stubble of a three days' growth. The house of the barber has, since the days of Solomon and Horace, been the mart of news and gossip,—of epigram and satire, as was that of Pasquino the tailor at Rome. It is the club of the lower orders, who here take up a position, and listen, cloaked as Romans, to some reader of the official Gazette, which, with a cigar, indicates modern civilization, and soothes him with empty vapour. Here, again, is the mint of scandal, and all who have lived intimately with Spaniards, know how invariably every one stabs his neighbour behind his back with words, the lower orders occasionally using knives sharper even than their tongues. Here, again, resort gamblers, who, seated on the ground with cards more begrimed than the earth, pursue their fierce game as eagerly as if existence was at stake; for there is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or *guapo*, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, "No one shall play with any cards but with mine"—*Aquí no se juega sino con mis barajas*. If the parties are cowed, they give him a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him—*Aquí no se cobra el barato sino con un puñal de Albacete*—"You get no change here except out of an Albacete knife." If the defiance be accepted, *Vamos alla* is the answer—"Let's go to it." There's an end then of the cards, all flock to the more interesting *écarté*; instances have occurred, where Greek meets Greek, of their tying the two advanced feet together, and yet remaining fencing with knife and cloak for a quarter of an hour before the blow be dealt. The knife is held firmly, the thumb is pressed straight on the blade, and calculated either for the cut or thrust.

The term *Barato* strictly means the present which is given to waiters who bring a new pack of cards. The origin is Arabic, *Baara*, "a voluntary gift;" in the corruption of the *Baratero*, it

has become an involuntary one. Our legal term *Barratry* is derived from the mediæval *Barrateria*, which signified cheating or foul play. Cervantes well knew that *Baratar* in old Spanish meant to exchange unfairly, to thimble-rig, to sell anything under its real value, and therefore gave the name of *Barrateria* to Sancho's sham government. The *Baratero* is quite a thing of Spain, where personal prowess is cherished, and there is one in every regiment, ship, prison, and even among galley-slaves.

The interior of the barber's shop is equally a *cosa de España*. Her neighbour may boast to lead Europe in hair-dressing and clipping poodles, but Figaro snaps his fingers at her civilization, and no cat's ears and tail can be closer shaved than his. The walls of his operating room are neatly lathered with whitewash; on a peg hangs his brown cloak and conical hat; his shelves are decorated with clay-painted figures of picturesque rascals, arrayed in all their Andalusian toggery—bandits, bull-fighters, and smugglers, who, especially the latter, are more universally popular than all or any long-tail-coated chancellors of exchequer. The walls are enlivened with rude prints of fandango danceings, miracles, and bull-fights, in which the Spanish vulgar delight, as do ours in racing and ring notabilities. Nor is a portrait of his *querida*, his black-eyed sweetheart, often wanting. Near these—for religion mixes itself with everything of Spain—are images of the Virgin, patron saints, with stoups for holy water, and little cups in which lighted wicks burn floating on green oil; and formerly no barber prepared for an operation, whether on veins, teeth, or beards, without first making the sign of a cross. Thus hallowed, his implements of art are duly arranged in order; his glass, soap, towels, and leather strap, and guitar, which indeed, with the razor, constitutes the genus barber. "These worthies," said Don Quijote, "are all either *guitarristas ó copleros*; they are either makers of couplets, or accompany other songsters with catgut." Hence Quevedo, in his

'Pigsties of Satan,' punishes unrighteous Figaros, by hanging up near them a guitar, which tantalizes their touch, and moves away when they wish to take it down.

Few Spaniards ever shave themselves; it is too mechanical, so they prefer, like the Orientals, a "razor that is hired," and as that must be paid for, scarcely any go to the expensive luxury of an every-day shave. Indeed, Don Quijote advised Sancho, when nominated a governor, to shave at least every other day if he wished to look like a gentleman. The peculiar sallowness of a Spaniard's face is heightened by the contrast of a sable bristle. Figaro himself is dressed much after the fashion in which he appears on transpyrenean stages; he, on true Galenic principles, takes care not to alarm his patients by a lugubrious costume. There is nothing black, or appertaining to the grave about him; he is all tags, tassels, colour, and embroidery, quips and quirks; he is never still; always in a bustle, he is lying and lathering, cutting chins and capers, here, there, and everywhere, *Figaro la, Figaro qua*. If he has a moment free from taking off beards and making paper cigars, he whips down his guitar and sings the last seguidilla; thus he drives away dull care, which hates the sound of merry music, and no wonder; the operator performs his professional duties much more skilfully than the rival surgeon, nor does he bungle at any little extraneous *amateur* commissions; and there are more real performances enacted by the barbers in Seville itself, than in a dozen European opera houses.

These Figaros, says their proverb, are either mad or garrulous, *Barberos, ó locos, ó parleros*. Hence, when the Andalusian autocrat, Adrian, was asked how he liked to be shaved, he replied "Silently." Humbler mortals must submit to let Figaro have his wicked way in talk; for when a man is fixed in his operating chair, with his jaws lathered, and his nose between a finger and a thumb, there is not much conversational fair play or reciprocity. The Spanish bar-

ber is said to learn to shave on the orphan's head, and nothing, according to one described by Martial, escaped except a single wary he-goat. The experiments tried on the veins and teeth of aching humanity, are sometimes ludicrous — at others serious. "A mouth without molars," said Don Quijote to Sancho, "is worse than a mill without grinding-stones;" and the Don was right.

"Fuengirola (Lord Blayney).—Lord Blayney immortalized himself at Fuengirola in the month of October 1810. He had been sent by General Campbell from Gibraltar to surprise its castle and act upon Malaga. "*He made*," says Napier, "*all his dispositions with the utmost contempt of military rules*." He lost two days in cannonading the castle with 12-pounders, and thus afforded Sebastiani time to come up with a superior force. To crown all his previous blunders, Blayney, according to his own book "*took these French for Spaniards*"! and they took him prisoner. The Spaniards themselves, having left the English to bear the brunt of the fight, re-embarked under the protection of Rodney's broadsides.

Fuenterabia. See p. 74.

Funcion. See Theatres.

Galera. See Diligence.

Geography. See Introd., Pt. II., § 32.

Geology. See Introd., Pt. II., § 33.

Gerona (the siege of).—In June 1808, Gerona, garrisoned with 300 men of the Ulster regiment, under O'Daly, beat off Duhesme, *El Cruel*, with some 6000 men: he returned with fresh forces in July, boasting that he would arrive on the 24th, attack on the 25th, take it on

the 26th, and raise it on the 27th: but he was baffled and beaten off again by that marine gadfly Lord Cochrane. Not daring to go near the sea, Duhesme retreated, Aug. 16, by the hills, pursued by Caldagues, and lost his cannon, baggage, and reputation. At that critical moment 10,000 English troops were ordered from Sicily, and, had they landed, Buonaparte could never have won Catalonia. Unfortunately the loss of the island of Capri by Sir Hudson Lowe enabled the French to threaten the potterer Sir John Murray, and the troops did not sail. The Catalans were thus left unassisted, and thereby this province and Valencia were lost. The English only interfered on this coast when too late, and then were led by bunglers only to do worse than nothing.

Gerona was again besieged in May, 1809, by the French with 35,000 men, under Verdier, St. Cyr, and Augereau. The governor Mariano Alvarez, left in want of everything, even of ammunition, was brave and skilful, and well seconded by some English volunteers under the gallant Col. Marshall, who took the lead and was killed in the breaches: Pearson, Nash, and Candy also distinguished themselves. The women of Gerona also enrolled themselves into a company, dedicated to Santa Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery. The enemy bombarded the city—the resistance was most dogged—general after general failed, and the siege became so unpopular that Lechi, Verdier, and others took French leave. At last famine and disease effected what force of arms could not. Alvarez became delirious, and with him Gerona the place fell December 12, 1809. The fell; for Samaniego, his traitorous successor, forthwith capitulated, and the defence lasted 7 months and 5 days, against 7 open breaches. The French expended 60,000 balls and 20,000 bombs, and lost more than 15,000 men. Augereau broke every stipulation, and insulted the invalid Alvarez, instead of honouring a brave opponent, confining him in a solitary dungeon, where he was soon “found dead,” say the French—“poisoned,” says Torno (x. Ap. 3); and Southey compares his fate to that

of Wright and Pichegru. He lies buried in San Feliu in a simple sarcophagus. This gallant but unavailing defence, like that of Zaragoza and Ciudad Rodrigo, redeems the scandalous surrenders of Badajoz, Tortosa, &c., by the traitors Blake, Imaz, and Alache.

For the siege of Gerona consult ‘*Memorias*,’ J. A. Nieto y Samaniego, Tarragona, 1810, and Madoz, viii. 378.

Gibraltar.—In 1868 a singular proposal was made public that Great Britain should surrender Gibraltar, from a sentimental idea of justice to Spain, and accept Ceuta on the coast of Africa as a strong fortress and better harbour, instead. Ceuta happens to be neither the one nor the other; but if there be any real injustice in our holding Gibraltar, there is equal injustice in the Spaniards holding Ceuta, and until they restore it to Morocco they cannot in *foro conscientie* upbraid us. Gibraltar—always of value as a port of refuge, at the mouth of the Mediterranean—has become of tenfold greater value in these days of steam as a coaling depôt. War-steamers cannot take on board more than a week’s supply, and are only thoroughly efficient as long as it lasts. Gibraltar moreover is one of the chain of fortresses and depôts, along with Malta, Aden, and Bombay, which connect Great Britain with her Indian territories, and secure the overland route.

The *New Mole*, constructed by government at great expense, affords shelter to large war-steamers, which ride in safety within it, while merchant vessels can coal from hulks at anchor in the bay. The harbour requires protection from the S.W. wind, but is entirely defended from the equally dangerous E. wind or Levanter.

The improvements of modern gunnery have called for additional works of strength for the protection of the fortress and harbour. The rock has been scarped in some places to prevent steamers boarding it, and additional

casemates formed in the rock. A battery is to be made at the old Genoese fort, 320 ft. above the sea, with guns to bear on Algeçiras.

Gil Blas.—There has been much discussion as to who wrote 'Gil Blas;' certainly the work first appeared in French, and was published at different times; the two first vols. in 1715, a third in 1724, and the fourth and last in 1735. Its success was deservedly immediate, and the book became European, and a pendant, if not a rival to Don Quijote. The lover of 'Don Quijote' and Cervantes may compare the two works and writers: how different, yet both how popular! Le Sage, a *littéraire de Paris*, who wrote for bread, took for his hero a clever low French-like rogue of a valet, in whom, however the scamp may amuse us, personally we take little real interest, for his doings savour of the tricks and tone of the ante-chamber, and this persiflage of life is without principle or earnestness. Cervantes, a soldier and gentleman, chose for his hero the stately old Castilian Hidalgo, for whom, in spite of his monomania, we feel respect and affection. Don Quijote is a *Castellano á las derechas*, a true Spaniard to the backbone, one of the good old stock, while Gil Blas is one only in voice, for his hands are the hands of a Frenchman. It was translated into most languages, and at last into Spanish, about 1783, by Padre Isla, the author of '*Fra Gerundio de Campazas*;' this work was a spiritual Don Quijote, in which the absurd ignorance and superstitions of the mendicant monks were cleverly exposed, although, as usual with Spaniards, the jest was overdone; but they can leave nothing in the inkstand. In spite of his perception of ridicule in others, now the Padre Isla boldly asserted that the entire work of 'Gil Blas' was *stolen* by Le Sage from Spain *en bloc*. The Padre, in his translation, retained all

the topographical, chronological, and other minor errors, which, thick as leaves in Valombrosa, are the straws which show that at least a foreigner had meddled with the original, just as Mons. Bonnemaison tampered with the transported Raphaels of the Escorial, leaving the mark of the beast. One Mons. Le Comte François de Neufchateau, membre de l'Institut, published a ponderous *Examen* to prove that 'Gil Blas' *must* be a French work because it was so *clever*: this plea was demurred to by Llorente, the author of the excellent exposition of the Spanish inquisition, who published at Paris, in 1822, his rejoinder, '*Observations Critiques*,' and the quarrel became a very pretty one. The substance of the Spaniards' reasoning was put together in a smart paper in Blackwood, June, 1844, although the printer's devil exhibited throughout it a gross ignorance of Spanish language, names, and orthography: Llorente imagined the author of 'Gil Blas' to have been Antonio Solis, the historian of Mexico, for which, however, he could not produce one tittle of evidence. Others had affirmed that it was written by a nameless Andalusian lawyer, who, about 1654, composed this satire on Spanish ministers, justice, drama, and medicine, which he did not dare to print; at his death the MS. is supposed to have been obtained by the Marquis de Lionne, a great book collector, who was in Spain in 1656: just as M. Mignet got the treatise on the retreat of Charles V. prepared by Gonzalez.

In no country in the world have more works been left in MS. than in Spain, as the expense of printing, the obstacles raised by censors and the Inquisition, and the inadequate remuneration, deterred many authors, who, having gratified their caprices scribendi, were content to remain in typeless obscurity. The Marquis, it is said, bequeathed his library to his grandson, the Abbé de Lionne, the early patron of Le Sage, and his instructor in the Spanish language, and from whom—it is assumed—he obtained the Spanish original. It is at least certain that Le Sage never even set his foot in Spain, for, a true

Parisian, he adored Paris, more than Socrates loved Athens: his vocation was writing, by which he obtained his living, and he began his career by translating Spanish comedies and novels; he lacked the invention of Cervantes, and was an appropriator and embellisher of other men's thunder, nor was he ever held by his contemporaries to be an original author, as even Voltaire thought his 'Gil Blas' to be pilfered. His genius was synthetic, not creative; he could combine and construct, but could not originate. From the beginning he depended on the sweat of other men's brows: thus our Gallic bee was busy in Spanish wastes of flowers, and retaining his own sting, gathered incidents which he flavoured with his own wit, thus grafting a charming lively French style on the rude Iberian stock; accordingly his mind, from frequent translation, became impregnated with the things of Spain, and his pickings and stealings were not severely visited by his countrymen, who in these matters are not over-scrupulous. Nay they rather rejoice, "*furto lætantur in ipso*," or, as they say—

Dans les trésors d'autrui nous puisons à dessin,
En nous applaudissant de cet heureux larcin.

It would seem that Le Sage, having all his life avowedly gleaned and paraphrased Spanish books, and having acknowledged that his '*Bachelier de Salamanque*' was translated from a Spanish MS. which he never produced, all at once brought forth this 'Gil Blas,' and claimed it for his own. It is, however, admitted by all critics that two-thirds and the best incidents are certainly of Spanish origin, and Le Sage himself took no pains to conceal the fact. Thus, although the Padre Isla did not know it, he borrowed many of the scenes and characters in 'Gil Blas' from the '*Marcos de Obregon*' of Vicente Espinel, from whose preface the opening incident of the student and the buried soul of Pedro Garcias, is taken word for word. So are the scenes of the supper at the Posada de Penafior, cribbed from Quevedo—see '*Gran Tacano*,' ch. 4, and so with the Barber

Diego de la Fuente and the physician's wife; and, as if to whisper whence he stole those sweets, which Llorente has hunted out, as Dr. Ferriar did the plagiarisms of our Sterne, Le Sage actually and honestly gives the name of Marcos de Obregon to the Escudero. He boldly adopted the maxim of Molière, who, like Corneille, borrowed pretty freely from Spanish books: "*le beau est mon bien, et je le reprends où je le retrouve*;" an appropriation and justification, by the way, quite Spanish, as Seneca thus expresses his predaceous principle: "*Quicquid bene est dictum ab ullo meum est*" (Ep. xvi.).

Probably Le Sage made up his '*Bachelier de Salamanque*,' as well as his 'Gil Blas,' out of the same Spanish MS.; but as the former novel had been seen by others in MS., he did not venture to appropriate that to himself, but proceeded to eviscerate the original, interweaving other stories, of his own, which, being truly French, are little in harmony with genuine Spanish tone and sentiment.

No wonder, if Le Sage copied from a MS., and not from a book in print, that partly from the difficulty of deciphering a foreign handwriting in a language which he only understood imperfectly, he should fall into errors of orthography, names, geography, &c., that would have disgraced even a Chateaubriand or Laborde. Indeed, they are so numerous that the French argue, with great *naïveté*, that this very carelessness and inaccuracy proves that the work *must* have been written by one of themselves. There is, indeed, in 'Gil Blas' a general acquaintance with Spain and Spaniards, but the work lacks those nice traits which stamp identity, and mark that intimate acquaintance with *τοτοι και τροτοι*, with places and manners, which characterizes the genuine picaresque novels of Spaniards; again, the true *Borracha* is often wanting, while occasionally the sewer-smell of Luteitia is substituted.

Le Sage published his 'Gil Blas' in 1714, when 47 years old, and when he had become a perfect master of that most difficult art—an art in which no nation can compete with his clever

and ingenious countrymen—of writing what is agreeable reading: it is his *opus magnum*, and how few mortals ever produce more than one good book. He used his Spanish original as a woof, into which he worked in his own golden threads, that glitter throughout, part indeed of the whole, and yet distinct. Therein he poured out the cream of his mind and life, investing the floating capital of his wit, his hoards of memory and biting common sense, his observations on men and manners, especially as seen on the low, familiar, and ludicrous view, *sed ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?* All this is exclusively his own, and if evidence were wanting of how truly it is French, let Padre Isla's version into Spanish be read, which proves of itself that it is a translation; and, in truth, 'Gil Blas' is too witty for a genuine Spanish work, and the epigrammatic vein is too sustained, too finished, too much a thing of composition. This too is proved by the occasional flashes, which sparkle like grains of gold in the sand, amid the truisms, verbiage, discursive episodes, and *glozas*, in which Spaniards, like Orientals, delight to indulge, whether in writing or in talking. Le Sage picked out nothing but plums; and, winnowing the wheat from the bushels of Spanish chaff, rejected all common-place on stilts, all the lengthy moralising, and especially all which the natives, who are insensible to bore, and with whom time is of no value, call grave, judicious, and philosophical reflections, *anglicè* twaddle. To Le Sage this merit is due, that he improved on his original; and if he did occasionally kidnap a Spanish *hidalgo*, he did not disfigure him like a gipsy, but gave to the broader, coarser Iberian the fine polish and amiability of Paris, and at all events never set the stolen gems in lead.

An ignorance of foreign language, an inaccuracy of translation, a tampering with text, and flavouring every thing up to the tastes and prejudices of Paris, frequently turns out, when Spanish or Oriental literature is in question, to be rather a benefit than an injury to the original; thus how much more pleasant

to read are the garbled, incorrect French 'Arabian Nights' of Mons. Galland, than the literal, honest English version of Mr. Lane. However, the tact, cleverness, and brilliancy of a French pen are undeniable; and such writers as Le Sage resemble those revolutionary marshals who plundered Spain of her heavy church plate and pictures, long buried in the napkins of unvisited convents. Thus the useless bullion was coined into current cash, and many great masters of art, hitherto almost unknown, were introduced to the general acquaintance and admiration of Europe.

The Spaniard is pleased to compare himself to a *tesoro escondido*, to a hidden treasure. Be it so; but it is too bad to turn round and fall foul, like the Padre Isla, on the pains-taking foreigner, who has dug him up as the student did the soul of Pedro Garcias. No doubt, strictly speaking, Le Sage is a plagiarist; but, like our Sterne, he is far preferable to scores of less amusing originals; and if he appropriated the raw Spanish material, he manufactured it with foreign industry and ingenuity, dovetailing in a rich Mosaic work of his own. Such divers of literature fish up neglected pearls, which they string into a precious necklace, and theirs fairly is the merit of the *callida junctura*, and of that qualified originality which confers a real value on the previously unappreciated, and gives a new life to the dead. Great, indeed, ought to be the gratitude of Spain to M. Le Sage; but not contented with calling him a thief, she steals from him both his works and glory.

Godoy (Prince of Peace).—Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace—mark the blasphemy of such a creature taking such a name in vain—was born at Badajoz in 1768. Thus Estremadura, which once could furnish a Pizarro and Cortes to gain worlds, now, what a falling off! has become the cradle

of an Imaz to barter its capital, and of a Godoy to bargain away its kingdom: to this thing of avarice and extravagance, Spain owes the impoverishment of her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose funds he seized, giving them government securities, which proved worthless, and while none were benefited save courtier sharks, the sick and orphan were despoiled. Godoy, like a foul beast of prey, always craving and swallowing, yet always gaunt, needy, and hungry, plundered without scruple, and spent without advantage, *alieni appetens et sui profusus*. This Spanish Sejanus had the rare lot of being loved alike by Charles the dotard and by his Messalina wife, who indeed selected a vigorous *garde de corps* for her *minion* with more judgment than her husband did for his minister. Godoy made the sneaking peace with the French regicides, and became the tool of Buonaparte, who by flattering the upstart's vanity, used him for his own purposes; and so entirely that the superstitious Spaniards believed it to be the effect of witchcraft. The king delegated to him his power and prestige in a country where, like a sultan, the king is everything. So the vizier aped the pride of birth, and flattering heralds, being well paid, soon derived his name from the illustrious Goth; Godo quasi *Godo soy*; nobilitant me, orti Gothorum ex sanguine reges. After an exile and obscurity of thirty-six years, he was recalled to Madrid, in 1844, by Christina, the widow of Ferd. VII. whose bitterest enemy he had been, even aiming at his life and throne. This Godoy wrote his memoirs, which, translated into French by d'Esmeard, were published at Paris by Lavocat, in 5 vols.

Granja (La) (Decree of Ferd. VII.).—It was at La Granja that Ferdinand VII. king of Spain revoked the decree (Sept. 18, 1832) by which he had abolished the Salic law, and declared his daughter Isabel (born Oct. 10, 1830)

to be heiress to the crown; an act which cursed his ill-fated kingdom with civil wars and a disputed succession. The secret history is as follows: *Don Carlos*, his brother and heir presumptive, was married to a Portuguese princess, between whom and her sister *La Beira*, a deadly palace war was waged by *Carlota*, born at Naples, the intriguing wife of *Don Francisco de Paula*, a younger and not very sapient brother of the king. When Ferdinand married Christina, the Neapolitan coterie gained so much on the Portuguese one, that on the queen's pregnancy being declared, *Carlota*, in order to oust the Beira's children, induced Tadeo Calomarde, the minister of justice, to suggest this change to the uxorious king; the decree was smuggled through the royal closet without the knowledge of the other ministers; thus Ferdinand deprived his brother Carlos of his birthright, that brother who had been the friend of his youth and the companion of his French captivity, and who had refused in 1827 to assist in his dethronement.

Guardias Civiles. See Robbers.

Guisado. See Cookery.

Hospitals and Medicos. See Medicine.

Host (The). **Transubstantiation.**—The doctrine of transubstantiation was first invented about 831, but it soon died away, until the 11th century, when it was revived and finally established in 1215 at the fourth Lateran Council, from which all Protestants, and with perfect reason, dissent. Thus the very institution which the divine founder of Christianity meant to be the symbol of common membership with him, and of a religious fellowship of all mankind among each other, has been perverted by Rome into the test and touchstone of religious separation. It is impossible to understand Spanish fine art and customs, without some

notion of the manner in which the Gospel record of the Sacrament is here systematically set at naught. Here spirituality has been altogether corporealised, and the letter and meaning of the institution departed from. First of all no "*bread is broken*," but a stamped wafer substituted; next, the cup of which "*drink ye all*" was the command, is denied to the laity. The Saviour in the institution of this solemn commemoration replaced the paschal lamb of the Passover of the old law by a more touching memorial, in remembrance of himself, and when the new perfect revelation was complete. The Spaniard, however, prefers using the consecrated elements in the old Pagan acceptance of *Hostia*, a living victim offered in *sacrifice*, which contradicts the evidence of our senses, and would lead even a poor Pagan to exclaim again, "*Ecquam tam amentem sese putas qui illud quo vescatur Deum esse credat?*" (Cicero, 'N.D.' iii. 16).

It is obvious, if the people can be made to believe that the priest has the power, at his own good pleasure, to call down the Deity from heaven and carry him in his hands, that this invocator and minister must rise above common humanity. Accordingly, when all kneel to the elevated host, they in reality kneel to the priest, who, standing on the raised altar, looks indeed down on the inferior flock beneath him; and in order to rivet this pre-eminence outside the church as well as inside, the law of John I., 1387, declares that all persons *shall* kneel at his presence, even Jews or Moors (see lib. i. tit. 1, ley 2). The wafer is spoken of, and treated as God himself, as "*Su Majestad*;" and its presence is announced by a bell, at which all must bend the knee. The populace, on hearing the ringing, cry out, "*Dios, Dios*," and uncover; hence the proverb, "*Al Rey viendolo, á Dios oyendolo*." This homage is paid to the king on *seeing* him—to God on *hearing* him. It is usual whenever the host is being carried to a dying person, that the persons in the first carriage it meets should descend and make room for the priest, a custom to which royalty ostentatiously

conforms. Again on every Easter Monday the host is taken in a magnificent procession to the houses of those sick, *los impedidos*, who had been *hindered* from communicating in the church; then the streets are tappestried as if for the passage of the sovereign, while the priest, bearing the *Viril*, rides in triumph in a gilt coach, attended by the chief inhabitants, and looks out complacently on the multitude, who kneel on each side, crossing themselves and beating their breasts most orientally (Herod. ii. 40, Larcher's note, and Luke, xviii. 13). When the medical men have done their worst, and even relics prove in vain, then the host, now termed *el viatico*, is given to the patient, with a ceremony, noise, &c., which generally removes him to a better world.

The abuses and profanation to which this *transubstantiation* daily leads in Spain can scarcely be alluded to. First a credence table is ready to *test* God's blood, as by it the Dominicans poisoned the emperor Henry III., whence the Pontiff himself drinks it through a reed. Again, at every bull-fight the priest attends with the consecrated wafer, in case it may be required for any fatally wounded, it being taken away again if not wanted. Again, the lord mayor's show procession of the wafer on Corpus Christi Day is *the* sight of many towns; and as such is brought out at other times to amuse royalty. These remarks might be infinitely extended, but the subject is one which Protestants scarcely can venture to approach, however much familiarity and the lowering tendencies of materializing the spiritual may have accustomed Spaniards to behold, and even to jest at such lamentable desecrations. This miracle has done good service to high art—witness Raphael's grand picture of its coming off at *Bolsena*.

Huelgas, las. See Pt. I., p. 12.

Independence (War of). See Oviedo.

Inns and Innkeepers.—The Peninsular inns, with few exceptions, have long been divided into the bad, the worse, and the worst; and the latter are still the most numerous and national. In few countries will the ramblor oftener agree with Dr. Johnson's speech to his squire Boswell, "*Sir, there is nothing which has been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern.*" Spain offers many negative arguments of the truth of the reflection of our great moralist; the inns in general, excepting those in the larger towns, are fuller of entertainment for the mind than the body, and even when the newest, and the best in the country, they are indifferent if compared to those to which Englishmen are accustomed at home. Here few gentlemen will say with Falstaff, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Badness of roads and discomforts of *ventas* cannot well escape the notice of those who travel on horseback and slowly, since they must dwell on and in them; whereas a train whisks the passenger past such nuisances, with comet-like rapidity, and all things that are soon out of sight are quicker out of mind, nevertheless, let no aspiring writer be deterred from quitting the highways for the byeways of the Peninsula. "There is, Sir," as Johnson again said to Boswell, "a good deal of Spain that has not been perambulated. I would have you go thither; a man of inferior talents to yours may furnish us with useful observations on that country."

Why the public accommodations should have continued so long second-rate is soon explained. Nature and the natives have long combined to isolate still more their Peninsula, which already is moated round by the unsocial sea, and is barricaded by almost impassable mountains. The Inquisition all but reduced Spanish man to the condition of a monk in a wall-enclosed convent, by standing sentinel, and keeping watch and ward against the foreigner and his perilous novelties.* Spain, thus unvisited and un-

visiting, became arranged for Spaniards only, and has scarcely required conveniences which are more suited to the curious wants of other Europeans and strangers, who here are neither liked, wished for, nor even thought of, by natives who seldom travel except on compulsion, and never for amusement; why indeed should they? since Spain is paradise, and each man's own parish in his eyes is the central spot of its glory! When the noble and rich visited the provinces, they were lodged in their own or in their friends' houses, just as the clergy and monks were received into convents. The great bulk of the Peninsular family, not being overburdened with cash or fastidiousness, have long been and are inured to infinite inconveniences and negations; they often live at home in an abundance of privations, and expect when abroad to be worse off; and they well know that comfort seldom lodges at a Spanish inn; as in the East, they cannot conceive that any travelling should be unattended by hardships, which they endure with Oriental resignation, as *cosas de España*, or things of Spain which have always been so, and for which there is no remedy but patient resignation; the bliss of ignorance, and the not knowing of anything better, is everywhere the grand secret of absence of discontent; while to those whose every-day life is a feast, every thing that does not come up to their conventional ideas becomes a failure, but to those whose daily bread is dry and scanty, whose drink is water, every

by the fear of which all Spaniards are perplexed; as in religion it is a heresy. Bitter experience has taught all classes that every change, every promise of a new era of blessing and prosperity has ended in a failure, and that matters have got worse: hence they not only bear the evils to which they are accustomed, rather than try a speculative amelioration, but actually prefer a bad state of things, of which they know the worst, to the possibility of an untried good. *Mas vale el mal conocido, que el bien por conocer.* "How is my lady the wife of your grace?" says a Spanish gentleman to his friend. "*Como está mi Señora la Esposa de Usted?*" "She goes on without Novelty"—"*Sigue sin Novedad,*" is the reply, if the fair one be much the same. "*Vaya Usted con Dios, y que no haya Novedad!*" "Go with God, your grace! and may nothing new happen," says another, on starting his friend off on a journey.

* The very word *Novelty* has become in common parlance synonymous with danger, change,

thing beyond prison-fare appears to be luxury.

In Spain there has been little demand for those accommodations which have been introduced on the Continent by our nomade countrymen, who carry their tea, towels, carpets, comforts and civilization with them; to travel at all for mere pleasure is quite a modern invention, and being an expensive affair, is the most indulged in by the English, because they can best afford it, but as Spain lies out of their hackneyed routes, many of the inns still retain much the same state of primitive dirt and discomfort, which most of those on the continent presented, until repolished by our hints and guineas.

In the Peninsula, where intellect does not post in a Britannic britzka and four, many of the inns, and especially those of the country and inferior order, continue much as they were in the time of the Romans, and probably long before them; nay, some of those in the very vicinity of Madrid, "the only court on earth," are as classically wretched as was the hostelry of Aricia, near the Eternal City, in the days of Horace. The Spanish inns, indeed, on the bye-roads and remoter districts, are such as render it almost unadvisable for any English lady to venture to face them, unless predetermined to go through roughing it, in a way of which none who have only travelled in England can form the remotest idea: at the same time they may be and have been endured by even the sick and delicate. To youth, and to all men in enjoyment of good health, temper, patience, and the blessing of foresight, neither a dinner nor a bed will ever be wanting, to both of which hunger and fatigue will give a zest beyond the reach of art; and, fortunately for travellers, all the Continent over, and particularly in Spain, bread and salt, as in the days of Horace, will be found to appease the wayfarer's barking stomach, nor will he who after that sleeps soundly be bitten by fleas, "*Quien duerme bien, no le pican las pulgas.*" The pleasures of travelling in this wild land are cheaply purchased by these trifling inconveniences, which may always be much

lessened by provision in brain and basket; the expeditions teem with incident, adventure, and novelty; every day and evening present a comedy of real life, and offer means of obtaining insight into human nature, and form in after-life a perpetual fund of interesting recollections: all that was charming will be then remembered, and the disagreeable, if not forgotten, will be disarmed of its sting, nay, will become a pleasant thing to recollect and to talk about. Let not the traveller expect to find too much; if he reckons on finding nothing he will seldom be disappointed; so let him not look for five feet in a cat, "*No busques cinco pies al gato.*" Spain, as the East, is not to be enjoyed by the over-fastidious in the fleshly comforts: there, those who over-analyze, who peep too much behind the culinary or domestic curtains, must not expect to pass a tranquil existence.

First and foremost among these refuges for the destitute comes the *fonda*, the hotel. This, as the name implies, is a foreign thing, and was imported from Venice, which in its time was the Paris of Europe, the leader of sensual civilization, and the sink of every lie and iniquity. Its *fondacco*, in the same manner, served as a model for the Turkish *fondack*. The *fonda* is only to be found in the large towns and principal seaports, where the presence of foreigners creates a demand, and supports the establishment. To it frequently is attached a café, or "*botilleria*," a bottlery and a place for the sale of liqueurs, with a "*neveria*," a snowery where ices and cakes are supplied. Men only, not horses, are taken in at a *fonda*; but there is generally a keeper of a stable or of a minor inn in the vicinity, to which the traveller's animals are consigned. The *fonda* is tolerably furnished in reference to the common articles with which the sober unindulgent natives are contented: the traveller in his comparisons must never forget that Spain is not England, which too few ever can get out of their heads. Spain is Spain, a truism which cannot be too often repeated; and in its being Spain consists its originality, its raciness, its novelty, its idiosyn-

crasy, its best charm and interest, although the natives do not know it, and are every day, by a foolish aping of European civilization, paring away attractions, and getting commonplace, unlike themselves. and still more unlike their Gotho-Moro and most picturesque fathers and mothers. Monks are gone, mantillas are going, the shadow of cotton *versus* corn has already darkened the sunny city of Figaro, and the end of all Spanish things is coming. *Ay! de mi España!*

Thus in Spain, and especially in the hotter provinces, it is heat and not cold which is the enemy: what we call furniture—carpets, rugs, curtains, and so forth—would be a positive nuisance, would keep out the cool, and harbour plagues of vermin beyond endurance. The walls of the apartments are frequently, though simply, whitewashed: the uneven brick floors are covered in winter with a matting made of the *esparto* grass, and called an “*estera*,” as was done in our king’s palaces in the days of Elizabeth: a low iron or wooden truckle bedstead, with coarse but clean sheets and clothes, a few hard chairs, perhaps a stiff-backed, most uncomfortable sofa, and a rickety table or so, generally complete the scanty inventory. The charges are moderate; about two dollars, or 8s. 6d., per head a-day, includes lodging, breakfast, dinner, and supper. Servants, if Spanish, are usually charged the half; English servants, whom no wise person would take on to the Continent, are nowhere more useless, or greater incumbrances, than in this tealess, beerless, beefless land: they give more trouble, require more food and attention, and are ten times more discontented than their masters, who have poetry in their souls, and with whom an æsthetic love of travel for its own sake more than counterbalances the want of material gross comforts, about which only their pudding-headed four full-meals-a-day attendants are thinking. Charges are higher at Madrid, Barcelona, Cadiz, and some other commercial cities, where the hotels are appointed more European-like in accommodation and prices. Those who remain

any time in a large town bargain with the innkeeper, or go into a boarding-house, “*casa de pupilos*,” or “*de huespedes*,” where they have the best opportunity of learning the Spanish language, and of obtaining an idea of national manners and habits. This system is very common. The charges are reasonable.

Since the death of Ferdinand VII. marvellous improvements have taken place in some *fondas*. In the changes and chances of the multitudinous revolutions, all parties ruled in their rotation, and then either killed or banished their opponents. Thus royalists, liberals, patriots, moderates, &c., each in their turn, have been expatriated; and as the wheel of fortune and politics went round, many have returned to their beloved Spain from bitter exile in France and England. These travellers, in many cases, were sent abroad for the public good, whence they were thus enabled to discover that some things were better managed on the other side of the water and Pyrenees. Then and there suspicion crossed their minds, although they seldom will admit it to a foreigner, that Spain was not altogether the richest, wisest, strongest, and first of nations, but that she might take a hint or two in a few trifles, among which perhaps the accommodations for man and beast might be included. The ingress, again, of foreigners by the facilities offered to travellers by the increased novelties of railways, steamers, and diligences, necessarily called for more waiters and inns.

In the seaports and large towns on the Madrid roads the twilight of café and cuisine civilization may be said to have already given way to the bright sunshine of La belle France. Monastic darkness is dispelled, and the age of convents has given way to that of kitchens, while the large spaces and ample accommodations of the suppressed monasteries suggest an easy transition into “first-rate establishments,” in which the occupants will probably pay more, and pray less. Rooms are papered, brick floors are exchanged for boards, carpets are laid down, fireplaces are made, bells also are hung,

incredible as it may appear to all who remember Spain as it *was*; they ring the knell of nationality and discomfort, and we are much mistaken if the grim old Cid, when the first bell was pulled at Burgos, did not answer it himself by knocking down the innovator.

The genuine Spanish town inn is called the *posada*, as being meant to mean a house of *repose* after the pains of travel. Strictly speaking, the keeper is only bound to provide lodging, salt, and the power of cooking whatever the traveller brings with him or can procure out of doors; and in this it differs from the *fonda*, in which meats and drinks are furnished. The *posada* ought only to be compared to its type, the *khan* of the East, and never to the inn of Europe. If foreigners, and especially Englishmen, would bear this in mind, they would save themselves a great deal of time, trouble, and disappointment, and not expose themselves by their loss of temper on the spot, or in their notebooks. No Spaniard is ever put out at meeting with inattention or bad accommodation, although he maddens in a moment on other occasions at the slightest personal affront, for his blood boils without fire. He takes these things coolly, which colder-blooded foreigners seldom do. The native, like the Oriental, does not expect to find anything, and accordingly is never surprised at only getting what he brings with him. His surprise is reserved for those rare occasions when he finds anything actually ready, which he considers to be a godsend. As most travellers carry their provisions with them, the uncertainty of demand would prevent mine host from filling his larder with perishable commodities; and formerly, owing to absurd local privileges, he very often was not permitted to sell objects of consumption to travellers, because the lords or proprietors of the town or village had set up other shops, little monopolies of their own. These inconveniences sound worse on paper than in practice; for whenever laws are decidedly opposed to common sense and the public benefit, they are neutralized in practice; the means to elude them are soon discovered, and the inn-

keeper, if he has not the things by him himself, knows where to get them. On starting next day after a night spent in a *Posada*, a sum is charged for lodging, service, and dressing the food: this is called *el ruido de casa*, an indemnification to mine host for the *noise*, the disturbance, that the traveller is supposed to have created, which is the old Italian *incomodo de la casa*, the routing and inconveniencing of the house; and no word can be better chosen to express the varied and never-ceasing din of mules, muleteers, songs, dancing, and laughing, the dust, the *row*, which Spaniards, men as well as beasts, kick up. The English traveller, who will have to pay the most in purse and want of sleep for this *noise*, will often be the only quiet person in the house, and might claim indemnification for the injury done to his acoustic organs, on the principle of the Turkish soldier who forces his entertainer to pay him teeth-money, to compensate for the damage done to his molars and incisors from masticating indifferent rations.

Akin to the *posada* is the "*parador*," a word probably derived from Waradah, Arabicè, "a halting-place;" it is a huge caravansary for the reception of waggon, carts, and beasts of burden; these large establishments are often placed outside the town to avoid the heavy duties and vexatious examinations at the gates, where dues on all articles of consumption are levied both for municipal and government purposes. They are the old *sisah*, a word derived from the Hebrew *Sisah*, to take a sixth part, and are now called *el derecho de puertas*, the gate-due; and have always been as unpopular as the similar *octroi* of France; and as they are generally farmed out, they are exacted from the peasantry with great severity and incivility. There is perhaps no single grievance among the many, in the mistaken system of Spanish political and fiscal economy, which tends to create and keep alive, by its daily retail worry and often wholesale injustice, so great a feeling of discontent and ill-will towards authority as this; it obstructs both commerce and

travellers. The officers are, however, seldom either strict or uncivil to the higher classes, and if courteously addressed by the stranger, and told that he is an English gentleman, the official *Cerberi* open the gates and let him pass unmolested, and still more if quieted by the Virgilian sop of a bribe. The laws in Spain are indeed strict on paper, but those who administer them, whenever it suits their private interest, that is ninety-nine times out of a hundred, evade and defeat them; they obey the letter, but do not perform the spirit, "*se obedeece, pero no se cuple*;" indeed, the lower classes of officials in particular are so inadequately paid that they are compelled to eke out a livelihood by taking bribes and little presents, which, as *Backshish* in the East, may always be offered, and will always be accepted, as a matter of compliment. The *idea* of a bribe must be concealed; it shocks their dignity, their sense of honour, their "*pundonor*:" if, however, the money be given to the head person as something for his people to drink, the delicate attention is sacked by the chief, properly appreciated, and works its due effect.

Another term, almost equivalent to the "*posada*," is the "*meson*," which is rather applicable to the inns of the rural and smaller towns, to the "*hosterías*," than to those of the greater. The "*mesonero*," like the Spanish "*ventero*," has a bad reputation. It is always as well to stipulate something about prices beforehand. The proverb says, "*Por un ladrón, pierden ciento en el meson*"—" *Ventera hermosa, mal para la bolsa*." "For every one who is robbed on the road, a hundred are in the inn."—"The fairer the hostess, the fouler the reckoning." It is among these innkeepers that the real and worst robbers of Spain are to be met with, since these classes of worthies are everywhere only thinking how much they can with decency overcharge in their bills. This is but fair, for nobody would be an innkeeper if it were not for the profit. The trade of innkeeping is among those which are considered derogatory in Spain, where so many Hindoo notions of caste, self-

respect, purity of blood, &c., exist. Harboring strangers for gain is opposed to every ancient and Oriental law of sacred hospitality. Now no Spaniard, if he can help it, likes to degrade himself; this accounts for the number of *fondas* in towns being kept by Frenchmen, Italians, Catalans, Biscayans, who are all *foreigners* in the eye of the Castilian, and disliked and held cheap; accordingly the innkeeper in Don Quijote protests that he is a *Christian*, although a *ventero*, nay, a genuine old one—*Cristiano viejo rancio*; an old Christian being the common term used to distinguish the genuine stock from those renegade Jews and Moors who, rather than leave Spain, became *pseudo-Christians* and publicans.

The country *Parador*, *Meson*, *Posada*, and *Venta*, call it how you will, is the Roman stabulum, whose original intention was the housing of cattle, while the accommodation of travellers was secondary. The accommodation for the *beast* is excellent; cool roomy stables, ample mangers, a never-failing supply of fodder and water, every comfort and luxury which the animal is capable of enjoying, is ready on the spot; as regards *man*, it used to be just the reverse; he must forage abroad for anything he might want. Only a small part of the barn was allotted him, and he then was lodged among the brutes below, or among the trusses and sacks of their food in the lofts above. He found, in spite of all this, that if he asked the owner what he had got, he would be told that "there is everything," *hay de todo*, just as the rogue of a *ventero* informed Sancho Panza, that his empty larder contained all the birds of the air, all the beasts of the earth, all the fishes of the sea,—a Spanish magnificence of promise, which, when reduced to plain English, too often means, as in that case, there is everything that you have brought with you. This only occurs now in the *ventas* of the out-of-the-way and rarely-visited districts, which, however empty their larders, are full of the spirit of Don Quijote to the brim; the everyday occurrences in them are so strange,

and one's life is so dramatic, that there is much difficulty in "realising," as the Americans say; all is so like being in a dream or at a play, that one scarcely can believe it to be actually taking place, and true. The man of the notebook and the artist almost forget that there is nothing to eat; meanwhile all this food for the mind and portfolio, all this local colour and oddness, is lost upon your Spanish companion, if he be one of the better classes: he is ashamed, where you are enchanted; he blushes at the sad want of civilization, clean table-cloth and beef-steaks, and perhaps he is right: at all events, while you are raving about the Goths, Moors, and this lifting up the curtain of two thousand years ago, he is thinking of Mivart's; and when you quote Martial, he and the *ventero* set you down as talking nonsense, and stark staring mad; nay, a Spanish gentleman is often affronted, and suspects, from the impossibility to him that such things can be objects of real admiration, that you are laughing at him in your sleeve, and considering his country as Roman, African, or, in a word, as un-European, which is what he particularly dislikes and resents.

These *ventas* have from time immemorial been the subject of jests and pleasantries to Spanish and foreign wits. Quevedo and Cervantes indulge in endless diatribes against the roguery of the masters, and the misery of the accommodations, while Gongora compares them to Noah's ark; and in truth they do contain a variety of animals, from the big to the *small*, and more than a pair, of more than one kind, of the latter. The word *venta* is derived from the Latin *vendendo*, on the lucus a non lucendo principle of etymology, because provisions are *not* sold in it to travellers: old Covarrubias explains this mode of dealing as consisting "especially in *selling* a cat for a hare," which indeed was and is so usual a *venta* practice, that *venderlo á uno gato por liebre* has become in common Spanish parlance to be equivalent to *doing* or taking one in. The natives do not dislike the feline tribe when well stewed; no cat was safe in the

Alhambra, the galley-slaves bagged her in a second. This *venta* trait of Iberian gastronomy did not escape the compiler of 'Gil Blas.'

Be that as it may, a *venta*, strictly speaking, is an isolated country inn, or house of reception on the road, and, if it be not one of physical entertainment, it is at least one of moral, and accordingly figures in prominent characters in all the personal narratives and travels in Spain; it sharpens the wit of both hungry cooks and lively authors, and ingenii largitor *venter* is as old as Juvenal. Many of these *ventas* have been built on a large scale by the noblemen or convent brethren to whom the village or adjoining territory belonged, and some have at a distance quite the air of a gentleman's mansion. Their walls, towers, and often elegant elevations glitter in the sun, gay and promising, while all within is dark, dirty, and dilapidated, and no better than a whitened sepulchre. The ground floor is a sort of common room for men and beasts; the portion appropriated to the stables is often arched over, and is very imperfectly lighted to keep it cool, so that even by day the eye has some difficulty at first in making out the details. The ranges of mangers are fixed round the walls, and the harness of the different animals suspended on the pillars which support the arches; a wide door, always open to the road, leads into this great stable; a small space in the interior is generally left unincumbered, into which the traveller enters on foot or on horseback; no one greets him; no obsequious landlord, bustling waiter, or simpering chambermaid takes any notice of his arrival; the *ventero* sits in the sun smoking, while his wife continues her uninterrupted *chasse* for "small deer" in the thick covers of her daughters' hair; nor does the guest pay much attention to them; he proceeds to a gibbous water-jar, which is always set up in a visible place, dips in with the ladle, or takes from the shelf in the wall an *alcarraza* of cold water; refreshes his baked clay, refills it, and replaces it in its hole on the *taller*, which resembles the decanter stands

in a butler's pantry : he then proceeds, unaided by ostler or boots, to select a stall for his beast,—unsaddles and unloads, and in due time applies to the *ventero* for fodder, the difference of whose cool reception contrasts with the eager welcome which awaits the traveller at bedtime : his arrival is a godsend to the creeping tribe, who, like the *ventero*, have no regular larder ; it is not upstairs that he eats, but where *he* is eaten like Polonius ; the walls are frequently stained with the marks of nocturnal combats, of those internecine, truly Spanish *guerrillas*, which are waged without an Elliot treaty, against enemies who, if not exterminated, murder sleep. Were these fleas and French ladybirds unanimous, they would eat up a Goliath ; but fortunately, like other Spaniards, they never act together, and are consequently conquered and slaughtered in detail ; hence the proverbial expression for great mortality among men, *mueren como chinches*.

Having first provided for the wants and comforts of his beast, for "the master's eye fattens the horse," the traveller's begins to think of himself. One, and the greater side of the building, is destined for the cattle, the other for their owners. Immediately opposite the public entrance is the staircase that leads to the upper part of the building, which is dedicated to the lodgment of fodder, fowls, vermin, and the better class of travellers. The arrangement of the larger class of *posadas* and *ventas* is laid out on the plan of a convent, and is well calculated to lodge the greatest number of inmates in the smallest space. The ingress and egress are facilitated by a long corridor, into which the doors of the separate rooms open ; these are called "*cuartos*," whence our word "quarters" may be derived. There is seldom any furniture in them ; whatever is wanted is or is not to be had of the host from some lock-up store. A rigid puritan will be much distressed by the lack of any artificial contrivance to hold water ; the best toilette on these occasions is a river's bank, although rivers in unvisited interiors of the Cas-

tiles are often rarer even than water-basins. It is, however, no use to draw nets in streams where there are no fish ; nor to expect to find conveniences which no one else ever asks for, and those articles which seem to the foreigner to be of the commonest and daily necessity, are unknown to the natives. However, as there are no carpets to be spoiled, and cold water retains its properties although brought up in a horse-bucket or in the cook's brass caldron, ablutions, as the albums express it, can be performed. What a school, after all, is a *venta* to the slaves of comforts, and without how many absolute essentials do they manage to get on, and happily ! What lessons are taught of good-humoured patience, and of that British sailor characteristic of making the best of every occurrence, and deeming any port a good one in a storm ! Complaint is of no use ; if you tell the landlord that his wine is more sour than his vinegar, he will gravely reply, "*Señor*, that cannot be, for both came out of the same cask."

The portion of the ground-floor which is divided by the public entrance from the stables, is dedicated to the kitchen, and accommodation for the travellers. The kitchen consists of a huge open range, generally on the floor, the *ollas* (pots) and culinary vessels being placed against the fire arranged in circles, as described by Martial, "*multa villica quem coronat olla*," who, as a good Spaniard would do to this day, after thirty-five years' absence at Rome, writes to his friend Juvenal, after his return to Spain, a full account of the real comforts that he once more enjoys in his best-beloved patria, and which remind us of the domestic details in the opening chapter of 'Don Quijote.' These rows of pipkins are kept up by round stones called "*sesos*," brains ; above is a high, wide chimney, which is armed with iron-work for suspending pots of a large size ; sometimes there are a few stoves of masonry, but more frequently they are only the portable ones of the East. Around the blackened walls are arranged pots and pipkins, gridirons and frying-pans, which

hang in rows, like tadpoles of all sizes, to accommodate large or small parties, and the more the better; it is a good sign, "*en casa llena, pronto se guisa cena*" (supper is then sooner ready).

The vicinity of the kitchen fire being the warmest spot, and the nearest to the flesh-pot, is the *querencia*, the favourite "resort" of the muleteers and travelling bagsmen, especially when cold, wet, and hungry. The first come are the best served, says the proverb, in the matters of soup and love. The earliest arrivals take the cosiest corner seats near the fire, and secure the promptest non-attendance; for the better class of guests there is sometimes a "private apartment," or the boudoir of the *ventera*, which is made over to those who bring courtesy in their mouths, and seem to have cash in their pockets; but these out-of-the-way curiosities of comfort do not always suit either author or artist, and the social kitchen is preferable to solitary state. When a stranger enters into it, if he salutes the company, "My lords and knights, do not let your graces molest yourselves," or courteously indicates his desire to treat them with respect, they will assuredly more than return the compliment, and as good breeding is instinctive in the Spaniard, will rise and insist on his taking the best and highest seat. Greater, indeed, is their reward and satisfaction, if they discover that the invited one can talk to them in their own lingo, and understands their feelings by circulating his cigars and wine *bota* among them.

At the side of the kitchen is a den of a room, in which the *ventero* keeps stowed away that stock of raw materials which forms the foundation of the national cuisine, and in which garlic plays the first fiddle. The very name, like that of monk, is enough to give offence to most English. The evil consists, however, in the abuse, not in the use: from the quantity eaten in all southern countries, where it is considered to be fragrant, palatable, stomachic, and invigorating, we must assume that it is suited by nature to local tastes and constitutions. Wherever any particular herb grows, there lives the ass who is

to eat it, "*Donde crece la escoba, nace el asno que la roya.*" Nor is garlic necessarily either a poison or a source of baseness; for Henry IV. was no sooner born, than his lips were rubbed with a clove of it by his grandfather, after the revered old custom of Bearn.

Bread, wine, and raw garlic, says the proverb, make a young man go briskly, "*Pan, vino, y ajo crudo, hacen andar al mozo agudo.*" The better classes turn up their noses at this odoriferous delicacy of the lower classes, which was forbidden per statute by Alonzo XI. to his knights of *La Banda*; and Don Quijote cautions Sancho Panza to be moderate in this food, as not becoming to a governor: with even such personages, however, it is a struggle, and one of the greatest sacrifices to the altar of civilization and *les convenances*. To give Spanish garlic its due, it must be said that, when administered by a judicious hand (for, like prussic acid, all depends on the quantity), it is far milder than the English. Spanish garlic and onions degenerate after three years' planting when transplanted into England. They gain in pungency and smell, just as English foxhounds, when drafted into Spain, lose their strength and scent in the third generation. A clove of garlic is called *un diente*, a tooth. Those who dislike the piquant vegetable must place a sentinel over the cook of the venta while she is putting into her caldron the ingredients of his supper, or Avicenna will not save him: for if God sends meats, and here they are a godsend, the evil one provides the cooks of the venta, who certainly do bedevil many things.

Thrice happy, then, the man blessed with a provident servant who has foraged on the road, and comes prepared with cates on which no Castilian Canidia has breathed; while they are stewing, he may, if he be a poet, rival those sonnets in 'Don Quijote' on Sancho's ass, saddle-bags, and sapient attention to their provend, "*su cuerda providencia.*" The odour and good tidings of the arrival of unusual delicacies soon spread far and wide in the village, and generally attract the *Cura*, who loves to hear something new, and

does not dislike savoury food : the quality of a Spaniard's temperance, like that of his mercy, is strained ; his poverty and not his will consents to more and other fasts than those enjoined by the church ; hunger, the sauce of St. Bernard, is one of the few wants which is not experienced in a Spanish *venta*. Our practice in one was to invite the curate, by begging him to bless the pot-luck, to which he did ample justice, and more than repaid for its visible diminution by good fellowship, local information, and the credit reflected on the stranger in the eyes of the natives, by beholding him thus patronised by their pastor and master. It is not to be denied in the case of a stew of partridges, that deep sighs and exclamations *Que rico!* (how rich!) escape the envious lips of his hungry flock, when they behold and whiff the odoriferous dish, as it smokes past them like a railway locomotive.

Nor, it must be said, was all this hospitality on one side ; it has more than once befallen us in the rude *ventas* of the Salamanca district, that the silver-haired *cura*, whose living barely furnished the means whereby to live, on hearing the simple fact that an Englishman was arrived, has come down to offer his house and fare. Such, (or indeed any Spaniard's invitation) is not to be accepted by those who value liberty of action or time ; rather seat the good man at the head of the *venta* board, and regale him with your best cigar ; he will tell you of *El gran Lor*—the great Lord—the Cid of England ; he will recount the Duke's victories, and dwell on the good faith, mercy, and justice of our brave soldiers, as he will execrate the cruelty, rapacity, and perfidy of those who fled before their gleaming bayonets.

But, to return to first arrival at *ventas*, whether saddle-bag or stomach be empty or full, the *ventero* when you enter remains unmoved and imperturbable, as if he never had had an appetite, or had lost it, or had dined. Not that his genus ever are seen eating except when invited to a guest's stew ; air, the economical ration of the chameleon, seems to be his habitual sus-

tenance, and still more so that of his wife and womankind, who never will sit and eat even with the stranger ; nay, in humbler Spanish families they seem to dine with the cat in some corner, and on scraps ; this is a remnant of the Roman and Moorish treatment of women as inferiors. Their lord and husband, the innkeeper, cannot conceive why foreigners on their arrival are always so impatient, and is equally surprised at their inordinate appetite ; the first question of an English landlord, "Will you not like to take some refreshment?" is the very last which he would think of putting ; sometimes by giving him a cigar, by coaxing his wife, flattering his daughter, and caressing Maritornes, you may get a couple of his *pollos* or fowls, which run about the ground-floor, picking up anything, and ready to be picked up themselves and dressed.

All the operations of cookery and eating, of killing, sousing in boiling water, plucking, et cætera, preparatory as well as final, go on in this open kitchen. They are carried out by the *ventera* and her daughters or maids, or by some crabbed, smoke-dried, shrivelled old woman, who is, or at least is called, the "*tía*" (my aunt), and who is the subject of the good-humoured remarks of the courteous and hungry traveller before dinner, and of his full-stomach jests afterwards. The assembled parties crowd round the fire, watching and assisting each at their own savoury messes, "*Un ojo á la sarten, y otro á la gata*" (one eye to the pan, the other to the cat), whose very existence in a *venta*, and among the pots, is a miracle ; by the way, the naturalist will observe that its ears and tail are almost always cropped closely to the stumps. All and each of the travellers, when their respective stews are ready, form clusters and groups round the frying-pan, which is moved from the fire hot and smoking, and placed on a low table or block of wood before them, or the unctuous contents are emptied into a huge earthen reddish dish, which in form and colour is the precise *paropsis*, the food platter, described by Martial and other an-

cient authors. Chairs are a luxury; the lower classes sit on the ground as in the East, or on low stools, and fall to in a most Oriental manner, with an un-European ignorance of forks,* for which they substitute a short wooden or horn spoon, or dip their bread into the dish, or fish up morsels with their long pointed knives. They eat copiously, but with gravity—with appetite, but without greediness; for none of any nation, as a rule, are better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards.

They are very pressing in their invitations whenever any eating is going on. No Spaniard or Spaniards, however humble their class or fare, ever allow any one to come near or pass them when eating, without inviting him to partake. "*Guste usted comer?*" (Will your grace be pleased to dine?) No traveller should ever omit to go through this courtesy whenever any Spaniards, high or low, approach him when at any meal, especially if taking it out of doors, which often happens in these journeyings; nor is it altogether an empty form; all classes consider it a compliment, if a stranger, and especially an Englishman, will condescend to share their dinner. In the smaller towns, those invited by English will often partake, even the better classes, and who have already dined; they think it civil to accept, and rude to refuse the invitation, and have no objection to eating any good thing, which is the exception to their ordinary frugal habits: all this is quite Arabian. The Spaniards seldom accept the invitation at once; they expect to be urged by an obsequious host, in order to appear to do a gentle violence to their stomachs by eating to oblige him. The angels declined Lot's offered hospitalities until they were "pressed greatly." Tra-

vellers in Spain must not forget this still existing Oriental trait: for if they do not greatly press their offer, they are understood as meaning it to be a mere empty compliment. We have known Spaniards who have called with an intention of staying dinner, go away, because this ceremony was not gone through according to their punctilious notions, to which our off-hand manners are diametrically opposed. Hospitality in a hungry, inn-less land becomes, as in the East, a sacred duty: if a man eats all the provender by himself, he cannot expect to have many friends. Generally speaking, the offer is not accepted; it is always declined with the same courtesy which prompts the invitation. "*Muchas gracias, buen provecho le haga á usted*" (Many thanks—much good may it do your grace), an answer which is analogous to the *prosit* of Italian peasants after eating or sneezing. These customs, both of inviting and declining, tally exactly, and even to the expressions used among the Arabs to this day. Every passer-by is invited by Orientals—"Bismillah ya seede," which means both a grace and invitation—"In the name of God, sir, (*i. e.*) will you dine with us?" or "*Tafud'-dal*" (Do me the favour to partake of this repast). Those who decline reply, "*Heneé an*" (May it benefit).

Supper, which, as with the ancients, is their principal meal, is seasoned with copious draughts of the wine of the country, drunk out of a jug or *bota* which we have already described, for glasses do not abound; after it is done, cigars are lighted, the rude seats are drawn closer to the fire, stories are told, principally on robber or love events, the latter of which are by far the truest. Jokes are given and taken; laughter, inextinguishable as that of Homer's gods, forms the chorus of conversation, especially after good eating or drinking, to which it is the best dessert. In due time songs are sung, a guitar is strummed, for some black-whiskered Figaro is sure to have heard of the "arrival," and steals down from the pure love of harmony and charms of a cigar: then flock in peasants of

* Forks are an Italian invention: old Coryate, who introduced this "neatness" into Somersetshire, about 1600, was called *furcifer* by his friends. Alexander Barclay thus describes the previous English mode of eating, which sounds very *ventaish*, although worse mannered:—

"If the dishe be pleasaunt, eyther flesche or fische,
Ten hands at once swarm in the dishe."

both sexes, dancing is set on foot, the fatigues of the day are forgotten, and the catching sympathy of mirth, extending to all, is prolonged until far into the night; during which, as they take a long siesta in the day, all are as wakeful as owls, and worse caterwaulers than cats,—to describe the scene baffles the art of pen or pencil. The roars, the dust, the want of everything in these low-classed ventas, are emblems of the nothingness of Spanish life—a jest. One by one the company drops off; the better classes go up stairs, the humbler and vast majority make up their bed on the ground, near their animals, and, like them full of food and free from care, fall instantly asleep in spite of the noise and discomfort by which they are surrounded. This counterfeit of death is more equalizing, as Don Quijote says, than death itself, for an honest Spanish muleteer stretched on his hard pallet sleeps sounder than many an uneasy head that wears another's crown. "Sleep," says Sancho, "covers one over like a cloak," and a cloak or its cognate mantle forms the best part of their wardrobe by day, and their bed furniture by night. The earth is now, as it was to the Iberians, the national bed; nay, the Spanish word which expresses that commodity, *cama*, is derived from the Greek *καμα*. Thus they are lodged on the ground floor, and thereby escape the three classes of little animals which, like the inseparable Graces, are always to be found in fine climates in the wholesale, and in Spanish *ventas* in the retail. Their pillow is composed either of their pack-saddles or saddle-bags; their sleep is short, but profound. Long before daylight all are in motion; "they take up their bed," the animals are fed, harnessed, and laden, and the heaviest sleepers awakened: there is little morning toilette, no time or soap is lost by biped or quadruped in the processes of grooming or lavation: both carry their wardrobes on their back, and trust to the shower and the sun to cleanse and bleach; their moderate accounts are paid, salutations or execrations (generally the latter), accord-

ing to the length of the bills, pass between them and their landlords, and another day of toil begins. Our faithful and trustworthy squire seldom failed for a couple of hours after leaving the *venta* to pour forth an eloquent stream of oaths, invectives, and lamentations at the dearth of inns, the rascality of their keepers in general, and of the host of the preceding night in particular, although probably a couple of dollars had cleared the account for a couple of men and animals, and he himself had divided the extra-extortion with the honest *ventero*.

These Spanish *venta* scenes vary every day and night, as a new set of actors make their first and last appearance before the traveller: of one thing there can be no mistake, he has got out of England, and the present year of our Lord. Their undeniable smack of antiquity gives them a relish, a *borrachá*, which is unknown in Great Britain, where all is fused and modernized down to last Saturday night; here alone can you see and study those manners and events which must have occurred on the same sites when Hannibal and Scipio were last there, as it would be very easy to work out from the classical authors. We would just suggest a comparison between the arrangement of the Spanish country *venta* with that of the Roman inn now uncovered at the entrance of Pompeii, and its exact counterpart, the modern "*osteria*," in the same district of Naples. In the Museo Borbonico will be found types of most of the utensils now used in Spain, while the Oriental and most ancient style of cuisine is equally easy to be identified with the notices left us in the cookery books of antiquity. The same may be said of the tambourines, castanets, songs, and dances,—in a word, of everything; and, indeed, when all are hushed in sleep, and stretched like corpses amid their beasts, (especially the Valencians, in their sandals, kilts, and mantas, and in and on their rush-baskets and mattings), we feel that Strabo must have beheld the old Iberians exactly in the same costume and position, when he told us what we see now to be true, *το πλεον*

εν σαγοις, εν οἷς περ και στιβαδοκοι-
τουσι.

The "*ventorillo*" is a lower class of *venta*—for there is a deeper bathos: it is the German *kneipe* or hedge ale-house, and is often nothing more than a mere hut, run up with reeds or branches of trees by the road-side, at which water, bad wine, and brandy, "*aguardiente*," tooth-water, are to be sold. The latter is always detestable, raw, and disflavoured with aniseed, and turns white in water like Eau de Cologne, not that the natives ever expose it to such a trial. These "*ventorillos*" are at best suspicious places, and the haunts of the spies of robbers and skulking footpads when there are any, who lurk inside with the proprietress: she herself generally might sit as a model for Hecate, or for one of the witches in Shakspeare over their caldron.

The Inquisition.—On the flat plain outside the walls of Seville, called *El Prado de San Sebastian*, was the *Quemadero*, or the burning-place of the Inquisition, where the last act of the religious tragedy of the *auto de fé* was left, with the odium, to be performed by the civil power. The spot of fire is marked by the foundations of a square platform on which the faggots were piled.

Elderly Spaniards have been—until very recently—shy of talking about the *Quemadero*; sons of burnt fathers, they dreaded the fire. *Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton!* Hush! hush! said they, with finger on lip, like the image of Silence, with King and Inquisition. As the heavy swell of the Atlantic remains after the hurricane is past, so distrust and scared apprehension have long formed part of the uncommunicative Spaniard in dealing with Spaniard. "How silent you are," said the Empress of Russia to Euler. "Madam," replied he, "I have lived in a country where men who speak are

hanged." The burnings of torrid Spain would have better suited the tempera-
ture of chilly Siberia.

The effects are, however, the same, and this engine of mystery hung over the nation like the sword of Damocles; invisible spies, more terrible than armed men, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty, save his justice and mercy. It brooded like a nightmare on the body and breath of the nation; hence their dwarfed literature, and unsocial isolation. The dread of the Inquisition, from whence no secrets were hid, locked up the Spanish heart, soured the sweet charities of life, prevented frank and social communication which relieves and improves. Hospitality became dangerous when confidence might open the mind, and wine give utterance to long-hidden thought. Such was the fear-engendered silence under Roman tyranny, as described by Tacitus (*Agr. ii.*): "*Adempto per inquisitiones et loquendi et audiendi commercio, memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdissemus, si tam in nostrâ potestate esset oblivisci quam tacere.*"

The Inquisition, a tribunal of bad faith, bigotry, confiscation, blood, and fire, was initiated by St. Dominic, who learnt his trade under Simon de Montfort, the exterminator of the Protestant Albigenes. It was remodelled on Moorish principles, the *garrote* and furnace being borrowed from the bowstring and fire of the Moslem, who burnt the bodies of the infidels to prevent the ashes from becoming relics (*Reinaud, 'Inv. des Sarasins,' 145*).

Spanish cities have contended for the honour of which was the first seat of this *holy* tribunal, once the great glory and boast of Spain, and elsewhere her foul disgrace. This, says Mariana (*xxv. 1*), was the secret of her invincible greatness, since "*the instant the holy office acquired its due power and authority, a new light shone over the land, and, by divine favour, the forces of Spain became sufficient to eradicate and beat down the Moor.*"

Seville was the first and the headquarters of these bright fires. The great claim put forth in 1627 for the

beatification of St. Ferdinand was, that he had carried faggots himself to burn heretics. But the spirit of the age was then fanatically ferocious. Thus Philip le Bel, his cousin, and son of St. Louis, tortured and burnt the Templars by a slow fire near his royal garden; and our Henry's writ *de heretico comburendo*, approved of by Coke (iii. Inst. 5) *pro salute animæ*—out of regard for the soul of the burnt man—was only abolished by Charles II. The holy tribunal was first fixedly established at Seville in 1481, by Sixtus IV., at the petition of Ferdinand, who used it as an engine of finance, police, and revenge. He assigned to it the Dominican convent of St. Paul, and when that was found too small for the number of its inmates, gave it the citadel of Triana. This tribunal, judge, jury, and executioner of its victim, was too truly a thing of Spain not to root and flourish in a congenial soil. Lay pride allied itself to such a religion, the grandes held office both from bigotry, love of new titles, and self-security, by becoming members of the dreaded system. Tomas de Torquemada was the first high-priest who carried out, to use Bossuet's mild phrase, "the holy severity of the church of Rome which will not tolerate error." According to the best authorities, from 1481 to 1808, the Holy Tribunal of Spain burnt 34,612 persons alive, 18,048 in effigy, and imprisoned 288,109—but these vast numbers are questionable—the goods and chattels of every one of them being first duly confiscated. In addition to these victims it entailed to uncommercial, indolent Spain the expulsion of her wealthy Jews, and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors. The dangerous engine, when the supply of victims was exhausted, recoiled on the nation, and fitted it for that yoke, heavy and grievous, under which for three centuries it has done penance; the works of Llorente have fully revealed the secrets of priestcraft in power. The best account of an *Auto de Fé* is the official report of José del Olmo, 4to., published at Madrid in 1680.

Irrigation (Works of). See Introd., Part II., § 31.

Jeres (its Wines) Sherry. — The growth of wine amounts to some 500,000 *arrobas* annually; this Moorish name and measure contains a quarter of a hundredweight: 30 go to a *bota* or butt, of which some 34,000 are annually produced, running from 8000 to 10,000 really fine. This wine was first known in England about the time of our Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who under Essex sacked Cadiz brought home the fashion of good "sherrie sack." It is still called *seco* here, which is the old English *seck*, the French *sec*, a word used in contradistinction to the *sweet* malvoisies. It was ousted by *Madeira* wine, but brought back into fashion by Lord Holland, whose travels in Spain abroad, and whose table at home, gave him the right to dictate in dinnering at least. Meanwhile the bulk of good Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity. It is, in fact, a foreign wine, and made and drunk by foreigners; nor do Spaniards like its strength, and still less its high price. Thus, even at Granada, it is sold as a liqueur. At Seville, in the best houses, one glass only is, or in our time used to be, handed round at dinner as the *golpe medico*, or *chasse*, the *κυρπος πεπλικος* of Athenæus (i. 20). The first class, called "*Vino seco, fino, oloroso y generoso*," is very dear, costing half a dollar a bottle on the spot. Pure genuine sherry, from 10 to 12 years old, is worth from 50 to 80 guineas per butt in the *bodega*; and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges are added, will stand the importer from 100 to 130 guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from 108 to 112 gallons, and the duty is 5s. 6d. per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about 52 dozen.

The excellence of sherry wines is owing to the extreme care and scientific methods introduced by *foreigners*,

who are chiefly French and Scotch. A *Bodega*, the Roman *horrea*, the wine-store or apotheca, is, unlike our excavated cellars, always *above* ground. The interior is cool, the heat and glare outside being carefully excluded; here thousands of butts are piled up during the rearing and maturing processes. Sherry, when perfect, is made up from many different butts; the "entire" is in truth the result of Jerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavour. Thus one barrel corrects another, by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the *Capataz* or head man, who is usually a *Montañés* from the Asturian mountains, and often becomes the real master of his nominal masters, whom he cheats, as well as the grower. He passes this life of probation in tasting: he goes round the butts, marking each according to its character, correcting and improving each at every successive visit.

The *callida junctura* ought to unite fulness of body, a nutty flavour and aroma, dryness, absence from acidity, strength, spirituousity, and durability. Brandy is used, although in fine proportions, the vivifying power of the unstinted sun of Andalucia not imparting sufficient alcohol, although the quantity of alcohol in the wine itself ranges from 20 to 23 per cent. in fine sherries. Fine, pure old sherry is of a rich brown colour. The new raw wines are paler; in order to flatter the tastes of some English, "pale old sherry" must be had, and the colour is chemically discharged at the expense of the delicate aroma. The *amontillado* is so called from a peculiar, bitter-almond dry flavour, somewhat like the wines of Montilla, near Cordova: much sought after, it is dear, and used in enriching poorer and sweetish wines. There is always a venerable butt that contains some *Madre vino*, or rich wine, with which the new wine is improved. The contents are very precious, and the barrels named after Ferdinands, Nelsons, Wellingtons, kings and heroes. The visitor is just allowed a sip, by way of *bonne bouche*. The sweet wines of the sherry grape are delicious.

The best are the Moscadell, the *Pedro Ximenez*, so called from a German vine-grower, and the *Pajarete*; this term has nothing to do with the *pajaros*, or birds which pick the most luscious grapes, but is simply the name of the village where it was first made.*

Jews (Spanish).—The Spanish Jews were of a very high caste; and although persecuted by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard (that is by followers of creeds both alike daughters of the Old Testament) they clung closely to their faith. Strange religionists! who turned, when they were the sole depositaries of the real word of God, to every idolatry, worshipping a golden calf (and probably because it was *golden*), even under the thunders of Mount Sinai; and yet, when the true Messiah came to supersede the old law, they then clung doggedly to what they before abandoned. Spain (Tarshish) was always the favoured locality of the Jew when forced away from Palestine. Being men of peace and money, they were always persecuted by the men of war, who seldom can live on their pay. There was no end of fleecing them on one pretence or another. Such was the *Judaicus Fiscus* of Domitian (Suet. 12), such the policy of Tiberius, who banished all Jews from Italy who would not abjure their creed (Tac. 'Au.' ii. 85); the purification of religion was always made the pretext of appropriating avarice, so the Christian Goths, equally fond of money as the Romans, found an additional accusation in the guilt of the crucifixion. In 694, by the 17th council of Toledo, the Jews were ordered to be cut off with the

* All the varieties of grape and soil are carefully described in the 'Ensayo sobre las variedades de la Vid en Andalucia,' Simon Rojas Clemente, 4to., Mad., 1807; in the 'Memorias sobre el Cultivo de la Vid,' Esteban Boutelon, 4to., Mad., 1807.

“scythe of revenge,” for corresponding with the “Filistins” of Barbary. It was then, when driven by persecutions, that the Jews called in the avenging Moors, and opened the gates of *Toledo*, it is said, on Palm Sunday, while the Christian garrison was worshipping at the tomb of Santa Leocadia. For this service they at first were favoured by the Moslems, and, being left in peace, soon again became so rich, that their heresies began to stink in Moham-medan nostrils, and they were either strangled or robbed. In this dilemma they turned to the avenging Christians, and let in Alonso VI., who also for a time encouraged and protected them. As they sided with Don Pedro (because they had lent him money) in the civil wars of 1369, they were treated as traitors by the successful Enrique II., who confiscated their cash. Then ensued the crusades of San Vicente de Ferrer, who imitated the great modern master of Jewish persecution, the perfidious *Philippe le Bel* of France, son of Saint Louis and executioner of two popes. The Spanish Jews, having been long hunted like beasts and impoverished, were finally expelled from Spain under circumstances of most Iberian cruelty by Isabella in 1492, who therefore is called *Jesebel* in their chronicles. Vast numbers settled on the Moham-medan shores of the Mediterranean, where their descendants still speak Spanish. The Moors and the wisest of the early Spanish kings tolerated the industrious and intelligent Jews, who, unable to become soldiers or land-owners, took to money-making; they soon got rich by “spoiling the Egyptians” with whom they dwelt, but of whom they were not. They formed the ablest financiers and scriveners, and made money easily when the legal rule of interest was 33½ per cent., *tres per quatro* (L. vi. Fuero Real): to kill them became naturally an easy and religious way of paying old debts with the good old Christian *Hidalgos*, who were hallooed on and absolved by a bigot church. Many Jews, however, remained in Spain, professing to be Christians, but in secret following their own religion and mammon. And some

still exist, according to Mr. Borrow, but are quite unknown to Spaniards. “These genuine Jews,” says he, “are quiet and in easy circumstances, trafficking in wool and *longanizas*, which they sell, but do not eat, as pork enters largely into this excellent sausage.” Meantime from the long and close breeding in and in of this “peeled race,” no ethnologist can mistake a physical type, which is as marked as the woolly head of the negro. The name Jew, *Judio*, is still the *maledictio pessima*, the *Nimreseth*, the insult never to be forgiven, *anathema maranatha*. Sancho Panza, the type of the lower classes, glories in hating a Jew, a proof of his being a true Christian (‘Don Quixote,’ iii. 7). Spaniards, even in this century, were taught to think all foreigners to be heretics and Jews. The cry of *Judiada* is still a prelude to certain murder. “I hate oppression in every shape,” said a Valencian *Liberal* to Lord Carnarvon; “I am a friend to the human race: if indeed there be a Jew among us, burn him, I say, burn him, alive.”*

Juan de Herrera. See Part I., p. 74.

Language (Spanish). See Introd., Part I., § 16.

Loja and Lord Rivers.—Washington Irving, in his ‘Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,’ gives a romantic account of its siege under Ferdinand and Isabella, by the aid of the English archers commanded by Lord Rivers:—“Lord Rivers was the first to pene-

* There is a poorish history of the *Sephardim* or Spanish Jews, by James Finn, 1841, and another, not much better, by E. H. Lindo, 8vo., London, 1848; some studies on them have been written by Amador de los Rios, and also by Adolfo de Castro, Cadiz, 1847, a work that has been translated by E. Kirwan; but none of these exhaust the subject, which has yet to be worthily written: for the Hispano-Hebro Romanero, consult ‘Die Religiöse Poesie der Juden in Spanien,’ Michael Sachs, Berlin, 1845.

trate the suburbs, and was severely wounded. His majesty visited the tent of the English earl, and consoled him for the loss of his teeth by the consideration that he might otherwise have been deprived of them by natural decay; whereas, the lack of them would now be esteemed a beauty rather than a defect, serving as a trophy of the glorious cause in which he had been engaged." The earl replied that "he gave thanks to God and to the Holy Virgin for being thus honoured by a visit from the most potent king in Christendom; that he accepted with all gratitude his gracious consolation for the loss he had sustained, though he held it little to lose two teeth in the service of God, who had given him all." How different is the historical account of an eye-witness, Peter Martyr, whose charming epistles none should fail to peruse in these localities (Lett. lxii., Elz. Ed.). "Ab orbe venit Britanno juvenis, animo, genere, divitiis, et titulo pollens, Scalæ comes—Lord Scales—cum pulcherrimâ familiarum patrio more arcubus et pharetris armatorum catervâ. Is post fortia testibus Hispanis facta, dum per scalas murum inter consortes scutatus ascenderet, saxo percussus ad tentoria deportatur exanimis. Chirurgorum cura exactissima vitam servat, sed anterioribus ictu saxi dentibus amissis. Reginam ubi primum ex tentorio licuit exire, quæ nuper advenerat, it salutatum: dolenti oris feditatem Reginæ ad ablatos dentes, juvenis alludens, 'Christo qui totam eam fabricaverat domum, fenestellam se fecisse, qua facilius quod intus lateret inspicere possit,' lepide respondit: placuit Regibus argute dictum, atque honestis illum muneribus donatum ad natale solum in Britanniam remiserunt."

It was to Loza that Gonzalo de Cordova, *El gran capitán*, and Spain's only real general, retired from the suspicions of the ungrateful Ferdinand, who, like an Eastern khalif and a modern Junta, dreaded a too victorious servant. He died at Granada, of a quartan fever, Dec. 2nd, 1515. Mr. Prescott has given us a correct sketch of his life and character in his 'Ferdi-

nand and Isabella' (see also 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvii. 51). A regular biography has recently been written by the commonplace Quintana. The old '*Coronica del Gran Capitan*,' folio, Alcalá de Henares, 1584, although interesting as a romance, is, as Cervantes says, (speaking through the curate) *true history*; the French work by Florian is worse than worthless in this respect.

Loyola (Ignacio).—Ignacio Loyola, born in Guipuzcoa in 1491, began life as a soldier, and was wounded by the French during the siege of Pamplona in 1521. He was cured by St. Peter, who came down from heaven on purpose (Ribad. ii. 387). During his illness he so pored over the lives and legends of saints, that he went mad, as did Don Quijote by perusing chivalrous romances. He determined on a spiritual knight-errantry, and set forth to teach a religion to others of which he knew nothing himself, and, first, did penance a year in this cave. After dedicating himself to the Virgin at Monserrat, he collected a few disciples and proceeded to Rome to ask for Papal permission to found his society, our Saviour "appearing to him in person, to promise his assistance."

Loyola, an enthusiast, yet sincere, became a tool in the hands of the crafty Diego Laynez, Xavier Salmeron, and of Acqua Viva especially. He it was who put forth the *Exercitatorium*, the manual of ascetic treatises, said to be revealed to Loyola by the Virgin herself: but these Exercises were almost a reprint of an older work of Garcia Cisneros, which was in consequence bought up by the Jesuits. This trio composed the truly Spanish code, the *disciplina arcani*, constitutions which embody the principle of the mystery of iniquity: these, which it was given out were corrected by the Virgin herself, appealed to the sympathies of Spaniards, the then dominant people of Europe, and were based on

the old Castilian military and monastic obedience. "They enlisted soldiers into the camp of Mary," to combat against civil and religious liberty, which the Bible translated by Luther was giving to mankind. Their object was to uphold Popery, not Christianity, and thus to govern mankind through religion; they purposed to revive the crusades, to restore to the tiara in the new world what it was losing in the old. They created unscrupulous agents; their education was teaching men *not* to think; they required a slavish obedience of the intellect, and left the understanding without freedom, the heart without virtue. As printing, which gave wings to the Bible, was shattering the fabric of the Vatican, the Jesuits, monopolising the lever of *education*, became missionaries abroad, tutors, and teachers of the rising youth at home, and thus not only disarmed knowledge of its power, but made it minister to its own suicidal destruction, and become a tool for the carrying on of that implacable, exterminating contest, which Rome has ever warred, wars, and will war against all civil and religious liberty. Accordingly the active, intellectual Jesuits infused a new life into the fat indolence of the monastic system. They raised cheerful, gorgeous temples, and abjured the gloomy cowl and routine of the cloister, now getting obsolete. Men of this world rather than of the next, they adopted a purely mundane policy, of the earth, earthy. They professed to secure the salvation of all who would only implicitly trust to them, and thus removed heavy responsibility, which depresses the soul, and placed it on velvet: their redeeming merit, according to Brillat Savarin, was (after colonizing and civilizing the new world) the discovery of the turkey and its introduction to the truffle; but gastronomy owes everything to the church.

Their nomenclature and regulations were also military. The order was a "*compañia*," a *company*, the standard was "a material heart bleeding, and crowned with thorns." They were commanded, not by a Prior, but by a "General;" and Loyola, an old soldier,

knowing what incumbrances females were in a fighting well-disciplined camp, urged the pope to decree that there never should be Jesuit nuns. Bad faith—*nulla fides servanda est hereticis*—and an insatiable lust for spiritual and temporal power, and the axiom that the end justifies the means, were their principles. The shrewd old man of the seven hills saw the value of his new and most exclusive allies, his "own" regiment, his personal body-guard; for the Jesuits were subject to no diocesan jurisdiction, but to him alone, so they were constituted by a bull in 1540. The order rapidly extended. Loyola having been the "general" of his legions for 15 years, died July 31, 1556, aged 63, and was canonized by Gregory XV., March 12, 1622. It has been calculated that the Jesuits' property in Spain, under Charles III., exceeded three millions sterling: quiet and gentle as doves, and cunning as serpents, they were too deep to offend by the ostentation of their power, and were satisfied with the reality.

Loyola, who laid his iron sword on the altar at Monserrat, gave a more powerful weapon to Rome: there was its handle, while its point was everywhere. The subtle Jesuits soon became too mighty for kings, and even popes; and the order was annulled July 21, 1773, by Ganganelli. The Jesuits were expelled from Spain March 31, 1767, under circumstances of singular Punic perfidy and Iberian cruelty. How Aranda managed this coup d'état with Charles III. is detailed by Blanco White, '*Doblado Letters*,' p. 445. Yet Jesuitism, it has been said, may feign death, but it never really dies: its immortality is secured in the weakness of human nature.

No school of art ever painted the Jesuit like that of his own country: Roelas gave to the life the stealthy grimalkin courtier, while Ribalta, the imitator of Sebastian del Piombo, depicted the Schidoni look of these "men in black from under the ground;" his favourite subject was the sepulchral vision of Loyola, when the Saviour appeared to him bearing his cross,

bidding him go to Rome and be of good cheer, Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero. Loyola assumed for the costume of his order the usual dress worn in Spain by the secular clergy, which consists of a black gown, and a huge hat a yard long, turned up at the sides. It is the dress of Don Basilio in the Marriage of Figaro; none, however, can understand the fine arts of Spain, as connected with the Jesuits, without reading the church-authorized life of the founder. '*Vida del Santo*, Nieremberg,' Mad. 1636, 3rd ed. There are many others: one by H. L. Ortiz, fol., Sevilla, 1679: and another by Fr^o de Mattos, fol., 1718.

La Mancha.—The province of *La Mancha* contains about 7500 square m., with a scanty population of 250,000. It is chiefly tableland, elevated at a mean height of 2000 feet above the sea-level. Although apparently a plain, it is very undulating; in the dips, a streamlet occasionally creates a partial verdure and fertility, but water is the great want; indeed, some see the origin of the name *Mancha* in the Arab *Manxa*—dry land. Denuded of trees, it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer heat: tawny and arid is the earth, while the fierce glare of the sun, and the dust, impregnated with saltpetre, blind the eye, wearied with prospects of uniform misery, and with a grievous want of anything worth notice, either in man, or his works, or in the nature with which he is surrounded; the traveller is sickened with the wide expanse of monotonous steppes, over which nought but the genius of a Cervantes could have thrown any charm, gilding, as it were, its unendurable misery and dulness. Here we think of Don Quijote, Cardenio, and Dorothea, for these fictions rank as realities.

The towns are few, poverty-stricken, and without a particle of comfort or interest: the mud-built villages are the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed labourers: besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is sub-

stituted, as in the East. These hamlets, wretched enough before, were so sacked by the Duponts and Soult, that they have never recovered. The plains produce much corn, saffron, and in some places rich wines: the mules are celebrated. The *Mancego* is honest, patient, and hard-working when there is any one to hire him; his affections are more developed than his reason. Temperate, brave, and moral, he is attached and confiding when kindly used and honestly dealt with; reserved and stern when he suspects ill-treatment and injustice. He is plainly clad in *paño pardo*, with a *montera*—the Iberian *μιντρα*—on his head, a most inconvenient cap, which neither defends the head from the sun, the rain, or the cold; yet, in spite of all these untoward circumstances in man and his country, this is the province of the song and dance, the *Seguidilla* and *Manchega*. Honest, homely Sancho Panza is a real Manchegan peasant. He is the true *Juan Español*, the John Bull of Spain. *Dos Juanes con un Pedro, hacen un asnon entero*.

Maragatos. See Muleteers.

Martin (San). See Santiago.

Medicine and Medicos.*—While our critical monitors cry thieves on every road of the Peninsula, no friendly warning has been given against the *Sangrado*, whose aspect is more deadly than the *coup de soleil* of a Castilian sun: woe waits the wayfarer who falls into his hands; the patient cannot be too quick in ordering the measure to be taken of his coffin, or, as Spaniards say, of his tombstone, which last article is shadowed out by the first feeling of the invalid's pulse—*tomar el pulso, es prognosticar al enfermo la loza*. It was probably from a knowledge of this contingent

* Spanish doctors, and Spanish hospitals, are now little behind those of other countries. What they were Mr. Ford here facetiously describes.

remainder, that Monsieur Orfila went, or was sent, from Paris to Madrid, about the time of the Montpensier marriage with the *Infanta*, in the hopes of rescuing her elder and reigning sister, the "innocent" Isabel, from the fatal native lancets—a well-meant interference of the foreigner, by the way, which the Spanish faculty resented and rejected to a man: nor were the guarded suggestions of this eminent *toxicologist*, or investigator of poisons, with regard to the administration of medicines and dispensaries, received so thankfully as they deserved.

However magnificently endowed in former times were the hospitals and almshouses of Spain, the provision made for poor and ailing humanity is still very inadequate, although Spanish hospitals have, recently, been much improved. The revenues were first embezzled by the managers, and since have almost been swept away. Trustees for pious and charitable uses are defenceless against armed avarice and appropriation in office; and being *corporate* bodies, they want the sacredness of *private* interests, which every one is anxious to defend. Hence the greedy minion Godoy began the spoliation, by seizing the funds, and giving in lieu government securities, which of course turned out to be worthless. Then ensued the French invasion, and the confiscation of military despots. Civil war has done the rest: and now that the convents are suppressed, the deficiency is more evident, for in the remoter country districts the monks bestowed relief upon the poor, and provided medicines for the sick. With few exceptions, the hospitals, the *Casas de Misericordia*, or houses for the destitute, are far from being well conducted in Spain, while those destined for lunatics, and for exposed children, notwithstanding recent improvements, do little credit to science and humanity.

The base, brutal, and bloody *Sanctos* of Spain have long been the butts of foreign and domestic novelists, who spoke many a true word in their jests. The common expression of the people in regard to the busy mortality of their patients, is, that they die like

bugs, *mueren como chinches*. This recklessness of life, this inattention to human suffering, and backwardness in curative science, is very Oriental; for, however science may have set westward from the East, the arts of medicine and surgery have not. There, as in Spain, they have long been subordinate, and the professors held to be of a low caste—a fatal bar in the Peninsula, where the point of personal honour is so nice, and men will die rather than submit to conventional degradations. The surgeon of the Spanish Moors was frequently a despised and detested Jew, which would create a traditional loathing of the calling. The physician was of a somewhat higher caste; but he, like the botanist and chemist, was rather to be met with among the Infidels than the Christians. Thus Sancho the Fat was obliged to go in person to Cordova in search of good advice. And still in Spain, as in the East, all those whose profession is to put living creatures to death, are socially almost excommunicated; the butcher, bullfighter, and public executioner for example. Here the soldier who sabres, takes the highest rank, and he who cures, the lowest; here the M.D.s, whom the infallible Pope consults, and the autocrat king obeys, are admitted only into the sick rooms of good company, which, when in rude health, shuts on them the doors of its saloons; but the excluded take their revenge on those who morally cut them, and all Spaniards are very dangerous with the knife, and more particularly if surgeons. Madrid is indeed the court of death, and the *Descripcion* of the Escorial by Bermejo furnishes the surest evidence of this fact in the premature decease of royalty, which may be expected to have the best advice and aid, both medical and theologico-therapeutical, that the capital can afford; but brief is the royal span, especially in the case of females and *infantes*, and the result is undeniable in these statistics of death; the cause lies between the climate and the doctor, who, as they aid the other, may fairly be left to settle the question of relative excellence between each other,

The Spanish medical man is shunned, not only from ancient prejudices, and because he is dangerous like a rattlesnake, but from jealousies that churchmen entertain against a rival profession, which, if well received, might come in for some share of the legacies and power-conferring secrets, which are obtained easily at deathbeds, when mind and body are deprived of strength. Again, a Spanish surgeon and a Spanish confessor take different views of a patient; one only wishes, or ought to wish, to preserve him in this world, the other in the next,—neither probably in their hearts having much opinion of the remedies adopted by each other: the spiritual practice changes not, for novelty itself, a heresy in religion, is not favourably held in anything else. Thus the universities, governed by ecclesiastics, persuaded the poor bigot Philip III. to pass a law prohibiting the study of any *new* system of medicine, and *requiring* Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna. Dons and men, for whom the sun still continued to stand still, scouted the exact sciences and experimental philosophy as dangerous innovations, which, they said, made every medical man a Tiberius, who, because he was fond of mathematics where strict demonstration is necessary, was rather negligent in his religious respect for the gods and goddesses of the Pantheon: and so, in 1830, they scared the timid Ferdinand VII. (whose resemblance to Tiberius had nothing to do with Euclid) by telling him that the schools of medicine created materialists, heretics, citizen-kings, chartists, and revolutionists. Thereupon the beloved monarch shut up the lecture-rooms forthwith, opening, it is true, by way of compensation, a taumachian university;—men indeed might be mangled, but bulls were to be mercifully put out of their misery, secundum artem, and with the honours of science.

This low social position is very classical: the physicians of Rome, chiefly *liberti* (freed slaves), were only made citizens by Cæsar, who wished to *conciliate* these ministers of the fatal sisters, when the capital was wanting in population after extreme emigra-

tions—an act of favour which may cut two ways; thus Adrian VI. (tutor to the Spanish Charles V.) approved of there being 500 medical practitioners in the Eternal City, because otherwise “the multitude of living beings would eat each other up.” However, when his turn came to be diminished, the grateful people serenaded his surgeon, as the “deliverer of his country.” In our days, there was only one medical man admitted by the Seville *sanjre su*, the best or noblest set (whose blood is held to be blue) when in rude and antiphlebotomical health; and every stranger was informed apologetically by the exclusive Amphitryons that the M.D. was *de casa conocida*, or born of a good family: thus his social introduction was owing to personal, not professional qualifications. And while adventurers of every kind are betitled, the most prodigal dispenser of Spanish honours never dreams of making his doctor even a *titulado*, a rank somewhat higher than a Pair de France, and lower than a medical baronetage in England. This aristocratic ban has confined doctors much to each other's society, which, as they never take each other's physic, is neither unpleasant nor dangerous. At Seville the medical *tertulia*, club or meeting, was appropriately held at the apothecary's shop of *Campelos*, and a sable *junta* or consultation it was, of birds of bad omen, who croaked over the general health with which the city was afflicted, praying, like Sangrado in ‘Gil Blas,’ that by the blessing of Providence much sickness might speedily ensue. The crowded or deserted state of this rookery was the surest evidence of the hygeian condition of the fair capital of Bætica; for, whatever, be the pleasantries of those in insolent health, when sickness brings in the doctor all joking is at an end; then he is made much of even in Spain, from a choice of evils, and for fear of the confessor and undertaker.

The poor in no countries have much predilection for the hospital; and in Spain, in addition to pride, which everywhere keeps many silly sick people out of admirably-conducted asylums,

a well-grounded fear also deters the timent, who prefers to die a *natural* death. Again, from their being poor, the necessity of their living at all is less evident to the managers than to the sufferers, as, say the Malthusians, there is no place vacant at Nature's *table d'hôte* to those who cannot pay; so bed and board are not pressed on Spanish applicants by the hospital committee; the death of an admitted patient saves trouble and expense, neither of which are popular in a land where cash is scarce, and a love for hard work not prevalent, where a sound man is worth little, and a sick one still less; nor is every doctor always popular for working cures, as could be exemplified in sundry cases of Spanish wives and heirs in general; therefore in the hospitals of the Peninsula, if only half die, it is thought great luck: the dead, moreover, tell no tales, and the living sing praises for their miraculous escape. *El medico lleva la plata, pero Dios es que sana!* (God works the cure, the doctor sacks the fee!) Meanwhile the sextons are busy and merry, as those in Hamlet, and indeed all grave-diggers, when they have a job on hand that will be paid for; deeply do they dig into the silent earth, that bourn from whence no travellers return. They sing and jest, while dust is heaped on dust, and the *corpus delicti* covered, and with it the blunders of the *medico*; thus all parties, the deceased excepted, are well satisfied; the man with the lancet is content that disagreeable evidence should be put out of sight, the fellow-labourer with the spade is thankful that constant means of living should be afforded to him: and when the funeral is over, both carry out the proverbial practice of Peninsular survivors: *Los muertos en la huesa, y los vivos á la mesa* (the dead in their grave, the quick to their dinner).

But at no period were Spaniards careful even of their own lives, and much less of those of others, being a people of untender bowels. Familiarity with pain blunts much of the finer feelings of persons employed even in our hospitals, for those who live by the dead have only an undertaker's sym-

pathy for the living, and are as dull to the poetry of innocent health as Mr. Giblet is to a sportive house-fed lamb. Matters are not better in Spain, where the wounds, blood, and slaughterings of the pastime bull-fight, the *mueran* or mob death-cries, and *pasele por las armas*, the shoot him on the spot, the Draco and Durango decrees, and practices of all in power, educate all sexes to indifference to blood; thus the fatal knife-stab or surgeon's cut are viewed as *cosas de España* and things of course. The philosophy of the general indifference to life in Spain, which almost amounts to Oriental fatalism, in the number of executions and general resignation to bloodshed, arises partly from life among many being at best but a struggle for existence; thus in setting it in the cast, the player only stakes coppers, and when one is removed, there is somewhat less difficulty for survivors; hence every one is for himself and for to-day; *après moi le déluge, el ultimo mono se ahoga* (the last monkey is drowned) or as we say, the devil takes the hindmost.

The neglect of well-supported, well-regulated hospitals has recoiled on the Spaniards. The rising profession is deprived of the advantages of *walking* them, and thus beholding every nice difficulty solved by experienced masters. Recently some efforts have been made in large towns, especially on the coasts, to introduce reforms and foreign ameliorations; but official jobbing and ignorant routine are still among the diseases that are *not* cured in Spain. In 1811, when the English army was at Cadiz, a physician, named Villarino, urged by some of our indignant surgeons, brought the disgraceful condition of Spanish hospitals before the Cortes. A commission was appointed, and their sad report, still extant, details how the funds, food, wine, &c., destined for the patients were consumed by the managers and their subalterns. The results were such as might be expected: the authorities held together, and persecuted Villarino as a *revolucionario*, or reformer, and succeeded in disgracing him. The superintendent of this establishment was

the notorious Lozano de Torres, who starved the English army after Talavera, and was "a thief and a liar," in the words of the Duke. The Regency, after this very exposure of his hospital, promoted him to the civil government of Old Castile; and Ferdinand VII., in 1817, made him Minister of Justice.

As buildings, the hospitals are generally very large: but the space is as thinly tenanted as the unpeopled wastes of Spain. In England wards are wanting for patients—in Spain, patients for wards. The names of some of the greatest hospitals are happily chosen; that of Seville, for instance, is called *La Sangre*, the blood, or *Las Cinco Llagas*, the five bleeding wounds of our Saviour, which are sculptured over the portal like bunches of grapes. Blood is an ominous name for this house and home of *Sangrado*, where the lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives no quarter. In instruments of life and death, this establishment resembled a Spanish arsenal, being wanting in everything at the critical moment: its dispensary, as in the shop of Shakspeare's apothecary, presented a beggarly account of empty pill-boxes, while as to a visiting Brodie, the part of that Hamlet was left out. The grand hospital at Madrid is called *el general*, the General, and the medical assistance is akin to the military co-operation of such Spanish generals as La Peña and Venegas, who in the moment of need left Graham at Barrosa, and the Duke at Talavera, without a shadow of aid. There is nothing new in this, if the old proverb tells truth, *socorros de España, ó tarde ó nunca* (Spanish succours arrive late or never). In cases of battle, war, and sudden death, as in peace, the professional men, military or medical, are apt to assist, in the meaning of the French word *assister*, which signifies to be present without taking any part in what is going on. And this applies, where knocks on the head are concerned, not to the medical men only, but to the universal Spanish nation; when any one is stabbed in the streets, he will infallibly bleed to death, unless the authorities arrive in time to pick him up, and to bind up

his wounds: every one else—Englishmen excepted, we describe things witnessed—passes on the other side; not from any fear at the sight of blood, nor abhorrence of murder, but from the dread which every Spaniard feels at the very idea of getting entangled in the meshes of *La Justicia*, whose ministers lay hold of all who interfere or are near the body, as principals or witnesses; and Spanish justice, if once it gets a man into its fangs, never lets him go until drained of his last farthing.

The schools and hospitals, especially in the inland remote cities, are very deficient in all improved mechanical appliances and modern discoveries, and the few which are to be met with are mostly of French and second-rate manufacture. It is much the same with their medical treatises and technical works: all is a copy, and a bad one; it has been found to be much easier to translate and borrow, than to invent; therefore, as in modern art and literature, there is little originality in Spanish medicine. It is chiefly a veneering of other men's ideas, or an adaptation of ancient and Moorish science. Most of their terms of medicinal art, as well as of drugs, *jalea*, *elixir*, *jarave*, *rob*, *sorbete*, *julepe*, &c., are purely Arabic, and indicate the sources from whence the knowledge was obtained, for there is no surer historical test than language, of the origin from whence the knowledge of the science was derived along with its phraseology; and whenever Spaniards depart from the daring ways of their ancestors, it is to adopt a timid French system. The few additions to their medical libraries are translations from their neighbours, just as the scanty materia medica in their apothecaries' shops is rendered more dangerous and ineffective by quack nostrums from Paris. It is a serious misfortune to sanative science in the Peninsula, that all that is known of the works of thoughtful, careful Germany, of practical, decided England, is passed through the unfair, inaccurate alembic of French translation; thus the original becomes doubly deteriorated, and the sacred cosmo-

politan cause of truth and fact is too often sacrificed to the Gallic mania for suppressing both, for the honour of their own country. Can it be wondered at, therefore, that the acquaintance of the Spanish faculty with modern works, inventions, and operations is very limited, or that their text-books and authorities should too often be still Galen, Celsus, Hippocrates, and Boerhaave? The names of Hunter, Harvey, and Astley Cooper, are scarcely more known among their M.D.s than the last discoveries of Herschel: the light of such distant planets has not had time to arrive.

To this day the *Colegio de San Carlos*, or the College of Surgeons at Madrid, relies much on teaching the obstetric art by means of wax preparations.

Colleges of physicians and surgeons superintend the science, the professors are members of infinite learned societies, lectures are delivered, examinations are conducted, and certificates, duly signed and sealed, are given. The young *Galenista* is furnished with a licence to kill, but what is wanting from beginning to end, to practitioner and patient, is *life*. The medical men know, nevertheless, every aphorism of the ancients by rote, and *discourse* as eloquently and plausibly on any case as do their ministers in Cortes. Both write capital theories and opinions extemporaneously. Their splendid language supplies words which seem to have cost thought. What is deficient is that clinical and best of education where the case is brought before the student with the corollary of skilful treatment: *accidental* deaths are consequently more common than cures.

Dissection again is even now repulsive to their Oriental prejudices; the pupils learn rather by plates, diagrams, models, preparations, and skeletons, than from anatomical experiments on a subject. As among the ancients and in the East, an idea is prevalent to this day among the masses in Spain, that the touch of a dead body pollutes; nor is the objection raised by the clergy yet exploded, that it savours of impiety to mutilate a form

made in the image of God. It will be remembered by our medical readers, if we have any, that the Inquisition demanded of Philip II., that Vezalius, the father of modern anatomy, should be burnt at Madrid for having performed an operation. The king sent him to expiate his sin by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; he was shipwrecked and died of starvation at Zante.

Can it be wondered at, with such a theoretical education, that practice should continue to be antiquated, classical, and Oriental, and necessarily very limited? In difficult cases of compound fracture, and gun-shot wounds, the doctors give the patient up almost at once, although they continue to meet and take fees, until death relieves him of his complicated sufferings. In chronic cases and slighter fractures they are less dangerous; for as their pottering remedies do neither good nor harm, the struggle for life and death is left to nature, which sometimes works the cure. In acute diseases and inflammations they seldom succeed; for, however fond of the lancet, they only nibble with the case, and are scared at the bold decided practice of Englishmen, whereat they shrug up shoulders, invoke saints, and descant learnedly on the impossibility of treating complaints under the bright sun and warm air of Catholic Spain, after the formulæ of cold, damp, and foggy, heretical England.

Most Spaniards who can afford it have their family or bolster doctor (the *Médico de Cabecera*), and their confessor. This pair take care of the bodies and souls of the whole house, bring them gossip, share their *puchero*, purse, and tobacco. They rule the husband through the women and the nursery, nor do they allow their exclusive privileges to be infringed on. Etiquette is the life of a Spaniard, and often his death, since every one has heard (the Spaniards swear it is all a French lie), that Philip III. was killed, rather than violate a form. He was seated too near the fire, and, although burning, of course as king of Spain the impropriety of moving himself never entered his head, and when he requested one of his at-

tendants to do so, none, in the absence of the proper officer whose duty it was to superintend the royal chair, ventured to take that improper liberty. In cases of sudden emergency among her Catholic Majesty's subjects, unless the family doctor be present, any other, even if called in, generally declines acting until the regular Esculapius arrives. An English medical gentleman saved a Spaniard's life by chancing to arrive when the patient, in an apoplectic fit, was foaming at the mouth and wrestling with death; all this time a strange doctor was sitting quietly in the next room smoking his cigar at the *brasero*, the chafing-dish, with the women of the family. Our friend instantly took 30 ounces from the sufferer's arm, not one of the Spanish party even moving from their seats. Thus Apollo preserved him! The same medical gentleman happened accidentally to call on a person who had an inflammation in the cornea of the eye: on questioning him he found that many consultations had been previously held, at which no determination was come to until at the last, when sea-bathing was prescribed, with a course of asses' milk and Chiclana snake-broth. Our heretical friend, who lacked the true faith, just touched the diseased part with caustic; when this application was reported at the next consultation, the native doctors all crossed themselves with horror and amazement, which was increased when the patient recovered in a week.

As a general rule, at the first visit, they look as wise as possible, shake their heads before the women, and always magnify the complaint, which is a safe proceeding all over the world, since all physicians can either cure or kill the patient; in the first event they get greater credit and reward, while in the other alternative, the disease, having been beyond the reach of art, bears the blame. The *medicos* exhibit considerable ingenuity in prolonging an apparent necessity for a continuance of their visits. A common interest induces them to pull together—a rare exception in Spain—and play into each other's hands. The family doctor,

whenever appearances will in anywise justify him, becomes alarmed, and requires a consultation, a *Junta*. What any Spanish Junta is in affairs of peace or war need not be explained; and these are like the rest, they either do nothing, or what they do is done badly. At these meetings from three to seven *Medicos de apelacion*, consulting physicians, attend, or more, according to the patient's purse: each goes to the sick man, feels his pulse, asks him some questions, and then retires to the next room to consult, generally allowing the invalid the benefit of hearing what passes. The *Protomedico*, or senior, takes the chair; and while all are lighting their cigars, the family doctor opens the case, by stating the birth, parentage, and history of the patient, his constitution, the complaint, and the medicines hitherto prescribed. The senior next rises, and gives his opinion, often speaking for half an hour; the others follow in their rotation, and then the *Protomedico*, like a judge, sums up, going over each opinion with comments: the usual termination is either to confirm the previous treatment, or make some insignificant alteration: the only certain thing is to appoint another consultation for the next day, for which the fees are heavy, each taking from three to five dollars. The consultation often lasts many hours, and becomes at last a chronic complaint.

It must be said, in justice to these able practitioners, that as a body they are careful in their dress: external appearance, not to say finery in apparel, raises in the eye of the many, a profession which here is of uncertain social standing. On the same principle how careful is the costume, how brilliant are the shirt-studs of foreign fiddlers when in England! The worthy Andalusian doctor of our Spanish family, and an efficient one, as two of his patients now at rest could testify, never paid a visit except when gaily attired. So the *Matador*, when he enters the arena to kill the bull, is clad as a first-rate dandy *majo*. This attention to persons arises partly from

the Moro-Ibero love of ostentation, and partly from sound Galenic principles and a high sense of professional duty. The ancient authorities enforced on the practitioner an attention to everything which created cheerful impressions, in order that he might arrive at the patient's pillow like a messenger of good tidings, and as a minister of health, not of death. They held that a grave costume might suggest unpleasant associations to the sick man. Raven-coloured undertaker tights, and a funereal, cadaverous look to match, are harbingers of blue devils and black crape, which no man, even when in blessed health, contemplates with comfort; while the effect of such a *facies hippocratica* staring in the face of a poor devil whose life is despaired of, must be fatal.

The prescriptions of these well-dressed gentlemen are somewhat more old-fashioned than their coats. Their grand recipe in the first instance is to do nothing beyond taking the fee and leaving nature alone, or, as the set phrase has it, *dejar á la naturaleza*. The young, and those whose constitutions are strong, and whose complaints are weak, do well under the healing influence of their kind nurse Nature, and recover through her *vis medicatrix*, which, if not obstructed by art, everywhere works wonderful cures. The *Sangrado* will say that a Spanish man or woman is more marvellously made than a clock, inasmuch as his or her machinery has a power in itself to regulate its own motions, and to repair accidents; and therefore the watchmaker who is called in, need not be in a hurry to take it to pieces when a little oiling and cleaning may set all to rights. The remedies, when the proper time for their application arrives, are simple, and are sought for rather among the vegetables of the earth's surface than from the minerals in its bowels. The external recipes consist chiefly of papers smeared with lard, applied to the abdomen, sinapisms and mustard poultices to the feet, fomentations of marsh-mallows or camomile flowers, and the aid of the curate. The internal remedies, the tissues, the

Leches de Almendras, de Burras, decoctions of rice, and so forth, succeed each other in such regular order, that the patient scholar has nothing to do but repeat the medical passage in Horace's 'Satires.' In no country, however, can all the sick be always expected to recover even then, since "*Para todo hay remedio, sino para la muerte*"—"There is a remedy for everything except death." If by chance the patient dies, the doctor and the disease bear the blame. Perhaps the old Iberian custom was the safest; then the sick were exposed outside their doors, and the advice of casual passengers was asked, whose prescriptions were quite as likely to answer as images, relics, snake-soup, or milk of almonds or asses:—

"And, doctor, do you really think
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
It cured yourself, I grant, is true,
But then 'twas mother's milk to you."

Nor, if the doctors knew how to prescribe them, are the nicer and most efficacious remedies, the preparations of modern chemical science, to be procured in any except the very largest towns; although, as in Romeo's apothecary, "the needy" shelves are filled with empty boxes "to make a show." The trade of a druggist is anything but free, and the numbers are limited; none may open a *Botica* without a strict examination and licence; although, of course, this is to be had for money. None may sell any potent medicine, except according to the prescription of some local medical man; everything is a monopoly. The commonest drugs are often either wanting or grossly adulterated, but, as in their arsenals and larders, no dispenser will admit such destitution; *hay de todo*, I have every thing, swears he, and gallantly makes up the prescription simply by substituting other ingredients; and as the correct ones nine times out of ten are harmless, no great injury is sustained. There is nothing new in this, for Quevedo, in his *Zahurdas de Pluton*, or Satan's Pigsties, introduces a yellow-faced bilious judge scourging Spanish apothecaries for doing exactly the same. "Hence your shops," quoth he, for he

both preached and flogged, "are arsenals of death, whose ministers here get their pills (balls rather) which banish souls from the earth;" but these and other things have been long done with impunity, as Pliny said, no physician was ever hung for murder. One advantage of general distrust in drugs and doctors is, that the great masses of the people think very little about them: thus they escape all fancied and imaginary complaints, which, if indulged in, become chronic, and more difficult to cure than those afflicting the body—for who can minister to a mind diseased? Again, from this want of confidence in remedies, very little physic at all is taken; owing to this limited demand, druggists' shops are as rare in Spain as those of booksellers. No red, green, or blue bottles illuminate the streets at night, and there are more of these radiant orbs in the Fore street of the capital of the west of England, than in the whole capital of the Spains, albeit with a population six times greater. It is true that, at Madrid, feeding on plum-pudding, diluted with sour cider and clotted cream, is not habitual.

Many of the prescriptions of Spain are local, and consist of some particular spring; some herb, some animal, or some particular air, or place, or bath, is recommended, which, however, is said to be very dangerous, unless some resident local *medico* be first consulted. One example is as good as a thousand: near Cadiz is Chiclana, to which the faculty invariably transport those patients whom they cannot cure, that is, about ninety-five in the hundred; so in chronic complaints, sea-bathing is prescribed with a course of asses' milk; and if that fail, then a broth made of a long harmless snake, which abounds in the aromatic wastes near *Barrosa*. We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Esculapius, one of which our naturalists should take alive, and either breed from it in the Regent's Park, or at least investigate his comparative anatomy with those exquisite vipers which make, as we have shown, such delicious pork at Montanches.

In Spain, as elsewhere, the doctor mania is an expensive amusement, which the poorer and more numerous class, especially in rural localities, seldom indulge in. Like their mules, they are rarely ill, and they only take to their beds to die. They have, it is true, a parish doctor, to whom certain districts are apportioned; when he in his turn succumbs to death, or is otherwise removed, the vacancy is usually announced in the newspapers, and a new functionary is often advertised for. His trifling salary is made up of payments in money and in kind, so much in corn and so much in cash; the leading principle is cheapness, and, as in our new poor-law, that proficient is preferred who will contract to do for the greatest number at the smallest charge. His constituents decline sometimes to place full confidence in his skill or alacrity: they oftener consult the barber, the quack, or *curandero*; for there is generally in orthodox Spain some charlatan wherever sword, rosary, pen, or lancet is to be wielded. The nostrums, charms, relics, incantations, &c., to which recourse is had, when not mediæval, are scarcely Christian.

The Reverend Dr. Fernando Castillo, an esteemed Spanish author and teacher, remarks, in his luminous *Life of St. Domenick*, that Spain has been so bountifully provided by heaven with fine climate, soil, and an extra number of saints, that his countrymen are prone to be idle and to neglect such rare advantages. Certainly they may not dig and delve so deeply as is done in lands less favoured, but the reproach of omitting to call on Hercules to do their work, or of not making the most of Santiago in any bodily dilemma, is a somewhat too severe reproach: nowhere in case of sickness have the saving virtues of relics, and the adjurations of holy monks, been more implicitly relied on.

As our learned readers well know, the medical practice of the ancients was, as that of the Orientals still is, more peculiar than scientific. When disease was thought to be a divine punishment for sin, it was held to be

wicked to resist by calling in human aid: thus Asa was blamed, and thus Moslems and Spaniards resign themselves to their fate, distrusting, and very properly, their medical men: "Am I a god to kill or make alive?" In the large towns, in these days of progress, some patients may "suffer a recovery" according to European practice; but in the country and remote villages, — and we speak from repeated personal experience, — the good old reliance on relics and charms is far from exploded; and however Dr. Sangrado and Philip III., whose decrees on medical matters yet adorn the Spanish statutes at large, deplore the introduction of perplexing chemistry, mineral therapeutics still remain a considerable dead letter, as the church has transferred the efficacy of faith from spiritual to temporal concerns, and gun-shot wounds. Even Ponz, the Lysons of Spain, and before the Inquisition was abolished, ventured to express surprise at the number of images ascribed to St. Luke, who, says he, was not a sculptor, but a physician, whence possibly their sanative influence. The old Iberians were great herbalist doctors: thus those who had a certain plant in their houses, were protected, as a blessed palm-branch now wards off lightning. They had also a drink made of a hundred herbs, and hence called *centum herbæ*, a *bebida de cien herbas*, which, like Morison's vegetable pills, cured every possible disease, and was so palatable that it was drunk at banquets, which modern physic is not; moreover, according to Pliny, they cured the gout with flour, and relieved elongated uvulas by hanging purslain round the patient's throat. So now the *curas y curanderos* (country curates and quacks) furnish charms and incantations, just as Ulysses stopped his bleeding by cantation: a medal of Santiago cures the ague, a handkerchief of the Virgin the ophthalmia, a bone of San Magin answers all the purposes of mercury, a scrap of San Frutos supplied at Segovia the loss of common sense: the Virgin of Oña destroyed worms in

delivers royal Infantas. Every Murcian peasant believes that no disease can affect him or his cattle, if he touches them with the cross of Caravaca, which angels brought from heaven, and placed on a red cow. At Mahresa, the worthy man who showed the cave in which Loyola the founder of the Jesuits did penance for a year, increased an honest livelihood by the sale of its pulverized stones, which were swallowed by the faithful in cases in which an English doctor would prescribe Dover's or James's powders. Every province, not to say parish, has its own tutelary saint and relic, which are much honoured and resorted to in their local jurisdiction, and very little thought of out of it, their power to cure having been apparently granted to them by Santiago, as a commission to commit is given by Queen Victoria to a magistrate, whose authority does not extend beyond the county bounds. Zaragoza was admirably provided: a portion of the liver of Santa Engracia was anciently resorted to, in cases where blue pill would be beneficial; the oil of her lamps, which never smoked the ceilings, cured *lamparones*, or tumours in the neck, while that which burnt before the *Virgen del Pilar*, or the image of the Virgin which came down from heaven on a pillar, restored lost legs; Cardinal de Retz mentions in his Memoirs having seen a man whose wooden substitutes became needless when the originals grew again on being rubbed with it; and this portent was long celebrated by the Dean and Chapter, as well it deserved, by an especial holiday, for Macassar oil cannot do much more. This graven image is at this moment the object of popular adoration, and disputes even with the worship of tobacco and money: countless are the mendicants, the halt, blind, and the lame, who cluster around her shrine, as did the equally afflicted ancients, with whom physicians were vain, around that of Minerva: and it must be confessed that the cures worked are almost incredible.

It may be said that all this is a

superstition and darkness, and it is probable that the medical men in Madrid and the larger towns, and especially those who have studied at Paris, do not place implicit confidence in these spiritual, nor indeed in any other purely Spanish remedies; but their tried medicinal properties are set forth at length in scores of Spanish county and other histories which we have the felicity to possess, all of which have passed the scrutinizing ordeal of clerical censors, and have been approved of as containing nothing contrary to the creed of the Church of Rome or good customs: nor can it be permitted that a church which professes to be always one, the same, and the only true one, should at its own convenience, "turn its back on itself," and deny its own drugs and doctrines. Nothing is set down here which was not perfectly notorious under the reign of Ferdinand VII.: and whatever the doctors of physic or theology may now disbelieve in Spain, more reliance is still placed, in the rural districts, where foreign civilization has not penetrated, on miracles than on medicine.

We have often and often seen little children in the streets dressed like Franciscan monks—Cupids in cowls—whose pious parents had vowed to clothe them in the robes of this order, provided its sainted founder preserved their darlings during measles or dention. Nothing was more common than that women, nay, ladies in good society, should appear for a year in a particular religious dress, called *el habito*, or with some religious badge on their sleeves in token of similar deliverance.

The pious in antiquity raised temples to Minerva medica or Esculapius, as Spaniards now build altars to *Na. Señorade los Remedios*, our Lady of the Remedies, and to San Roque, whose intervention renders "sound as a roach," a proverb devised in his honour by our ancestors, who, before the Reformation, trusted likewise to him; and both thought, if Cicero is to be credited, that these tutelars did *at least* as much as the doctor. Alas! for the patient credulity of mankind, which still gulps

down such medicinal quackery as all this, and which long will continue to do so even were one of the dead to rise from the grave, to deprecate the absurd treatment by which he and so many have been sacrificed.

However, by way of compensation, saving the *soul* has been made just as primary a consideration in Spain as curing the *body* has been in England. These relics, charms, and amulets represent our patent medicines; and the wonder is how any one in Great Britain can be condemned to death in this world, or how any one in the Peninsula can be doomed to perdition in the next: possibly the panaceas are in neither case quite specific. Be that as it may, how numerous and well-appointed are the churches and convents there, compared to the hospitals; how amply provided the relic-magazine with bones and spells, when compared to the anatomical museum and chemists' shops; again, what a flock of holy practitioners come forth *after* a Spaniard has been stabbed, starved, or executed, not one of whom would have stirred a step to save an army of his countrymen when alive; and what coppers are now collected to pay masses to get his soul out of purgatory!

The masses in Spain have their own tutelars and refuges for the destitute; the kings and queens—whom God preserve!—have their own especial patroness by prerogative, in the image of the Virgin of Atocha at Madrid, which they and the rest of the royal family visit every Sunday in the year, when in royal health. No sooner was the sovereign taken dangerously ill, and the court physicians were at a loss what to do, as sometimes is the case even in Madrid, than the image used to be brought to his bedside: witness the case of Philip III., thus described by Bassompierre in his dispatch:—"Les médecins en désespèrent depuis ce matin que l'on a commencé à user des remèdes spirituels, et faire transporter au palais l'image de N. D. d' Atoche." The patient died three days after the image was sent for.

Although neither priest nor phy-

sician might credit the sanative properties of rags and relics, they gladly called them in, for if the case then went wrong, how could mortal man be expected to succeed when the supernatural remedy had failed? All inquests in awkward cases are hushed up by ascribing the death to the visitation of God. Again, if a relic does not always cure it rarely kills, as calomel has been known to do. This interruptive principle, one distinct from human remedies, is admitted by the church in the prayers for sick persons; and where faith is sincere, even relics must offer a powerful moral medical cordial, by acting on the imagination, and giving confidence to the patient. This chance is denied to the poor Protestant, nay, even to a newly-converted Tractarian, for truly, to believe in the efficacy of a monkish bone, the lesson must have been learnt in the nursery. Their substitute in Lutheran lands, in partibus infidelium, is found in laudanum, news, and gossip; the latter being the grand specific by which Sir Henry kept scores of dowagers alive, to the despair of jointure-paying sons, from marquises down to baronets; and how much real comfort is conveyed by the gentle whisper, "Your ladyship cannot conceive what an interest his or her Royal Highness the — takes in your ladyship's convalescence!" The *form* of the moral restorative will vary according to climate, creeds, manners, &c.; it is to the *substance* alone that the philosophical physician will look. That chord must be touched, be it what it may, to which the pulse of the patient will respond; nor, provided he is recovered, do the means much signify.

One word only on Spanish midwifery. There is a dislike to male accoucheurs, and the midwife, or *comadreja*, generally brings the Spaniard into the world by the efforts of nature and the aid of *manteca de puerco*, or hogs' lard, a launching appropriate enough to a babe, who, if he survives to years of discretion, will assuredly love bacon. The newly-born is then wrapped up, like an Egyptian mummy, and is carefully protected from fresh

air, soap, and water; an amulet is then hung round its neck to disarm the evil eye, or some badge of the Virgin is to ensure good luck; thus the young idea is taught from the cradle what errors are to be avoided, and what safeguards are to be clung to, lessons which are seldom forgotten in after-life. Without entering further into baby details, the scanty population of the Peninsula may in some measure be thus accounted for. Parturition also is frequently fatal; in ordinary cases the midwife does very well, but when a difficulty arises she loses her head and patient. It is in these trying moments, as in the critical operations of the kitchen, that a male artiste is preferable.

The Queens and Infantas of Spain have additional advantages. The paladium of the city of Tortosa is the *cinta** or girdle, which the Virgin, accompanied by St. Peter and St. Paul, brought herself from heaven to a priest of the cathedral in 1178; an event in honour of which a mass is still said every second Sunday in October. The gracious gift was declared authentic in 1617, by Paul V., and to justify his infallibility it works every sort of miracle, especially in obstetric cases; it is also brought out to defend the town on all occasions of public calamity, although it failed in the case of Suchet's attack. This girdle, more wonderful than the cestus of Venus, was conveyed in 1822, by Ferdinand VII.'s command, in solemn procession to Aranjuez, in order to facilitate the accouchement of the two Infantas, and as Lucina when duly invoked favoured women in travail, so their Royal Highnesses were happily delivered, and one of the babes then born is the husband of Isabel II. For humbler Castilian women a spiritual remedy was provided by the canons of Toledo, who took the liveliest interest in many of the cases. The grand entrance to the cathedral had thirteen steps, and all females who ascended and descended them ensured an early and

* *Hallarse en Cinta* is the Spanish equivalent for our "being in the family way."

easy time of it. No wonder therefore, when these steps were reduced to the number of seven, that the greatest possible opposition should have been made by the fair sex, married and unmarried. All these things of Spain are rather Oriental; and to this day the Barbary Moors have a cannon at Tangiers by which a Christian ship was sunk, and across this their women sit to obtain an easy delivery. In all ages and countries where the science of midwifery has made small progress, it is natural that some spiritual assistance should be contrived for perils of such inevitable recurrence as childbirth. The panacea in Italy was the girdle of St. Margaret, which became the type of this *Cinta* of Tortosa, and it was resorted to by the monks in all cases of difficult parturition. It was supposed to benefit the sex, because when the devil wished to eat up St. Margaret, the Virgin bound him with her sash, and he became tame as a lamb. This sash brought forth sashes also, and in the 17th century had multiplied so exceedingly, that a traveller affirmed "if all were joined together, they would reach all down Cheapside;" but the natural history of relics is too well known to be enlarged upon.

Any account of Spanish doctors without a death, would be dull as a blank day with fox-hounds, although the medical man, differing from the sportsman, dislikes being in at it. He, the moment the fatal sisters three are running into their game, slips out, and leaves the last act to the clergyman: hence the Spanish saying, "When the priest begins, the physician ends." It is related in the history of Don Quijote, that no sooner did the barber feel the poor knight's wrist, than he advised him to attend to his soul and send for his confessor; and now, when a Castilian hidalgo takes to his bed, his friends pursue much the same course, nor does the catastrophe often differ. Lord Bacon, great in wise saws and instances, prayed that his death might come from Spain, because then it would be long on the journey; but he was not aware that the gentleman in black formed an exception to the proverbial

procrastination and dilatoriness of their fellow-countrymen. As patients are soon dispatched, the law* of the land subjects every physician to a fine of ten thousand maravedis, who fails after his first visit to prescribe confession; the chief object in sickness being, as the preamble states, to cure the soul; and so it is in Italy, where Gregory XVI. issued in 1845 three decrees; one to forbid railroads, another to prohibit scientific meetings, and a third to order all medical men to cease to attend invalids who had not sent for the priest, and communicated, after the third visit. In Spain, the first question asked of the sick man often is, not whether he truly repented of his sins, but whether he had got the Bull; and if the reply is in the negative, or his old nurse has omitted to send out and buy one, the last sacraments are denied to the dying wretch.

One word on this wonderful Bull, which disarms death of its sting, and which, although few of our readers may ever have heard of it, plays a far more important part in the Peninsula than the quadruped does in the arena. Fastings are nowhere more strictly enjoined than here, where Lent represents the Ramadan of the Moslem. The denials have been mitigated to those faithful who have good appetites, by the paternal indulgence of their holy father at Rome, who, in consideration that it was necessary to keep the Spanish crusaders in fighting condition in order more effectually to crush the infidel, conceded to Saint Ferdinand the permission that his army might eat meat rations during Lent, provided there were any, for, to the credit of Spanish commissariats in general, few troops fast more regularly and religiously. The auspicious day on which the arrival is proclaimed of this welcome bull that announces dinner, is celebrated by bells merry as at a marriage feast; in the provincial cities mayors and corporations go to cathedral in what is called state, to the wonder of the mob and amusement of their betters at the resurrection of

* 'Recopilacion,' lib. iii, tit. xvi, Ley 3.

quiz coaches, the robes, maces, and obsolete trappings, by which these shadows of a former power and dignity hope to mark individual and collective insignificance. A copy of this precious Bull cannot of course be had for nothing, and as it must be paid for, and in ready money, it forms one of the certain branches of public income. Although the proceeds ought to be expended on crusading purposes, Ferdinand VII., the Catholic King, and the only sovereign in possession of such a revenue, never contributed one mite towards the Christian Greeks in their struggle against the Turkish unbelievers.

These bulls, or rather paper-money notes, are prepared with the greatest precautions, and constituted one of the most profitable articles of Spanish manufacture; a maritime war with England was dreaded, not so much from regard to the fasting transatlantic souls, as from the fear of losing, as Dr. Robertson has shown, the sundry millions of dollars and silver dross remitted from America in exchange for these spiritual treasures. They were printed at Seville, at the Dominican convent, the *Porta cali*; but Soult, who now it appears was turning devotee, burnt down this gate of heaven, with its passports, and the presses. The bulls are only good for the year during which they are issued; after twelve months they become stale and unprofitable. There is then, says Blanco White, and truly, for we have often seen it, "a prodigious hurry to obtain new ones by all those who wish well to their souls, and do not overlook the ease and comfort of their stomachs." A fresh one must be annually taken out, like a game-certificate, before Spaniards venture to sport with flesh or fowl, and they have reason to be thankful that it does not cost three pounds odd: for the sum of *dos reales*, or less than sixpence, man, woman, and child may obtain the benefit of clergy and cookery; but evil betides the uncertificated poacher; treadmills for life are a farce, perdition catches his soul. His certificate is demanded by the keeper of conscience when he is caught

in the trap of sickness, and, if without one, his conviction is certain; he cannot plead ignorance of the law, for a postscript and condition is affixed to all notices of jubilees, indulgences and other purgatorial benefits, which are fixed on the church doors; and the language is as courteous and peremptory as in our popular assessed tax-paper—"Se ha de tener la bula;" you *must* have the bull: if you expect to derive any relief from these relaxations in purgatory, which all Spaniards most particularly do: hence the common phrase used by any one, when committing some little peccadillo—*tengo mi bula para todo*.

Mesta. See Sheep, Pt. I. pp. 243, 244.

Moore (Sir John). See Benavente and Coruña.

Mules and Asses.—Spaniards in general prefer mules and asses to the horse, which is more delicate, requires greater attention, and is less sure-footed over broken and precipitous ground. The mule performs in Spain the functions of the camel in the East, and has something in his morale (besides his physical suitability to the country) which is congenial to the character of his masters; he has the same self-willed obstinacy, the same resignation under burdens, the same singular capability of endurance of labour, fatigue, and privation. The mule has always been much used in Spain, and the demand for them very great; yet, from some mistaken crotchet of Spanish political economy, the breeding of the mule has long been attempted to be prevented, in order to encourage that of the horse. This attempt to force the production of an animal far less suited to the wants and habits of the people has failed, as might be expected. The difficulties thrown in the

way have only tended to raise the prices of mules, which are, and always were, very dear; a good mule will fetch from 25*l.* to 80*l.*, while a horse of relative goodness may be purchased for from 20*l.* to 40*l.* Mules were always very dear; thus Martial, like a true Andalusian Spaniard, talks of one which cost more than a house. The most esteemed are those bred from the mare and the ass, or "*garañon*," some of which are of extraordinary size; and one which Don Carlos had in his stud-house at Aranjuez in 1832 exceeded fifteen hands in height. The breed of mules is chiefly supplied from France. The most famous breeding farms are in the plain around Niort in the Dept. des Deux Sevres; many are also reared in the Dept. of the Pyrenees.

The mules in Spain, as in the East, have their coats closely shorn or clipped; part of the hair is usually left on in stripes like the zebra, or cut into fanciful patterns, like the tattooings of a New Zealand chief. This process of shearing is found to keep the beast cooler and freer from cutaneous disorders. The operation is performed in the southern provinces by gipsies, who are the same tinkers, horse-dealers, and vagrants in Spain as elsewhere. Their clipping recalls the "*mulo curto*," on which Horace could amble even to Brundisium. The operators rival in talent those worthy Frenchmen who cut the hair of poodles on the Pont Neuf, in the heart and brain of European civilization. Their Spanish colleagues may be known by the shears, formidable and classical-shaped as those of Lachesis and her sisters, which they carry in their sashes. They are very particular in clipping the heels and pasterns, which they say ought to be as smooth as the palm of a lady's hand.

Spanish asses have been immortalised by Cervantes; they are endeared to us by Sancho's love and talent of imitation; he brayed so well, be it remembered, that all the long-eared chorus joined a performer who, in his own modest phrase, only wanted a tail to be a perfect donkey. Spanish mayors, according to Don Quixote, have a na-

tural talent for this braying; but their right worshipfuls may be matched elsewhere.

The humble ass, "*burro*," "*borrico*," is the rule, the as in præsenti, and part and parcel of every Spanish scene: he forms the appropriate foreground in streets or roads. Wherever two or three Spaniards are collected together in market, *junta*, or "congregation," there is quite sure to be an ass among them; he is the hardworked companion of the lower orders, to whom to work is the greatest misfortune; sufferance is indeed the common virtue of both tribes. They may, perhaps, both wince a little when a new burden or a new tax is laid on them by Señor Mon, but they soon, when they see that there is no remedy, bear on and endure; from this fellow-feeling, master and animal cherish each other at heart, though, from the blows and imprecations bestowed openly, the former may be thought by hasty observers to be ashamed of confessing these predilections in public. Some under-current, no doubt, remains of the ancient prejudices of chivalry; but Cervantes, who thoroughly understood human nature in general, and Spanish nature in particular, has most justly dwelt on the dear love which Sancho Panza felt for his "*Rucio*," and marked the reciprocity of the brute, affectionate as intelligent. In fact, in the *Sagra* district, near Toledo, he is called *El vecino*, one of the householders; and none can look at a Spanish ass in the face without remarking a peculiar expression, which indicates that the hairy fool considers himself, like a pig in a cabin of the "first gem of the sea," to be one of the family, *de la familia*, or *de nosotros*. La Mancha is the paradise of mules and asses; many a Sancho at this moment is there fondling and embracing his ass, his "*chato chatito*," "*romo*," or other complimentary variations of *Snub*, with which, when not abusing him, he delights to nickname his helpmate. In Spain, as Sappho says, Love is *γλυκυπικρον*, an alternation of the *agro-dolce*; nor is there any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty towards animals; every Spaniard has the

right in law and equity to kick and beat his own ass to his own liking; no one ever thinks of interposing on these occasions, any more than they would in a quarrel between a man and his wife. The words are, at all events, on one side. It is, however, recorded in *piam memoriam*, of certain Roman Catholic asses of Spain, that they tried to throw off one Tomas Trebiño and some other heretics, when on the way to be burnt, being horror-struck at bearing such monsters. Every Spanish peasant is heartbroken when injury is done to his ass, as well he may be, for it is the means by which he lives; nor has he much chance, if he loses him, of finding a crown when hunting for him, as was once done, or even a government like Sancho. Sterne would have done better to have laid the venue of his sentimentalities over a dead ass in Spain, than in France, where the quadruped is much rarer. In Spain, where small carts and wheelbarrows are almost unknown, and drawing them is considered as beneath the dignity of the Spanish man, the substitute, an ass, is in constant employ; sometimes it is laden with sacks of corn, with wine-skins, with water-jars, with dung, or with dead robbers, slung like sacks over the back, their arms and legs tied under the animal's belly. Asses' milk, "*leche de burra*," is in much request during the spring season. The brown sex drink it in order to fine their complexions and cool their blood, "*refrescar la sangre*;" the clergy and men in office, "*los empleados*," swallow it in order that it may give tone to their gastric juices. Riding on assback was accounted a disgrace and a degradation to the Gothic hidalgo, and the Spaniards in the sixteenth century mounted unrepining cuckolds, "*los cornudos pacientes*," on asses. Now-a-days, in spite of all these unpleasant associations, the grandes and their wives, and even grave ambassadors from foreign parts, during the royal residence at Aranjuez, much delight in elevating themselves on this beast of ill omen, and "*borricadas*" or donkey parties are all the fashion.

Muleteers. The muleteer of Spain is justly renowned; his generic term is *arriero*, a gee-upper, for his *arre arre* is pure Arabic, as indeed are almost all the terms connected with his craft, as the Moriscoes were long the great carriers of Spain. To travel with the muleteer, when the party is small or a person alone, is both cheap and safe; indeed, many of the most picturesque portions of Spain, Ronda and Granada for instance, can scarcely be reached except by walking or riding. These men, who are constantly on the road, and going backwards and forwards, are the best persons to consult for details; their animals are generally to be hired, but a muleteer's stud is not pleasant to ride, since their beasts always travel in single files. The leading animal is furnished with a copper bell with a wooden clapper, to give notice of their march, which is shaped like an ice-mould, sometimes two feet long, and hangs from the neck, being contrived, as it were, on purpose to knock the animal's knees as much as possible, and to emit the greatest quantity of the most melancholy sounds, which, according to the pious origin of all bells, were meant to scare away the Evil One. The bearer of all this tinnubular clatter is chosen from its superior docility, and knack in picking out a way. The others follow their leader, and the noise he makes when they cannot see him. They are heavily but scientifically laden. The cargo of each is divided into three portions; one is tied on each side, and the other placed between. If the cargo be not nicely balanced, the muleteer either unloads or adds a few stones to the lighter portion—the additional weight being compensated by the greater comfort with which a well-poised burden is carried. These "sumpter" mules are gaily decorated with trappings full of colour and tags. The head-gear is composed of different coloured worsteds, to which a multitude of small bells are

150
affixed; hence the saying, "*muger de mucha campanilla*" (a woman of many bells, of much show, much noise, or pretension). The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. A rude gun, loaded with slugs, hangs always in readiness by his side, and often also a guitar; these emblems of life and death paint the unchanged reckless condition of Iberia, where extremes have ever met, where a man still goes out of the world, like a swan, with a song. Thus accoutred, as Byron says, with

—— all that gave
Promise of pleasure, or a grave,"

the approach of the caravan is announced from afar by his cracked or guttural voice: "How carols now the lusty muleteer!" For when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the livelong day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, the tune of which is little in harmony with the import of the words, or his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy; but such is the true type of Oriental *melody*, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shown in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing. "*Quien canta sus males espanta*:" (he who sings frightens away ills), a philosophic consolation in travel as old and as classical as Virgil:—"Cantantes licet usque, minus via tædet, eamus," which may be thus translated for the benefit of country gentlemen:—

If we join in doleful chorus,
The dull highway will much less bore us.

The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow: he is intelligent, active, and enduring; he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and while his betters put off everything till to-morrow except bankruptcy, he is punctual and honest, his frame is wiry and sinewy, his costume peculiar. It must be admitted that these cavalades of mules are truly national and

picturesque; mingled with mounted horsemen, the zigzag lines come threading down the mountain defiles, now tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to the lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tinkle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as in England the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown meadow.

There is one class of muleteers which are but little known to European travellers—the *Maragatos*, whose headquarters are at *San Roman*, near *Astorga*; they, like the Jew and gipsy, live exclusively among their own people, preserving their primeval costume and customs, and never marrying out of their own tribe. They are as perfectly nomad and wandering as the Bedouins, the mule only being substituted for the camel; their honesty and industry are proverbial. They are a sedate, grave, dry, matter-of-fact business-like people. Their charges are high, but the security counterbalances, as they may be trusted with untold gold. They are the channels of all traffic between Galicia and the Castiles, being seldom seen in the south or east provinces. They are dressed in leathern jerkins, which fit tightly like a cuirass, leaving the arms free. Their linen is coarse but white, especially the shirt collar; a broad leather belt, in which there is a purse, is fastened round the waist. Their breeches, like those of the Valencians, are called *Zaraquelles*, a pure Arabic word for kilts or wide drawers, and no burgomaster of Rembrandt is more broad-bottomed. Their legs are encased in long brown cloth gaiters, with red garters; their hair is generally cut close—sometimes, however, strange tufts are left. A huge, slouching, flapping hat completes the most inconvenient of travelling dresses, and it is too Dutch to be even picturesque; but these fashions are as unchangeable

as were the laws of the Medes and Persians; nor will any Maragato dream of altering his costume any more than will those dressed models of painted wood which strike the hours of the clock on the square of *Astorga*, or that of *Pedro Mato*, another figure *costumée*, who holds a weathercock at the cathedral; in truth, this particular costume is, as that of Quakers used to be, a guarantee of their tribe and respectability; thus even Cordero, the rich Maragato deputy, appeared in Cortes in this local costume.

The dress of the Maragatas is equally peculiar: they wear, if married, a sort of head-gear, *El Caramiello*, in the shape of a crescent, the round part coming over the forehead, which is very Moorish, and resembles those of the females in the basso-relievos at Granada. Their hair flows loosely on their shoulders, while their apron or petticoat hangs down open before and behind, and is curiously tied at the back with a sash, and their bodice is cut square over the bosom. At their festivals they are covered with ornaments of long chains of coral and metal, with crosses, relics, and medals in silver. Their earrings are very heavy, and supported by silken threads, as among the Jewesses in Barbary. A marriage is the grand feast; then large parties assemble, and a president is chosen, who puts into a waiter whatever sum of money he likes, and all invited must then give as much. The bride is enveloped in a mantle, which she wears the whole day, and never again except on that of her husband's death. She does not dance at the wedding-ball. Early next morning two roast chickens are brought to the bed-side of the happy pair. The next evening the ball is opened by the bride and her husband, to the tune of the *gaita*, or Moorish bagpipe. Their dances are grave and serious: such indeed is their whole character.

The *Maragatos*, with their honest, weather-beaten countenances, are seen with files of mules all along the high road to La Coruña. They generally walk, and, like other Spanish *arrieros*, although they sing and curse rather less,

are employed in one ceaseless shower of stones and blows at their mules.

The whole tribe assembles twice a year at *Astorga*, at the feast of Corpus and the Ascension, when they dance *El Canizo*, beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon, and ending precisely at three. If any one not a *Maragato* joins, they all leave off immediately. The women never wander from their homes, which their undomestic husbands always do. They lead the hard-worked life of the Iberian females of old, and now, as then, are to be seen everywhere in these west provinces toiling in the fields, early before the sun has risen, and late after it has set; and it is most painful to behold them drudging at these unfeminine vocations.

The origin of the *Maragatos* has never been ascertained. Some consider them to be a remnant of the Celtiberian, others of the Visigoths; most, however, prefer a Bedouin, or caravan descent. It is in vain to question these ignorant carriers as to their history or origin; for like the gipsies, they have no traditions, and know nothing. *Arrieros*, at all events, they are; and that word, in common with so many others relating to the barb and carrier-caravan craft, is Arabic, and proves whence the system and science were derived by Spaniards.

The *Maragatos* are celebrated for their fine beasts of burden; indeed, the mules of Leon are renowned, and the asses splendid and numerous, especially so the nearer one approaches to the learned university of Salamanca. The *Maragatos* take precedence on the road; they are the lords of the highway, being the channels of commerce in a land where mules and asses represent luggage trains. They know and feel their importance, and that they are the rule, and the traveller for mere pleasure is the exception. Few Spanish muleteers are much more polished than their beasts, and however picturesque the scene, it is no joke meeting a string of laden beasts in a narrow road, especially with a precipice on one side, *cosa de España*. The *Maragatos* seldom give way, and their mules keep

doggedly on; as the baggage projects on each side, like the paddles of a steamer, they sweep the whole path. But all wayfaring details in the genuine Spanish interior are calculated for the *pack* as in England a century back; and there is no thought bestowed on the foreigner, who is not wanted, nay is disliked. The inns, roads, and right sides, suit the natives and their brutes; nor will either put themselves out of their way to please the fancies of a stranger. The racy Peninsula is too little travelled over for its natives to adopt the mercenary conveniences of the Swiss, that nation of innkeepers and coach-jobbers.

Murillo.—At Seville, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo is to be seen in all his glory, and a giant, like Antæus, on his native soil. His finest pictures, painted for the Capuchinos, were sent off, in 1810, to Cadiz, and thus escaped the French. Murillo, born at Seville and baptized Jan. 1, 1618, where he died, April 3, 1682, was the painter of female and infantine grace, as Velasquez was of more masculine and intellectual subjects. Both were true alike in form and colour to Spanish nature—both were genuine, national, and idiosyncratic. Murillo had three styles: the *Frio*, his earliest, being based on Ribera and Caravaggio, was dark, with a decided outline. Of these were the pictures in San Francisco. His second manner was his *Calido*, or warm, when his colouring was improved, while his drawing was still well defined and marked. His third style was the *Vaporoso*, or misty, vaporous, and blending. This he adopted partly because Herrera el Mozo had made it the fashion, and partly because, being stinted for time from the increased orders, he could not finish so highly. Thus, like Turner and Wilkie, to get more quickly over his work, he sacrificed somewhat of his previous

conscientious drawing. The specimens of this master of female and infantine grace are numerous, but scarcely one has escaped the fatal *restauracion*, *i. e.*, destruction. On him the most perilous experiments have been tried by the official flayers, poulterers, and plasterers. However, Murillo is so full of subject, so dramatic, comes so home to, and appeals so much to the common-sense of mankind, and is recommended by such a magical fascination of colour, that he captivates alike the learned and unlearned—sure test of undeniable excellence. He has more grace, but far less of the masculine mind than Velasquez, who, compared to him, seems somewhat cold and grey in colour; for Murillo painted flesh as he saw it in Andalucia, roasted, toasted, and bronzed by the glowing sun, and not recalling the pale, unripened beauty of the north. Like Titian, his strength lay in ravishing colour: none ever rivalled him in the luminous diaphanous streams of golden ether in which his cherubs float like butterflies; his blending continuity of tints, like those of nature, slide into each other, without a particle of harshness or abruptness; led on by an imperceptible transition, where there is no outline, no drawing, so that it is difficult to say where one tint ends and another begins.

Murillo, like Velasquez, lacked the highest quality of the Italian ideal; true Spaniards, they were *local*, and imitated nature as they saw her; thus Murillo's holy subjects are not glorified forms and visions, which compel us to bow the knee and adore, but pleasing scenes of a domestic family, where sports of graceful children attract the delighted attention of affectionate parents. There is neither the awful sublimity of M. Angelo, nor the unearthly purity of Raphael. Again, his *Niños Dios* are not meditative prescient Infant Gods, nor are his cherubs those angels of heaven from whence Raphael took his types, but simply pretty *local* Andalusian children; and such also are his male saints, who mostly rose to glory in their own brown Betican bodies and clothes.

Music (Spanish). See Theatres, &c.,
Introd., Part II. § 34.

Muzarabic Ritual.—The Muzarabic ritual, that used by the Spanish Goths, was the oldest in Christendom, and the nearest approaching to the Apostolical primitive form which was once delivered to the Saints; it is to Spaniards what the Rito Ambrogiano is to the Milanese: the original text was first tampered with in 633 by San Isidoro and San Leandro; so these saints are compared to Ezra, who remodelled the Old Testament. Their new version was enjoined by the 4th Council of Toledo, as being directed against the Arian heretics. The ritual was preserved by the Christians, who under the tolerant rule of the Moor, here retained six churches, which still exist on the same sites, and should be visited; they are Santa Eulalia, San Torcato, San Sebastian, San Marcos, San Lucas, and Santa Justa, names which prove their antiquity. The features of this ritual are its simplicity and earnest tone of devotion, and the absence of auricular confession. The prayers and collects are so beautiful that many have been adopted in our Prayer Book; the whole was divided into nine parts, which represent the Incarnation, Epiphany, Nativity, Circumcision, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and the Eternal Kingdom.

The term *Mozarabe*, *Muzarab*, has been erroneously derived from Musa and his Arabs, and also from *mixti-Arabes*, foolishly presuming that the Moors spoke Latin, and that they gave this name to the Christians who lived mixed with them; but the Arabic *Must-Arab* means men who have lived with and tried to imitate the Arab, men who were not true *Arab-al-Araba* like the Hebrew of the Hebrews (Moh. D. i. 420). The discontinuance of the Gothic ritual was the work of the French, who denationalised Spain by the introduction of ultra Romanism;

[Spain—Pt. II.]

for Bernardo, not content with disposing the Moslem, next assailed the Christians, and worked on his weak countrywoman, Queen Costanza, until she perverted her husband; so Ingunde, the French wife of Hermenegildo, induced her husband in 580 to prove false alike to his religion and father. Bernardo, however, had much difficulty in substituting the Gregorian mass-book in the place of the Gothic and national one; for his independent subjects, who abhorred foreign dictation and innovation, clung to their primitive ritual; they distinguished its rival as *el Rito Galico*, an epithet since given to other benefits derived from France: at last the change of mass-book was effected by judicial combat, each ritual having its armed champion: but when the Gothic defender, Juan Ruiz, defeated his Gallo-Papal opponent, the perfidious Bernardo refused to abide by the award of his self-sought trial, and appealed to the test of fire; then the two volumes were placed on a burning pile, when the Gothic one remained unconsumed, while the Gallo-Romano leapt out. In spite, however, of these two adverse verdicts, the French fashion, the irresistible *mode de Paris*, prevailed, and the antagonist rituals first were allowed a concurrent usage, until the intruder, by bribes and force, finally trampled down its rival; hence the proverb, *Donde quieren Reyes ahí van leyes*, or, "might makes right." The Gregorian mass was first chanted at Toledo, Oct. 5, 1086. Ximenez printed the original ritual at *Alcalá de Henares* in 1500; as the edition became very rare, it was reprinted by Lorenzana, in 1770, at *Puebla de los Angeles*, in Mexico, and again by him at Rome in 1785-1804: consult for all details the prefaces in his editions; see also Ortiz, chapter 41: the '*Life of Ximenez*,' by Eugenio Robles, 4to. Toledo 1604. This biography contains the best portrait of the Cardinal, a profile engraved in 1604 by Petrus Angelus: it gives his true ascetic monkish character and thin compressed lips: consult also the '*History of the Reformation in Spain*,' by M'Crie.

Navarrete (Battle of).—It was between *Najera* and *Navarrete* that the famous battle was fought (April 2, 1367) by which the Black Prince replaced on his throne the perfidious, cruel, and ungrateful Don Pedro, just as Wellington at the no distant *Vitoria*, restored the Bourbon Ferdinand VII.; and striking is the parallel throughout, for the past is the prophet of the future, and the present vouches for the past. Then, as in our times, the Peninsula was made the arena for the war between rival giants, between England and France; then the Black Prince, in despite of inferior forces, everywhere defeated the Du Guesclins, just as the Duke trounced the Soult; then, as more recently, the single-handed Spaniards were easily defeated by the French; then, as now, the Spanish juntas were proud, obstinate, and self-confident when danger was distant, but craven and clamorous for aid when it drew near; then as now, when the foreigners had done their work, they treated him ungratefully, violating every promise, nay, robbing him even of his glory.

The French were valorous, chivalrous, and soldierlike, but cruel, false, and plunderers. The English were brave in battle and honest in word and deed; they, as in our times, never took up a position which they did not hold, and never attacked an enemy's which they did not carry. They were only subdued by climate, starvation, and wine, ever their worst of foes: they duly appreciated the gallant French "as the only troops worth fighting against;" and the French, like Buonaparte, in our times, felt that "the English alone were to be dreaded." "*Il n'y a de dangereux en Espagne que les Anglais, le reste n'est que des partisans que ne peuvent jamais se tenir en campagne*" (*Mém. de Joseph*, vii. 241). The Spaniards resented this inferred *menosprecio*, and hated friends and foes alike, using and abusing them alternately—"a plague

on both your houses." So the beloved Ferdinand wished to see his English allies *Los Borrachos*, hung up *con las entrañas* of his French enemies *los gavachos*, just as a good Moor's prayer runs, *Ensara fee senara, le hood fee se-food* (the Christian to the hook, the Jew to the spit).

Froissart has graphically painted the campaign; begin at ch. 230. Pedro, the king, was opposed by his natural brother Henrique de Trastámara, who was backed by France; Pedro's ill-usage of his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, was put forward as the ostensible pretext for invasion, while the real object was to combat British influence, and to give employment to her revolutionary legions, *les pillards, les compagnies*, whose trade was war, and who, by the peace with England, were left without employment. It was to get rid of these mercenary freebooters, some 20,000 in number, by which France was overrun, that the ransom of Du Guesclin was paid by Charles, who would gladly have seen him and them hanged; so they were vomited forth into unhappy Spain, which, like Algeria in our times, was made a safety-valve, where glory and plunder-baited grave-traps were laid. Don Pedro, far away at Seville, at first "boasted of his strength," and, "reposing under his laurels," made no sort of preparation for defence; but, when the formidable French advanced, like the juntas of 1810 and 1823, he crouched into the mire, and ran at once to beg the aid of Edward III., just as in our times the patriots did of George III. The Black Prince crossed the Pyrenees in Feb. 1367; he arrived at *Logroño*, "enduring the greatest anguish of mind," from want of food and every promised co-operation. Such anguish, and from the same causes, was endured by our Duke after *Talavera*; but neither of our chiefs despaired, being sufficient in themselves. The morn of April 2 beheld 30,000 English (Mariana, xvii. 10, says 20,000) opposed at *Navarrete* to 80,000 French and Spaniards, enough, as our Duke said at *Rueda*, to "eat him up." The Spaniards de-

spised the foot-sore Britons, who were shrewdly out of Monsieur Foy's "beef and rum." They were only afraid that we should run away before they could catch us all in a net; so thought the Cuestas when "hunting" the French.

In vain Du Guesclin, who remembered Poitiers (an untoward affair, which Henry of Trastamara, who was at it, might also have remembered) spoke of prudence, and counselled a Fabian defence. He said, like Soult on the Tormes, "Let them starve in hungry Navarre, and rot on the marshes of the Ebro." The French counsels, like those of our Duke before *Ocaña*, were lost on the Spanish chiefs, who cried "We are double their number, we will out-general and beat them." The French opened the battle with one of their characteristic en avant attacks, but the English stood silent, and firm, receiving the head of the column with an iron sleet of arrowy shower. Then the foe wavered; then "Up, guards, and at them!" then followed the usual "Sauve qui peut." The French were sacrificed by their allies; for Don Telmo, who before the battle had been the greatest boaster, now ran ere it commenced, and thus exposed the flank of his allies, who were left to bear the whole brunt, to do the work; just as did the Cuestas, La Peñas, and Blakes in regard to us at Talavera, Barrosa, and Albuera. Don Telmo next himself set the example of flight, like Areizaga and Venegas at *Ocaña* and Almonacid.

The victory was settled before twelve o'clock, the English having lost, according to even Froissart, a French author, only 40 men, while the loss of their opponents amounted to 17,500,—a mistake, no doubt, in subtraction and addition. The Spanish army disbanded "each man to his own city." Pedro now proceeded to butcher his prisoners, and his murderous *venganza* was with difficulty restrained by the Black Prince, as Cuesta was by the Duke after Talavera; sweet mercy is nobility's true badge, and humanity in the hour of victory is an older Eng-

lish adage than even immortal Nelson thought. Pedro next claimed all the glory for himself. Active in "vile black blood-shedding," he neither repaid one farthing of the loans nor made good one promise or pledge. At length the Black Prince—bright mirror of English good faith and chivalry—quitted Spain in disgust, exclaiming that "the Castilian had shamefully and dishonourably failed in his engagements;" so the Duke retired after Talavera: and so again, when he had finally replaced Ferdinand on the throne, he withdrew from the scurvy concern. "Le gouvernement ayant manqué à tous les engagements faits avec moi, j'ai donné ma démission" ('Disp.' Oct. 30, 1813). No sooner were the English under the Black Prince withdrawn than the French reappeared; and now, having only the Spaniards to deal with, overran the Peninsula at a hand-gallop: thus the *promenade militaire* of the stout Du Guesclin in 1369 was but the prototype of that of the puny Angoulême in 1823.

Navarrete was the *Vitoria* of the age, as it cleared Spain of the pillaging invaders, while their general fell a prisoner into the hands of the Black Prince, who, knowing well how to honour a brave opponent, saved him from the false ferocious Pedro.

Meantime no satire can be more severe on *Las Cosas de España* than the account of Mariana himself, who by the way calls Du Guesclin, Bertran Claquin. Henrique II., when enabled to dethrone his brother by this foreign general, granted to him his own previous title of *Conde de Trastamara*, and also made him *Duque de Molina*: thus introducing the dual title for the first time in Spain. But the new Duke was robbed of his appanages by insurrections fostered at the Spanish court, just as Pedro, having granted the *Señorio* of Biscay to the Black Prince, sent secret orders to impede his taking possession.

Olla Podrida.—In going into the kitchens of the Peninsula, precedence must on every account be given to the *olla*: this word means at once a species of prepared food, and the earthenware utensil in which it is dressed, just as our term *dish* is applicable to the platter and to what is served on it. Into this *olla* it may be affirmed that the whole culinary genius of Spain is condensed, as was the mighty Jinn into a gallipot, according to the Arabian Night tales. The lively and gastronomic French, who are decidedly the leaders of European civilization in the kitchen, deride the barbarous practices of the Gotho-Iberians, as being darker than Erebus and more ascetic than æsthetic; to credit their authors, a Peninsular breakfast consists of a teaspoonful of chocolate, a dinner of a knob of garlic soaked in water, and a supper of a paper cigarette; and according to their *parfait cuisinier*, the *olla* is made of two cigars boiled in three gallons of water—but this is a calumny, a mere invention devised by the enemy.

The *olla* is only well made in Andalusia, and there alone in careful, well-appointed houses; it is called a *puchero* in the rest of Spain, where it is but a poor affair, made of dry beef, or rather cow, boiled with *garbanzos* or chick peas, and a few sausages. These *garbanzos* are the vegetable, the potato of the land; and their use argues a low state of horticultural knowledge. The taste for them was introduced by the Carthaginians—the *puls punica*, which (like the *fules punica*, an especial ingredient in all Spanish governments and finance) afforded such merriment to Plautus, that he introduced the chick-pea eating Pœnus, pultiphagoides, speaking Punic, just as Shakspeare did the toasted-cheese eating Welshman talking Welsh. These *garbanzos* require much soaking, being otherwise hard as bullets; indeed, a lively Frenchman, after what he calls an apology for a dinner, compared them, in his empty stomach, as he was jumbled away in the diligence, to peas rattling in a child's drum.

The veritable *olla*—the ancient time-honoured *olla podrida*, or pot pourri—the epithet is now obsolete—is difficult to be made: a tolerable one is never to be eaten out of Spain, since it requires many Spanish things to concoct it, and much care; the cook must throw his whole soul into the pan, or rather pot; it may be made in one; but two are better. They must be of earthenware; for, like the French *pot au feu*, the dish is good for nothing when made in an iron or copper vessel; take therefore two, and put them on their separate stoves with water. Place into No. 1, *Garbanzos*, which have been placed to soak over-night. Add a good piece of beef, a chicken, a large piece of bacon; let it boil once and quickly; then let it simmer: it requires four or five hours to be well done. Meanwhile place into No. 2, with water, whatever vegetables are to be had, lettuces, cabbage, a slice of gourd, carrots, beans, celery, endive, onions and garlic, with beef and long peppers. These must be previously well washed and cut, as if they were destined to make a salad; then add red sausages, or "*chorizos*;" half a pig's face salted, which should have been soaked over-night. When all is sufficiently boiled, strain off the water, and throw it away. Remember constantly to skim the scum off both saucepans. When all this is sufficiently dressed, take a large dish, lay in the bottom the vegetables, the beef in the centre, flanked by the bacon, chicken, and pig's face. The sausages should be arranged around, en couronne; pour over some of the soup of No 1, and serve hot, as Horace did: "*Uncta satib—ponuntur oluscula lardo.*" No violets come up to the perfume which a coming olla casts before it; the mouth-watering bystanders sigh, as they see and smell the rich freight steaming away from them.

This is the olla *en grande*, such as Don Quijote says was eaten only by canons and presidents of colleges; like turtle soup, it is so rich and satisfactory that it is a dinner of itself. A worthy dignitary of Seville, in the good old times, before reform and appropriation had put out the churches'

kitchen fire, and whose daily pot-luck was transcendental, told us, as a wrinkle, that he on feast-days used turkeys instead of chickens, and added two sharp Ronda apples, and three sweet potatoes of Malaga. His advice is worth attention: he was a good Roman Catholic canon, who believed everything, absolved everything, drank everything, ate everything, and digested everything. In fact, as a general rule, anything that is good in itself is good for an olla, provided, as old Spanish books always conclude, that it contains nothing contrary to the holy mother church, to orthodoxy, and to good manners—"que no contiene cosa que se oponga á nuestra madre Iglesia, y santa fé católica, y buenas costumbres." Such an olla as this is not to be got on the road, but may be made to restore exhausted nature when halting in the cities. Of course, every olla must everywhere be made according to what can be got. In private families the contents of No. 1, the soup, is served up with bread, in a tureen, and the frugal table decked with the separate contents of the olla in separate platters; the remains coldly serve, or are warmed up, for supper.

The vegetables and bacon are absolute necessities; without the former an olla has neither grace nor sustenance; "*la olla sin verdura, ni tiene gracia ni hartura*," while the latter is as essential in this stew as a text from Saint Augustine is in a sermon:

"No hay olla sin tocino,
Ni sermon sin Agustino."

Oviedo (Sack of by the French).—Oviedo suffered much in the war of independence. When Soult, after Moore's retreat, advanced into Portugal, he sent Ney from Lugo with 6000 men to pillage the Asturias. Ney, taking the inland line, arrived at Oviedo before the careless Asturians even knew of his departure; and while Romana and the Junta were entirely occupied in their own local and base intrigues, the armed spoiler

pounced down upon them, May 19, 1809. Thereupon Romana, Worster, and Ballesteros instantly fled, setting an example to their troops, which they followed to a man. Although no defence or resistance was made, the city was mercilessly sacked for three days. The thinness of the silver plating of the holy relics, and the earnest prayers of the chapter, who presented M. Ney with their solid bullion lamps and images, saved these contents of the *Camara Santa*, which there was no time to conceal. Thus the "work of angels" was rescued from the sacrilegious crucibles of mortal men. The defeat of Soult at Oporto recoiled on Ney, who fled from the N.W. with tarnished laurels. But miserable Oviedo was again plundered by Bonnet, who re-entered after the misconduct of the Spaniards at Columbres, where Bonnet, in order to decoy his arrogant enemy, had pretended to retire: Barcena fell instantly into the trap, and advanced, like Cuesta at Talavera, on what he supposed were flying deer, but he found them tigers, for Bonnet turned round and scattered his pursuers like sheep. This man, who rose from the revolutionary ranks, was the Alaric of the Asturias, where his name is held in no less execration than is Soult's at Seville, or Sebastiani's at Granada.

Painting (Schools of).—See Introduction, Part II. § 21.

Pamplona (Siege of).—The vicinity of Pamplona is of the highest interest to the British soldier. The Duke, after defeating Joseph and Jourdan at Vitoria, was obliged to blockade Pamplona, instead of besieging it, the consequence of Sir John Murray's wretched failure before Tarragona. Suchet was thereby left at liberty to co-operate with Soult, and fall on the English flank, but this he was prevented from doing by the usual jealousies between rival marshals. On the 23d July, 1813, Soult crossed the frontier, having had every possible advantage in choice of time, easy communications, and an

overwhelming numerical superiority; he judiciously poured his greatest force on our weakest points, and attacked Byng and Cole at Roncesvalles, who fell back on *Zubiri*, while Drouet, with 20,000 men, was arrested a whole day at the *Maya* pass, by Stewart with only 1500: the Duke, who was absent at San Sebastian, setting the blunders of others to rights, only heard of the French advance on the night of the 25th. Picton and Cole had retired on Pamplona, and were posted between *Sorauren* and *Zabalidica*; had the French pushed on at once Pamplona must have been relieved, and the Duke's advance into France arrested: the enemy's hesitation induced "Fighting old Picton" to stand firm, and thus precious time was gained, and the Duke arrived on the 27th; he had ridden from the *Baztan*, almost alone, when he reached *Sorauren*, and saw at once the real state of things; he pencilled a few wizard orders on the parapet of the bridge, and then galloped up the hill, the French entering the village, "luckily," as he said, "about two minutes" after he had left it. On what trifles do the destinies of nations turn! Had this one man been taken all would have been lost. And now, as this one man rode up alone, his soldiers saw and knew him: every man felt what Foy (i. 81) describes as the *magic* of the mere presence of Buonaparte. "A l'approche du danger, ce qu'on sentait pour lui était plus que l'admiration; on lui rendait un culte, comme au Dieu tutélaire de l'armée," and the Great Emperor knew his power. "A la guerre," said he, "les hommes ne sont rien, c'est un homme qui est tout." *Eis enim pueri*, wrote Cicero to Atticus (Ep. xvi. 11). Thus the spirit of a single master-mind makes that of multitudes take one direction. The Portuguese brigade, on beholding the Duke ride up, felt fully the inspiring influence, and shouted, *Allá van treinta mil hombres*; such was their estimate of the value of a real "Head," the thing wanting in Peninsular camps and councils. The British army responded with that true English cheer, the certain omen of victory, whereupon the Duke,

who could see Soult, remarked, "He will hear that cheer, and, from caution, will hesitate attacking; this will give time for the 6th division to arrive, and I shall beat him." Having made his dispositions, he amused himself with reading the newspapers. Accordingly, Soult, although commanding 25,000 French, hesitated to attack 16,000 English, and thus lost a day, which, as usual, lost him.

The next morning, while the Duke was writing to Graham, Soult attacked in force; then the pen was thrown down for the bayonet, and the assailants were repulsed at every point—the 40th, 7th, 20th, and 23rd, charging the superb French masses no less than four times each; Soult gave way, and fled with Mons. Foy, abandoning their almost impregnable positions. The Duke, when he had "settled" Soult, quietly resumed his letter, without even adding the postscript of Cæsar, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.

Soult's plan of relief was daring, and well conceived, but feebly carried out; repeated defeats had cowed him and his troops, and the presence of the Duke, which raised the English from despondency to confidence, had the contrary effect on their assailants. Soult indeed, even in the words of his staunch friend Napier (xxi. 5), failed from "slowness and indecision, which seemed injudicious." Monsieur Savary, however, attributes the failure to the old story of the "elements," to "a deluge of rain in the mountains, which compelled Soult to recall his columns;" but the weather did *not* compel the Duke to order his lines to advance and follow. The news of this important repulse reached the Allied Sovereigns while deliberating on making terms with Buonaparte, and much influenced their final rejection: thus the non-relief of Pamplona led to the first capture of Paris. Soult soon disappeared from the Peninsular theatre. He ranks high in France as a general, although he never met the Duke but to be beaten: if constant failure infers some failing in the art of war, at least infinite defeats taught him the value of a peace with England. He excelled as an adminis-

trator; as a plunder-master-general, he was the modern Verres. Born the son of an attorney he was well versed in the arts of conveyancing. "*Steal, foh! a fico for the phrase; convey the wise it call.*"

Pamplona, when besieged by the Spaniards in 1379 had before been successfully relieved by the English under Sir Thomas Trivet, the Castilians retreating at the mere rumour of his advance.

Pigs and Bacon.—Bacon, throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, is more honoured than any one or all the fathers of the church of Rome; the hunger after the flesh of the pig is equalled only by the thirst for the contents of what is put afterwards into his skin; and with reason, for the pork of Spain has always been, and is, unequalled in flavour; the bacon is fat and good flavoured, the sausages delicious, and the hams transcendantly superlative, to use the very expression of Diodorus Siculus, a man of great taste, learning, and judgment. Of all the things of Spain, no one need feel ashamed to plead guilty to a predilection and preference to the pig. A few particulars may therefore be pardoned.

In Spain pigs are more numerous even than asses, since they pervade the provinces. As those of Estremadura are the most esteemed, they alone will be now noticed.

Vast districts of this unreclaimed province are covered with woods of oak, beech, and chesnut trees, the fruit of which form the principal food for the swine, which, during the greater part of the year, are left to support nature as they can, and in gauntness resemble those greyhound-looking animals which pass for porkers in France. When the acorns are ripe and fall from the trees, the greedy animals are turned out in legions from the villages, which more correctly may be termed coalitions of pigsties. They return from the

woods at night, of their own accord, and without a swine's general. On entering the hamlet, all set off at a full gallop, like a legion possessed with devils, in a handicap for home, into which each single pig turns, never making a mistake. We have more than once been caught in one of these pig-deluges, and nearly carried away, horse and all, as befell Don Quijote, when really swept away by the "far-spread and grunting drove." In his own home each truant is welcomed like a prodigal son or a domestic father. These pigs are the pets of the peasants; they are brought up with their children, and partake, as in Ireland, in the domestic discomforts of their cabins; they are universally respected, and justly, for it is this animal who pays the "rint;" in fact, are the citizens, as at Sorrento, and Estremenian man is quite a secondary formation, and created to tend herds of these swine, who lead the happy life of former Toledan dignitaries, with the additional advantage of becoming more valuable when dead.

It is astonishing how rapidly they thrive on their sweet food; indeed it is the whole duty of a good pig—animal propter convivia natum—to get fat as soon as he can, and then die for the good of his country. It may be observed for the information of our farmers, that those pigs which are dedicated to St. Anthony, on whom a sow is in constant attendance, as a dove was on Venus, get the soonest fat; therefore in Spain young porkers are sprinkled with holy water on his day, but those of other saints are less propitious, for the killing takes place about the 10th and 11th of November, or, as Spaniards date it, "*por el St. Andres*," on the day of St. Andrew, or on that of St. Martin; hence the proverb, every man and pig has his St. Martin or his fatal hour, "*a cada puerco su San Martin.*"

The death of a fat pig is as great an event in Spanish families, who generally fatten one up, as the birth of a baby; nor can the fact be kept secret, so audible is his announcement. It is considered a delicate attention on the

part of the proprietor to celebrate the auspicious event by sending a portion of the chitterlings to intimate friends. The Spaniard's proudest boast is that his blood is pure, and that he is not descended from pork-eschewing Jew or Moor—a fact which the pig genus, could it reason, would deeply deplore. The Spaniard doubtless has been so great a consumer of pig, from grounds religious, as well as gastronomic. The eating or not eating the flesh of an animal deemed unclean by the impure infidel, became a test of orthodoxy, and at once of correct faith as well as of good taste; and good bacon, as has been just observed, is wedded to sound doctrine and St. Augustine. The Spanish name *Tocino* is derived from the Arabic *Tachim*, which signifies fat.

The capital of the Estremenian pig-districts is *Montanches*—mons anguis—and doubtless the hilly spot where the Duke of Arcos fed and cured "*ces petits jambons vermeils*," which the Duc de St. Simon ate and admired so much: "*ces jambons ont un parfum si admirable, un goût si relevé et si vivifiant, qu'on est surpris: il est impossible de rien manger si exquis*." His Grace of Arcos used to shut up the pigs in places abounding in vipers, on which they fattened. Neither the pigs, dukes, nor their toadeaters seem to have been poisoned by these exquisite vipers. According to Jonas Barrington, the finest Irish pigs were those that fed on dead rebels: one Papist porker, the Enniscorthy boar, was sent as a show, for having eaten a Protestant parson: he was put to death and dishonoured by not being made bacon of.

Naturalists have remarked that the rattlesnakes in America retire before their consuming enemy, the pig, who is thus the *gastador* or pioneer of the new world's civilization, just as Pizarro, who was suckled by a sow, and tended swine in his youth, was its conqueror. Be that as it may, *Montanches* is illustrious in pork, in which the burgesses go the whole hog, whether in the rich red sausage, the *chorizo*, or in the savoury piquant *embuchados*, which are akin to the *mortadelle* of Bologna, only less hard, and usually boiled before eating,

though good also raw; they consist of the choice bits of the pig seasoned with condiments, with which, as if by retribution, the paunch of the voracious animal is filled; the ruling passion strong in death. We strongly recommend *Juan Valiente*, who recently was the *alcalde* of the town, to the lover of delicious hams; each *jamon* averages about 12 lb.; they are sold at the rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ *reales*, about 18*d.*, for the *libra carnicea*, which weighs 32 of our ounces; the duties in England are now very trifling. The fat of these *jamon*es, whence our word ham and gammon, when they are boiled, looks like melted topazes, and the flavour defies language, although we have dined on one this very day, in order to secure accuracy and undeniable prose, like Lope de Vega, who, according to his biographer, Dr. Montalvan, never could write poetry unless inspired by a rasher: "*Toda es cosa vil*," said he, "*á donde falta un pernil*" (in which word we recognize the precise *perna* whereby Horace was restored)—

Therefore all writing is a sham,
Where there is wanting Spanish ham.

Those of Galicia and Catalonia are also celebrated, but are not to be compared for a moment with those of *Montanches*, which are fit to set before an emperor. Their only rivals are the sweet hams of the *Alpujarras*, which are made at *Trevez*, a pig-hamlet situated under the snowy mountains on the opposite side of Granada. They are called *dulces* or sweet, because scarcely any salt is used in the curing: the ham is placed in a weak pickle for eight days, and is then hung up in the snow; it can only be done at this place, where the exact temperature necessary is certain.

Pilgrims to Santiago. See Santiago.

Pinos (Bridge of). See Columbus.

Plateros. See Santiago.

Porciuncula (La).—The *Porciuncula*, which no Franciscan convent in Spain was without, referred to a sanctum sanctorum in which their grand jubilee was held every 1st of August, when all penitents who visited this temporary cave arranged in the chapel, obtained absolution from all sins; the jubilee called "*toties quoties*" arose thus: St. Francis, the founder, retired in 1206 to the wildest retreats of the Apennine range, to the Monte Alverno, about five miles from Assisi, "*nel crudo sasso infra Tever ed Arno*;" he there repaired a small deserted church, Santa Maria degli Angioli, called also *la Porciuncula*, because a portion of some property of some Benedictines. There he founded his order, which soon got rich by their vows of *poverty*, the bride—not popular in these days—to which St. Francis was mystically married; there he received the stigmata, while meditating on the Saviour's passion; there he died, the rocks being cleft asunder at his death; from the favours he there received from the Virgin the spot became the holy of holies: the scene, as generally treated in paintings, represents his scourging himself with thorns. He was on that occasion visited by the Virgin and Saviour, who brought him red and white roses, which bloomed from his rods; they granted such an immunity to the spot, "*that if a man had killed all the other men in the world, by only entering this grotto he would come out as pure as a newly-baptized infant*:" hence this grotto was soon prodigiously frequented; whereupon the Spanish Franciscans induced the Pontiff to concede to each of their convents its imaginary cave, in which the same benefits could be obtained by all who first offered pious donations without going to Italy. Accordingly the Spaniards, in their grotto chapel, explained this profitable legend by a painting to those who could see but not read.

Posting in Spain.—A system of post, both for the despatch of letters and the conveyance of couriers, was introduced into Spain under Philip and Juana, that is, towards the end of the reign of our Henry VII.; whereas it was scarcely organised in England before the government of Cromwell. Spain, which in these matters, as well as in many others, was once so much in advance, is now compelled to borrow her improvements from those nations of which she formerly was the instructor; among these may be reckoned all travelling in carriages, whether public or private.

Post-horses and mules are paid at the rate of seven reals each for each post. The Spanish postilions generally, and especially if well paid, drive at a tremendous pace, often amounting to a gallop; nor are they easily stopped, even if the traveller desires it—they seem only to be intent on arriving at their stages' end, in order to indulge in the great national joy of then doing nothing; to get there, they heed neither ruts nor ravines; and when once their cattle are started the inside passenger feels like a kettle tied to the tail of a mad dog, or a comet; the wild beasts think no more of him than if he were Mazeppa: thus money makes the mare and its driver to go, as surely in Spain as in all other countries.

Another mode of travelling is by riding post, accompanied by a mounted postilion, who is changed with the cattle at each relay. It is an expeditious but fatiguing plan; yet one which, like the Tartar courier of the East, has long prevailed in Spain. Thus our Charles I. rode to Madrid under the name of John Smith, by which he was not likely to be identified. The delight of Philip II., who boasted that he governed the world from the Escorial, was to receive frequent and early intelligence; and this desire to hear something new is still characteristic of the Spanish government. The cabinet-couriers have the preference of horses at every relay. The particular distances they have to perform are all timed, and so many leagues are required to be done in a

fixed time; and, in order to encourage despatch, an additional sum was paid to them for every hour gained on the allowed time: hence the common expression "*ganando horas*," gaining hours—equivalent to our old "post haste—haste for your life."

Prado (Dos de Mayo). See Madrid, Pt. I., p. 31.

Rivers and Bridges of Spain.—There are six great rivers in Spain,—the arteries which run between the seven mountain chains, the vertebræ of the geological skeleton. These watersheds are each intersected in their extent by others on a minor scale, by valleys and indentations, in each of which runs its own stream. Thus the rains and melted snows are all collected in an infinity of ramifications, and are carried by these tributary conduits into one of the main trunks, which all, with the exception of the Ebro, empty themselves into the Atlantic. The Duero and Tagus, unfortunately for Spain, disembogue in Portugal, and thus become a portion of a foreign dominion exactly where their commercial importance is the greatest; Philip II. saw the true value of the annexation of Portugal to Spain, which would insure to her the possession of these valuable outlets of internal produce, and inlets for external commerce. Portugal annexed to Spain gave more real power to his throne than the dominion of entire continents across the Atlantic, and is still the secret object, the ambition of every Spanish government. The *Minho*, which is the shortest of these rivers, runs through a very fertile district. The *Tago*, Tagus, which the fancy of poets has sanded with gold and embanked with roses, tracks much of its dreary way through rocks and comparative barrenness. The *Guadiana* creeps through lonely Estremadura, infecting the low plains with miasma. The *Guadalquivir* eats out its deep banks amid the sunny olive-clad regions of Andalusia, as the Ebro divides the levels of

Aragon. Spain abounds with brackish streams, *Salados*, and with salt-mines, or saline deposits left after the evaporation of the sea-waters; indeed, the soil of the central portions is so strongly impregnated with saltpetre, that the small province of La Mancha alone could furnish materials to blow up the world; the surface of these regions, always arid, is every day becoming more so, from the singular antipathy to trees shown by the inhabitants of the interior. There is nothing to check the power of rapid evaporation, no shelter to protect or preserve moisture. The soil becomes more and more parched and dried up, insomuch that in some parts it has almost ceased to be available for cultivation: another serious evil, which arises from want of plantations, is, that the slopes of hills are everywhere liable to constant denudation of soil after heavy rain. There is nothing to break the descent of the water; hence the naked, barren stone summits of many of the sierras, which have been pared and peeled of every particle capable of nourishing vegetation: they are skeletons where life is extinct; not only is the soil thus lost, but the detritus washed down either forms bars at the mouths of rivers, or chokes up and raises their beds; they are thus rendered liable to overflow their banks, and convert the adjoining plains into pestilential swamps. The supply of water, which is afforded by periodical rains, and which ought to support the reservoirs of rivers, is carried off at once in violent floods, rather than in a gentle gradual disembogement. From its mountainous character Spain has very few lakes, as the fall is too considerable to allow water to accumulate; the exceptions which do exist might with greater propriety be termed tarns, and none can be compared in size or beauty to those of Scotland. The volume in the principal rivers of Spain has diminished, and is diminishing; thus some which once were navigable, are so no longer, while some of the artificial canals which were to have been substituted remain unfinished: the progress of deterioration advances, for little is done to counter-

act or amend what every year must render more difficult and expensive, while the means of repair and correction will diminish in equal proportion, from the poverty occasioned by the evil, and by the fearful extent which it will be allowed to attain. However, several grand water-companies have been lately formed, who are to dig Artesian wells, finish canals, navigate rivers with steamers, and *issue shares at a premium*, which will be effected if nothing else is.

The rivers which are really adapted for navigation are, however, only those which are perpetually fed by those tributary streams that flow down from mountains which are covered with snow all the year, and these are not many. The majority of Spanish rivers are very scanty of water during the summer time, and very rapid in their flow when filled by rains or melting snow : during these periods they are impracticable for boats. They are, moreover, much exhausted by being drained off, *sangrado* (bled), for the purposes of artificial irrigation ; thus, at Madrid and Valencia, the wide beds of the Manzanares and the Turia are frequently as dry as the sands of the seashore when the tide is out. They seem only to be entitled to be called rivers by courtesy, because they have so many and such splendid bridges ; as numerous are the jokes cut by the newly-arrived stranger, who advises the townsfolk to sell one of them to purchase water, or compares their thirsting arches to the rich man in torments, who prays for one drop ; but a heavy rain in the mountains soon shows the necessity for their strength and length, for their wide and lofty arches, their buttress-like piers, which before had appeared to be rather the freaks of architectural magnificence than the works of public utility. Those who live in a comparatively level country can scarcely form an idea of the rapidity and fearful destruction of the river inundations in this land of mountains. The deluge rolls forth in an avalanche, the rising water coming down tier above tier, like a flight of steps let loose. These tides carry

everything before them—scarring and gulying up the earth, tearing down rocks, trees, and houses, and strewing far and wide the relics of ruin ; but the fierce fury is short-lived, and is spent in its own violence ; thus the traveller at Madrid, if he wishes to see its Thames, should run down when it rains, or the river will be gone before he gets there. When the Spaniards, under Blake and Cuesta, lost the battle of *Rio Seco* which gave Madrid to Buonaparte, the French soldiers, in crossing the *dry river* bed in pursuit of the fugitives, exclaimed,—“Why Spanish rivers run away too !”

Many of these beds serve in remote districts, where highways and bridges are thought to be superfluous luxuries, for the double purposes of a river when there is water in them, and a road when there is not. Again, in this land of anomalies, some streams have no bridges, while other bridges have no streams ; the most remarkable of these *pontes asinorum* is at Coria, where the Alagon is crossed at an inconvenient, and often dangerous ferry, while a noble bridge of five arches stands high and dry in the meadows close by. This has arisen from the river having quitted its old channel in some inundation ; or, as Spaniards say, *salido de su madre* (gone out from its mother) who does not seem to know that it is out, or certainly does not care, since no steps have ever been taken by the Corians to coax it back again under its old arches ; they call on Hercules to turn this Alpheus, and rely in the mean time on their proverb, that all fickle, unfaithful rivers repent and return to their legitimate beds after a thousand years, for nothing is hurried in Spain, *Despues de años mil, vuelve el rio a su cubil*.

The navigation of Spanish rivers is Oriental, classical, and imperfect ; the boats, barges, and bargemen carry one back beyond the mediæval ages, and are better calculated for artistic than commercial purposes. The “great river,” the Guadalquivir, which was navigable in the time of the Romans as far as Cordova, is now scarcely practicable for sailing-vessels of a moderate

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agreeable surprises, which await those who prefer to judge of a country by going there themselves, rather than to put implicit faith in the foregone conclusions and stereotyped prejudices of those who have not seen it, but who sit in judgment on those who have, and decide "without a view." Of late years travellers make tours in various parts of the Peninsula, driving and riding unarmed and unescorted through localities of former suspicion, without the good luck of meeting even with the ghost of a departed robber; in truth and fact, we cannot but remember that such things as monks and banditti were, but at the same time that they must be spoken of rather in the past than in the present tense.

The actual security of the Spanish highways is due to *Señor Martínez de la Rosa*, a former chief of the *moderado* (or French) party.

This man (dramatist, poet, and statesman—although indeed a *moderado* in intellectual attainments as well as in political principles), was summoned to Madrid (May 1833) from his exile at Granada by the suspicious Calomarde. The mail in which he travelled was stopped by robbers about ten o'clock of a wet night near Almuradiel;—the *guard*, at the first notice, throwing himself on his belly, with his face in the mud, in imitation of the postillions, who pay great respect to the gentlemen of the road. The passengers consisted of himself, a German artist, and an English gentleman, who, having given up his well-garnished purse at once with great good-humour, was most courteously treated by the well-satisfied recipients: not so the *Deutscher*, on whom they were about to do personal violence in revenge for a scanty scrip, had not his profession been explained by our countryman, by whose interference he was let off. Meanwhile, the *Don* was hiding his watch in the carriage lining, which he cut open, and was concealing his few dollars, the existence of which, when questioned, he stoutly denied. They, however, re-appeared under threats of the *bastinado*, which were all but in-

flicted. The passengers were then permitted to depart in peace, the leader of their spoilers having first shaken hands with the Englishman, and wished him a pleasant journey: "May your grace go with God and without novelty;" adding, "You are a *caballero*, a gentleman, as all the English are; the German is a *pobrecito*, a poor devil; the Spaniard is an *embustero*, a regular swindler." This latter gentleman, thus hardly delineated by his Lavater countryman, afterwards more than got back his cash, having risen to be prime minister to Christina, and humble and devoted servant of Louis-Philippe, *cosas de España*.

This little incident doubtless facilitated the introduction of the mounted guards, who are now stationed in towns, and by whom the roads are regularly patrolled; they are called *guardias civiles*, and have replaced the ancient "brotherhood of Ferdinand and Isabella." As they have been dressed and modelled after the fashion of the transpyrenean gendarmerie, the Spaniards, who never lose a chance of a happy nickname, or of a fling at the things of their neighbour, whom they do not love, term them, either *Polizontes* or *Polizones*, words with which they have enriched their phraseology, and which represent the French *polissons*, scoundrels; or they call them *Hijos de Luis-Philippe*, "sons of Louis-Philippe;" for they are ill-bred enough, in spite of the Montpensier marriage, and the Nelsonic achievements of Monsieur de Joinville, to consider the words as synonymes. The number of these rogues, French king's sons, civil guards, call them as you will, exceeds five thousand. During the Machiavelianisms of their putative father, they were quite as much employed in the towns as on the highway, and for political purposes rather than those of pure police, having been used to keep down the expression of indignant public opinion, and, instead of catching thieves, in upholding those first-rate criminals, foreign and domestic, who were robbing poor Spain of her gold and liberties; but so it has always been.

When we first arrived in the Peninsula, and naturally made enquiries about banditti, according to all sensible Spaniards, it was not on the road that they were most likely to be found, but in the confessional boxes, the lawyers' offices, and still more in the *bureaux* of government; and even in England some think that purses are exposed to more danger in Chancery Lane and Stone Buildings, than in the worst cross-road, or the most rocky mountain pass in the Peninsula. It will be long, however, before this "great fact" is believed within the sound of Bowbells, where many of those who provide the reading public with correct information, dislike having to eat their own words, and to have their settled opinions shaken or contradicted. Nor is it pleasant at a certain time of life to go again to school, as one does when studying Niebuh's Roman History, and then to find that the alphabet must be re-begun, since all that was thought to be right is in fact wrong. Distant Spain is ever looked at through a telescope which either magnifies richness and goodness, from which half at least must be deducted according to the proverb, "*de los dineros y bondad, se ha de quitar la mitad,*" or darkens its dangers and difficulties through a discoloured medium. A bad name given to a dog or country is very adhesive; and the many will repeat each other in cuckoo-note. "*Il y a des choses,*" says Montesquieu, "*que tout le monde dit, parcequ'elles ont été dites une fois;*" thus one silly sheep makes many, who will follow their leader; "*ovejás y bobas, donde va una, van todas.*" So in the end error becomes stamped with current authority, and is received, until the false, imaginary picture is alone esteemed, and the true, original portrait scouted as a cheat.

It has so long and annually been considered permissible, when writing about romantic Spain, to take leave of common sense, to ascend on stilts, and converse in the Cambyzes vein, that those who descend to humble prose, and confine themselves to commonplace matter-of-fact, are considered not only to be inæsthetic, unpoetical,

and unimaginative, but deficient in truth and power of observation. The genius of the land, when speaking of itself and its things, is prone to say the thing which is not; and it must be admitted that the locality lends itself often and readily to misconceptions. The leagues and leagues of lonely hills and wastes, over which beasts of prey roam, and above which vultures sulkily rising part the light air with heavy wings, are easily peopled, by those who are in a prepared train of mind, with equally rapacious bipeds of Plato's unfeathered species. Rocky passes, contrived as it were on purpose for ambushades, tangled glens overrun with underwood, in spite of the prodigality of beauty which arrests the artist, suggest the lair of snakes and robbers. Nor is the feeling diminished by meeting the frequent crosses set up on classically piled heaps, which mark the grave of some murdered man, whose simple, touching epitaph tells the name of the departed, the date of the treacherous stab, and entreats the passenger, who is as he was, and may be in an instant as he is, to pray for his unannealed soul. A shadow of death hovers over such spots, and throws the stranger on his own thoughts, which, from early associations, are somewhat in unison with the scene. Nor is the welcome of the outstretched arms of these crosses over-hearty, albeit they are sometimes hung with flowers, which mock the dead. Nor are all sermons more eloquent than these silent stones, on which such brief emblems are fixed. The Spaniards, from long habit, are less affected by them than foreigners, being all accustomed to behold crosses and bleeding crucifixes in churches and out; they moreover well know that by far the greater proportion of these memorials have been raised to record murders, which have not been perpetrated by robbers, but are the results of sudden quarrel or of long brooded-over revenge, and that wine or jealousy, nine times out of ten, are at the bottom of the calamity. Nevertheless, it makes a stout English heart uncomfortable, although it is of little use to be afraid when one

is in for it, and on the spot. Then there is no better chance of escape, than to brave the peril and to ride on. Turn, therefore, dear reader, a deaf ear to the tales of local terror which will be told in every out-of-the-way village by the credulous, timid inhabitants. You will be congratulated on having passed such and such a wood, and will be assured that you will infallibly be robbed at such a spot

few leagues onward. We have always found that this *ignis fatuus*, like the horizon, has receded as we advanced; the dangerous spot is either a little behind or a little before the actual place—it vanishes, as most difficulties do, when boldly approached and grappled with.

At the same time these sorts of places and events admit of much fine writing when people get safely back again, to say nothing of the dignity and heroic elevation which may be thus obtained by such an exhibition of valour during the long vacation. Peaked hats, hair-breadth escapes from long knives and mustachios, lying down for an hour on your stomach with your mouth in the mud, are little interludes so diametrically opposed to civilization, and the humdrum, unpicturesque routine of free Britons who pay highway and police rates, that they form almost irresistible topics to the pen of a ready writer. And such exciting incidents are sure to take, and to interest the public at home, who, moreover, are much pleased by the perusal of *authentic* accounts from Spain itself, and the best and latest intelligence, which tally with their own preconceived ideas of the land. Hence those authors are the most popular who put the self-love of their reader in best humour with his own stock of knowledge. And this accounts for the frequency, in Peninsular sketches, personal narratives, and so forth, of robberies which are certainly oftener to be met with in their pages than on the plains of the Peninsula. The writers know that a bandit adventure is as much expected in the journals of such travels as in one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's romances; such fleeting books are chiefly made by

"*striking events*;" accordingly, the authors string together all the floating traditional horrors which they can scrape together on Spanish roads, and thus feed and keep up the notion entertained in many counties of England, that the whole Peninsula is peopled with banditti. If such were the case society could not exist, and the very fact of almost all of the reporters having themselves escaped by a miracle, might lead to the inference that most other persons escape likewise: a blot is not a blot till it is hit.

It must be also admitted that the respectability and character of many a Spaniard is liable to be misunderstood, when he sets forth on any of his travels, except in a public wheeled conveyance; he assumes the national costume of the road, and leaves his wife and long-tailed coat behind him. Now as most Spaniards are muffled up and clad after the approved melodrame fashion of robbers, they may be mistaken for them in reality; indeed they are generally sallow, have fierce black eyes, uncombed hair, and on these occasions neglect the daily use of towels and razors; a long beard gives, and not in Spain alone, a ferocious ruffian-like look, which is not diminished when gun and knife are added to match faces à la Brutus. Again, these worthies thus equipped, have sometimes a trick of staring rather fixedly from under their slouched hat at the passing stranger, whose, to them, outlandish costume excites curiosity and suspicion; naturally therefore some difficulty does exist in distinguishing the merino from the wolf, when both are disguised in the same clothing—a *zamarra* sheepskin to wit. A private Spanish gentleman, who, in his native town, would be the model of a peaceable and inoffensive bourgeois, or a respectable haberdasher, has, when on his commercial tour, altogether the appearance of the Bravo of Venice, and such-like heroes, by whom children are frightened at a minor theatre. In consequence of the difficulty of outliving what has been learnt in the nursery, many of our countrymen have, with the best intentions, set down the

bulk of the population of the Peninsula as one gang of robbers—they have exaggerated their numbers like Falstaff's men of buckram; the said imagined Rinaldo Rinaldini being probably in a still greater state of alarm from having on their part taken our said countrymen for robbers, and this mutual misunderstanding continues, until both explain their slight mistake of each other's character and intention. Although the writer never fell into the error of thus mistaking Spanish peaceable traders for privateers and men-of-war, yet that injustice may have been done by them to him; possibly this compliment may have been paid to his careful observation of the bearing and garb of their great Rob Roy himself, in his own country, which, to one about to undertake, in those days, long and solitary rides over the Peninsula, was an unspeakable advantage.

But even in those perilous times, robberies were the exception, not the rule, in spite of the full, whole, and exact particulars of natives as well as strangers; the accounts were equally exaggerated by both parties; in fact, the subject is the standing dish, the common topic of the lower classes of travellers, when talking and smoking round the *venta* fires, and forms the natural and agreeable *religio loci*, the associations connected with wild and cut-throat localities. Though the pleasure of these narrators is mingled with fear and pain, they delight in such histories as children do in goblin tales. Their Oriental amplification is inferior only to their credulity, its twin sister, and they end in believing their own lies. Whenever a robbery really does take place, the report spreads far and wide, and gains in detail and atrocity, for no muleteer's story or sailor's yarn loses in the telling. The same dire event,—names, dates, and localities only varied,—is served up as was a monkish miracle in the mediæval ages, at many other places, and thus becomes infinitely multiplied. It is talked of for months all over the country, while the thousands of daily passengers who journey on unhurt are never mentioned. It is like the lottery, in which

the great prize alone attracts attention, not the infinite majority of blanks. These robber-tales reach the cities, and are often believed by most respectable people, who pass their lives without stirring a league beyond the walls. They sympathize with all who are compelled to expose themselves to the great pains and perils, the travail of travel, and they endeavour, with the most good-natured intentions, to dissuade rash adventurers from facing them, by stating, as facts, the apprehensions of their own credulity and imagination.

The muleteers, *venteros*, and masses of common Spaniards see in the anxious faces of timid strangers, that their audience is in the listening and believing vein, and as they are garrulous and egotists by nature, they seize on a theme in which they alone hold forth; they are pleased at being considered as an authority, and with the superiority which conveying information gives, and the power of inspiring fear confers; their mother-wit, in which few nations surpass them, soon discovers the sort of information which "our correspondent" is in want of, and as words here cost nothing, the gulping gobemouche is plentifully supplied with the required article. These reports are in due time set up in type, and are believed because in print.

As it was our fate to wander up and down the Peninsula when Ferdinand VII. was king of the Spains, and José Maria, at whose name old men and women there tremble yet, was autocrat of Andalusia, the moment was propitious for studying the philosophy of Spanish banditti, and our speculations were much benefited by a fortunate acquaintance with the redoubtable chief himself, from whom, as well as from many of his intelligent followers, we received much kindness and valuable information, which is acknowledged with thankfulness.

Historically speaking, Spain has never enjoyed a good character in this matter of the highway; it had but an indifferent reputation in the days of antiquity, but then, as now, it was generally the accusation of foreigners. The Romans, who had no business to

invade it, were harassed by the native guerilleros, those undisciplined bands who waged the "little war," which Iberia always did. Worried by these unmilitary voltigeurs, they called all Spaniards who resisted them "*latrones*;" just as the French invaders, from the same reason, called them *ladrones* or brigands, because they had no uniform; as if the wearing of a shako given by a plundering marshal, could convert a pillager into an honest man, or the want of it could change into a thief, a noble patriot who was defending his own property and country; but "*l'habit ne fait pas le moine*," say the French, and "*aunque la mona se viste de seda, mona se queda*" (although a monkey dresses in silk, monkey it remains), rejoin the Spaniards.

Armed men are in fact the weed of the soil of Spain, in peace or war; to have their hand against all mankind seems to be an instinct in every descendant of Ishmael, and particularly among this Quijotic branch, whose knights-errant, reformers on horseback, have not unfrequently been robbers in the guise of gentlemen. During the war against Buonaparte, the Peninsula swarmed with insurgents, many of whom were inspired, by a sense of loyalty, with indignation at their outraged religion, and with a deep-rooted national loathing of the *gabacho*, and good service these men did to the cause of their lawful king; but others used patriotic professions as specious cloaks to cover their instinctive passion for a lawless and freebooting career, and before the liberation of the country was effected, had become formidable to all parties alike. The Duke of Wellington, with his characteristic sagacity, foresaw, at his victorious conclusion of the struggle, how difficult it would be to weed out "this strange fruit borne on a tree grafted by patriotism." The transition from murdering a Frenchman, to plundering a stranger, appeared a simple process to these patriotic scions, whose numbers were swelled with all who were, or who considered themselves to be, ill used—with all who could not dig, and were ashamed to beg. The evil was diminished dur-

ing the latter years of the reign of Ferdinand VII., when the old hands began to die off, and an advance in social improvement was unquestionably general, before which these lawless occupations gave way, as surely as do wild animals of prey before improved cultivation. These evils, which abate with internal quiet and the continued exertions of the authorities, increase with troubled times, which, as the tempest calls forth the stormy petrel; rouse into dangerous action the worst portions of society, and create a sort of civil cachexia, as we now see in Ireland.

Another source was, not to say is, Gibraltar, that hot-bed of contraband, that nursery of the smuggler, the *prima materia* of a robber and murderer. The financial ignorance of the Spanish government calls him in, to correct the errors of Chancellors of Exchequer:—" *trovata la legge, trovato l'inganno*." The fiscal regulations are so ingeniously absurd, complicated, and vexatious, that the honest, legitimate merchant is as much embarrassed as the irregular trader is favoured. The operation of excessive duties on objects which people must, and therefore will have, is as strikingly exemplified in the case of tobacco in Andalusia, as it is in that, and many other articles, on the Kent and Sussex coast; in both countries the fiscal scourge leads to breaches of the peace, injury to the fair dealer, and loss to the revenue; it renders idle, predatory and ferocious, a peasantry which, under a wiser system, and if not exposed to overpowering temptation, might become virtuous and industrious. In Spain the evasion of such laws is only considered as cheating those who cheat the people; the villagers are heart and soul in favour of the smuggler, as they are of the poacher in England; all their prejudices are on his side. Some of the mountain curates, whose flocks are all in that line, deal with the crime in their sermons as a conventional, not a moral, one; and, like other people, decorate their mantelpieces with a painted clay figure of the sinner in his full *majo* dress. The smuggler

himself, so far from feeling degraded, enjoys the reputation which attends success in personal adventure, among a people proud of individual prowess ; he is the hero of the Spanish stage, and comes on equipped in full costume, with his blunderbuss, to sing the well-known "*Yo! que soy contrabandista! yo ho!*" to the delight of all listeners, from the Straits to the Bidassoa, custom-house officers not excepted.

The *prestige* of such a theatrical exhibition, like the 'Robbers' of Schiller, is enough to make all the students of Salamanca take to the high-road. The *contrabandista* is the Turpin, the Macheath of reality, and is like those heroes of the old ballads and theatres of England, who have disappeared more in consequence of enclosures, rapid conveyances, and macadamization (for there is nothing so hateful to a highwayman as gas and a turnpike), than from fear of the prison or the halter. The writings of Smollett, the recollections of many now alive of the dangers of Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common, recall scenes of life and manners from which we have not long emerged, and which have still more recently been corrected in Spain. The *contrabandista* in his real character is welcome in every village; he is the newspaper and channel of intelligence; he brings tea and gossip for the curate, money and cigars for the attorney, ribands and cottons for the women; he is magnificently dressed, which has a great charm for all Moro-Iberian eyes; he is bold and resolute—"none but the brave deserve the fair;" a good rider and shot; he knows every inch of the intricate country, wood or water, hill or dale; in a word, he is admirably educated for the high-road—for what Froissart, speaking of the celebrated Amerigot Tetenore, calls "a *fayre and godlie life*." And the transition from plundering the king's revenue, to taking the purse of one of his subjects on the highway, is easy.

Many circumstances combined to make this freebooting career popular among the lower classes. The delight of power, the exhibition of daring

and valour, the temptation of sudden wealth, always so attractive to half-civilized nations, who prefer the rich spoil won by the bravery of an hour, to that of the drudgery of years; the gorgeous apparel, the lavish expenditure, the song, the wassail, the smiles of the fair, and all the joyous life of liberty, freemasonry, and good fellowship, operated with irresistible force on a warlike, energetic, and imaginative population.

This smuggling was the origin of José Maria's career, who rose to the highest rank and honours of his profession, as did *Napoléon le Grand* and "Jonathan Wild the Great," and principally, as Fielding says of his hero, by a power of doing mischief, and a principle of considering honesty to be a corruption of *honesty*, the qualities of an ass (*ovos*). But it is a great mistake to suppose that there are always men fitted to be captains of formidable gangs: nature is chary in the production of such specimens of dangerous grandeur, and as ages may elapse before the world is cursed with another Alaric, Buonaparte, or Wild, so years may pass before Spain again witnesses another José Maria.

The *Ladron en grande*, the robber on a great scale, was the grandee of the first class in his order; he was the captain of a regularly-organized band of followers, from eight to fourteen in number, well armed and mounted, and entirely under command and discipline. These were very formidable; and as they seldom attacked any travellers except with overwhelming forces, and under circumstances of ambuscade and surprise, where everything was in their favour, resistance was generally useless, and could only lead to fatal accidents. Never, for the sake of a *sac de nuit*, risk being sent to Erebus; submit, therefore, at once and with good grace to the summons, which will take no denial, of "*abajo*" (down), "*boca á tierra*" (mouth to the earth). Those who had a score or so of dollars, four or five pounds, the loss of which will ruin no man, were very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender not only prevented

any bad treatment, but secured even civility during the disagreeable operation: pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence compared to civil words, as Mr. Cribb used to say. The Spaniard, by nature high-bred and a "*caballero*," responds to any appeal to qualities of which he thinks his nation has reason to be proud; he respects coolness of manner, in which bold men, although robbers, sympathise. Why should a man, because he loses a few dollars, lose also his presence of mind or temper, or perhaps life? Nor were these grandees of the system without a certain magnanimity, as Cervantes knew right well. Witness his graphic account of Roque Guinart, whose conduct to his victims, and behaviour to his comrades, tallied with that observed by José Maria, and was perfectly analogous to the similar traits of character exhibited by the Italian bandit Ghino de Tacco, immortalized by Dante, as well as by our Robin Hood and Diana's foresters. Being strong, they could afford to be generous and merciful.

Notwithstanding these moral securities, if only by way of making assurance doubly sure, an Englishman did well when in travelling in exposed districts to be provided with a decent bag of dollars, which makes a handsome purse, feels heavy in the hand, and is that sort of amount which the Spanish brigand thought a native of our proverbially rich country ought to have with him on his travels. He had a remarkable tact in estimating from the look of an individual, his equipage, &c., how much ready money it was befitting his condition for him to have about him; if the sum should not be enough, he resented severely his being robbed of the regular perquisite to which he considered himself entitled by the long-established usage of the high-road. The person unprovided altogether with cash was generally made a severe example of, pour encourager les autres, either by being well beaten, or stripped to the skin, after the fashion of the thieves of old, near Jericho. It was well for the traveller to have a watch of some kind—one with a gaudy gilt

chain and seals; not to have one exposed him to more indignities than a scantily-filled purse. The money might have been spent, but the absence of a watch could only be accounted for by a premeditated intention of not being robbed of it, which the "*ladron*" considered a most unjustifiable attempt to defraud him of his right.

The Spanish "*ladrones*" were generally armed with a blunderbuss which hung at their high-peaked saddles, these were covered with a white or blue fleece, emblematical enough of shearing propensities; therefore, perhaps, the order of the golden fleece has been given to certain foreigners, in reward for having eased Spain of her independence and Murillos. Their dress was for the most part very rich, and in the highest style of the fancy: hence they were the envy and models of the lower classes, being arrayed after the fashion of the smuggler, or the bull-fighter, or in a word, the "*majo*" or dandy of Andalusia, which is the home and head-quarters of all those who aspire to the elegant accomplishments and professions just alluded to.

The next class of robbers—omitting some minor distinctions, such as the "*saltadores*," or two or three persons who lay in ambuscade and jumped out on the traveller—was the "*ratero*" (the rat). He was not brought regularly up to the profession and organized, but took to it on a sudden, and for the special occasion, which, according to the proverb, makes a thief, "*La ocasión hace al ladron*;" and having committed his petty larceny, returned to his pristine occupation or avocation.

The "*raterillo*," or small rat, was a skulking footpad, who seldom attacked any but single and unprotected passengers, who, if they were robbed, had no one to blame but themselves; for no man is justified in exposing Spaniards to the temptation of doing a little something in that line. The shepherd with his sheep, the ploughman at his plough, the vine-dresser amid his grapes, all have their gun, ostensibly for their individual protection, which furnishes means of assault and battery against those who have

no other defence but their legs and virtue. These self-same extemporaneous thieves were, however, remarkably civil to armed and prepared travellers; to them they touched their hats, and exclaimed "Good day to you, my lord knight," and "May your grace go with God," with all that innocent simplicity which is observable in pastoral, opera-ballets, and other equally correct representations of rural life. These rats were held in as profound contempt by the higher classes of the profession, as political ones used to be, before parties were betrayed by turncoats, who, with tails and without, deserted to the enemies' camp. The *ladron en grande* looked down on this sneaking competitor as does a regular M.D. and member of the College of Physicians on a quack, who presumes to take fees and kill without a licence. However despicable, these rats were very dangerous; lacking the generous feeling which the possession of power and united force bestows, they had the cowardice and cruelty of weakness: hence they frequently murdered their victim, because dead men tell no tales.

It must be stated for the purposes of history that at the time when Spain was, or was said to be, overrun with rats and robbers, there was, as Spaniards have it, a remedy for everything except death; and as the evils were notorious, it was natural that means of prevention should likewise exist. If the state of things had been so bad as exaggerated report would infer, it would have been impossible that any travelling or traffic could have been managed in the Peninsula. The mails and diligences, being protected by government, were seldom attacked, and those who travelled by other methods, and had proper recommendations, seldom failed in being provided by the authorities with a sufficient escort. A regular body of men was organized for that purpose: they were called "*Miguelites*," from, it is said, one Miguel de Prats, an armed satellite of the famous or infamous Caesar Borgia. In Catalonia they are called "*Mozos de la Escuadra*" (Lads of the squadron, land marines); they are the modern

"*Hermandad*," the brotherhood which formed the old Spanish rural armed police. Composed of picked and most active young men, they served on foot, under the orders of the military powers; they were dressed in a sort of half uniform and half *majo* costume. Their gaiters were black instead of yellow, and their jackets of blue trimmed with red. They were well armed with a short gun and belt round the waist, in which the ammunition was placed,—a much more convenient contrivance than our cartouche-box; they had a sword, a cord for securing prisoners, and a single pistol, which was stuck in their sashes at their backs. This corps was on a perfect par with the robbers, from whom some of them were chosen; indeed, the common condition of the "*indulto*," or pardon to robbers, is to enlist, and extirpate their former associates—set a thief to catch a thief; both the honest and renegade *Miguelites* hunted "*la mala gente*," as gamekeepers do poachers. The robbers feared and respected them; an escort of ten or twelve *Miguelites* might brave any number of banditti, who never or rarely attack where resistance is to be anticipated; and in travelling through suspected spots these escorts showed singular skill in taking every precaution, by throwing out skirmishers in front and at the sides. They covered in their progress a large space of ground, taking care never to keep above two together, nor more distant from each other than gun-shot; rules which all travellers will do well to remember, and to enforce on all occasions of suspicion. The rare instances in which Englishmen, especially officers of the garrison of Gibraltar, have been robbed, have arisen from a neglect of this precaution; when the whole party ride together they may be all caught at once, as in a casting-net.

It may be remarked that Spanish robbers were always very shy in attacking armed English travellers, and particularly if they appeared on their guard. The robbers disliked fighting, and the more as they did so at a disadvantage, from having a halter round their necks, and they hated danger,

from knowing what it is; they had no chivalrous courage, nor any more abstract notions of fair play than a Turk or a tiger, who are too uncivilized to throw away a chance; accordingly, they seldom joined issue where the defendants seemed pugnacious, which is always likely to be the case with Englishmen. They also peculiarly disliked English guns and gunpowder, which, in fact, both as arms and ammunition, are infinitely superior to those of Spain. Though three or four Englishmen had nothing to fear, yet where there were ladies it was better to be provided with an escort of *Miguelites*. These men have a keen and accurate eye, and were always on the look-out for prints of horses and other signs, which, escaping the notice of superficial observers, indicated to their practised observations the presence of danger. They were indefatigable, keeping up with a carriage day and night, braving heat and cold, hunger and thirst. As they were maintained at the expense of the government, they were not, strictly speaking, entitled to any remuneration from those travellers whom they were directed to escort; it was, however, usual to give to each man a couple of *pesetas* a-day, and a dollar to their leader. The trifling addition of a few cigars, a "*bota*" or two of wine, some rice and dried cod-fish for their evening meal, was well bestowed; exercise sharpened their appetites; and they were always proud to drink to their master's long life and purse, and protect both.

Those, whether natives or foreigners, who could not obtain or afford the expense of an escort to themselves, availed themselves of the opportunity of joining company with some party who had one. It is wonderful how soon the fact was known of an escort being granted, and how the number of travellers increased, who were anxious to take advantage of the convoy. As all went armed, the united allied forces became more formidable as the number increased, and the danger became less. If no one happened to be travelling with an escort, then travellers waited for the passage of troops, for the

government's sending money, tobacco, or anything else which required protection. If none of these opportunities offered, all who were about to travel joined company. This habit of forming caravans is very Oriental, and has become quite national in Spain, inasmuch that it is almost impossible to travel alone, as others will join; weaker and smaller parties will unite with all stronger and larger companies whom they meet going the same road, whether the latter like it or not. The muleteers are most social and gregarious amongst each other, and will often endeavour to derange their employer's line of route, in order to fall in with that of their chance-met comrades. The caravan, like a snow-ball, increases in bulk as it rolls on; it is often pretty considerable at the very outset, for, even before starting, the muleteers and proprietors of carriages, being well known to each other, communicate mutually the number of travellers which each has got.

Travelling in out-of-the-way districts in a "*coche de colleras*," and especially if accompanied with a baggage-waggon, exposed the party to be robbed. When the caravan arrived in the small villages it attracted immediate notice, and if it got wind that the travellers were foreigners, they were supposed to be laden with gold and booty. Such an arrival was a rare event; the news spread like wildfire, and collected all the "*mala gente*," the bad set of idlers and loiterers, who acted as spies, and conveyed intelligence to their confederates; again, the bulk of the equipage, the noise and clatter of men and mules, was seen and heard from afar by robbers if there were any, who lurked in hiding-places or eminences, and were well provided with telescopes, and besides with long and sharp noses, "which," as Gil Blas says, "smell coin in travellers' pockets," while the slow pace and impossibility of flight rendered such a party an easy prey to well-mounted horsemen.

This condition of affairs, these dangers real or imaginary, and these precautions, existed principally in journeys by cross roads, or through provinces rarely visited, and unprovided with

public carriages; if, however, such districts were reputed the worst, they often had the advantage of being freer from regular bands, for where there are few passengers, why should there be robbers, who like spiders place their nets where the supply of flies is sure?—and little do the humbler masses of Spain care either for robbers or revolutionists; they have nothing to lose, and are beneath the notice of pickpockets or pseudo-patriots. Their rags are their safeguard, a fine climate clothes them, a fertile soil feeds them; they doze away in happy want and poverty, ever the best protections in Spain, or strum their guitars and sing staves in praise of empty purses. The better provided have to look out for themselves; indeed, whenever the law is insufficient men take it into their own hands, either to protect themselves or their property, or to administer wild justice, and obtain satisfaction for wrongs, which in plain Spanish is called revenge. An Irish landlord arms his servants, and raises walls round his “demesne”—an English squire employs watchers and keepers to preserve his pheasants—so in suspected localities a Spanish *hidalgo* protects his person by hiring armed peasants; they are called “*escopeteros*,” people with guns—a definition which is applicable to most Spaniards. When out of town this custom of going armed, and early acquaintance with the use of the gun, is the principal reason why, on the shortest notice, bodies of men, whom the Spaniards call soldiers, are got together; every field furnishes the raw material—a man with a musket. Baggage, commissariat, pay, rations, uniform, and discipline, which are European rather than Oriental, are more likely to be found in most other armies than in those of Spain. These things account for the facility with which the Spanish nation flies so magnanimously to arms, and after bush-fighting and buccaneering expeditions, disappears at once after a reverse; “every man to his own home,” as of old in the East, and that, with or without proclamation. These “*escopeteros*,” occasionally robbers themselves, live

either by robbery or by the prevention of it; for there is some honour among thieves; “*entre lobos no se come*,” “wolves don’t eat each other” unless very hard up indeed. These fellows naturally endeavour to alarm travellers with over-exaggerated accounts of danger, in order that their services may be engaged; their inventions are often believed by swallowers of camels, who note down as facts these tricks upon travellers got up for the occasion, by people who are making long noses at them behind their backs; but these longer lies are among the accidents of long journeys, “*en luengas vías, luengas mentiras*.”

As we are now writing history, it may be added that great men like Jose Maria often granted passports. This true trooper of the Deloraine breed was untrammelled with the fetters of spelling. Although he could barely write his name, he could *rubricate** as well as any other Spaniard in command, or Ferdinand VII. himself. “His mark,” was a protection to all who would pay him black mail. It was authenticated with such a portentous griffonage as would have done credit to Ali Pacha. A merry gastronomic dignitary of Seville, who was going to the baths of Caratraca, to recover from over-indulgence in rich ollas and valdepeñas, and had no wish, like the gouty abbot of Boccaccio, to be put on robber regimen, procured a pass from Jose Maria, and took one of his gang as a travelling escort, who sat on the coach-box, and whom he described as his “*santito*,” his little guardian angel.

While on the subject of this spiritual and supernatural protection, it may be

* The kings of Spain seldom use any other royal signature, except the ancient Gothic *rubrica*, or mark. This monogram is something like a Runic knot. Spaniards exercise much ingenuity in these intricate flourishes, which they tack on to their names, as a collateral security of authenticity. It is said that a *rubrica* without a name is of more value than a name without a rubrica. Sancho Panza tells Don Quixote that his rubrica alone is worth, not one, but three hundred jackasses. Those who cannot write rubricate; “*No saber firmar*,”—not to know how to sign one’s name,—is jokingly held in Spain to be one of the attributes of grandeeship.

added that firm faith was placed in the wearing of a relic, a medal of the Virgin, her rosary or scapulary. Thus the Duchess of Abrantes hung the *Virgen del Pilar* round the neck of her favourite bull-fighter, who escaped in consequence. Few Spanish soldiers go into battle without such a preservative in their *petos*, or stuffed waddings, which is supposed to turn bullets, and to divert fire, like a lightning conductor, which probably it does, as so few are ever killed. In the more romantic days of Spain no duel or tournament could be fought without a declaration from the combatants, that they had no relic, no *engañio* or cheat, about their persons. Our friend Jose Maria attributed his constant escapes to an image of the Virgin of Grief of Cordova, which never quitted his shaggy breast. Indeed, the native districts of the lower classes in Spain may be generally known by their religious ornaments. These talismanic amulets are selected from the saint or relic most honoured, and esteemed most efficacious, in their immediate vicinity. Thus the "Santo Rostro," or Holy Countenance of Jaen, is worn all over the kingdom of Granada, as the Cross of Caravaca is over Murcia; the rosary of the Virgin is common to all Spain. The following miraculous proof of its saving virtues was frequently painted in the convents:—A robber was shot by a traveller and buried; his comrades, some time afterwards passing by, heard his voice,—“this fellow in the cellarage;”—they opened the grave and found him alive and unhurt, for when he was killed, he had happened to have a rosary round his neck, and St. Dominick (its inventor) was enabled to intercede with the Virgin in his behalf. This reliance on the Virgin is by no means confined to Spain, since the Italian banditti always wear a small silver heart of the Madonna, and this mixture of ferocity and superstition is one of the most terrific features of their character. Saint Nicholas, however, the English “Old Nick,” is in all countries the patron of schoolboys, thieves, or, as Shakspeare calls them, “Saint Nicholas’s clerks.” “Keep thy neck for the hang-

man, for I know thou worshipping St. Nicholas as a man of falsehood may;” and like him, Santu Diavolu, Santu Diavoluni, Holy Devil, is the appropriate saint of the Sicilian bandit.

San Dimas, the “good thief,” is a great saint in Andalucia, where his disciples are said to be numerous. A celebrated carving by Montañes, in Seville, is called “*El Cristo del buen ladrón*,”—“the Christ of the good thief;” thus making the Saviour a subordinate person. Spanish robbers have always been remarkably good Roman Catholics. In the Rinconete y Cortadillo, the Lurker and Outpurse of Cervantes, whose Monipodio must have furnished Boz with the character of Fagin, a box is placed before the Virgin, to which each robber contributes, and one remarks that he “robs for the service of God, and for all honest fellows.” Their mountain confessors of the Friar Tuck order, animated by a pious love for dollars when expended in expiatory masses, consider the payment to them of good doubloons such a laudable restitution, such a sincere repentance, as to entitle the contrite culprit to ample absolution, plenary indulgence, and full benefit of clergy. Notwithstanding this, these ungrateful “good thieves” have been known to rob their spiritual pastors and masters, when they catch them on the high road.

To return to the saving merit of these talismans. We ourselves suspended to our sheepskin jacket one of the silver medals of Santiago, which are sold to pilgrims at Compostella, and arrived back again at Seville from the long excursion, safe and sound and unpillaged except by *venteros* and our faithful squire—an auspicious event, which was entirely attributed by the aforesaid dignitary to the intervention vouchsafed by the patron of the Spains to all who wore his order, which thus protects the bearer, as a badge protects a Thames waterman from a press-gang.

An account of the judicial death of one of the gang of Jose Maria, will be an appropriate conclusion to these remarks, and an act of justice towards our fair readers for this detail of

breaches of the peace, and the bad company into which they have been introduced. Jose de Roxas, commonly called (for they generally have some nickname) *El Veneno*, "Poison," from his viper-like qualities, was surprised by some troops: he made a desperate resistance, and when brought to the ground by a ball in his leg, killed the soldier who rushed forward to secure him. He proposed when in prison to deliver up his comrades if his own life were guaranteed to him. The offer was accepted, and he was sent out with a sufficient force; and such was the terror of his name, that they surrendered themselves, *not however to him*, and were *pardoned*. Veneno was then tried for his previous offences, found guilty, and condemned: he pleaded that he had indirectly accomplished the object for which his life was promised him, but in vain; for such trials in Spain are a mere form, to give an air of legality to a predetermined sentence:—the authorities adhered to the killing letter of their agreement, and

"Kept the word of promise to the ear,
But broke it to the hope."

As Veneno was without friends or money, wherewith Gines Passamonte anointed the palm of justice and got free, the sentence was of course ordered to be carried into effect. The courts of law and the prisons of Seville are situated near the *Plaza San Francisco*, which has always been the site of public executions. On the previous day nothing indicates the scene which will take place on the following morning; everything connected with this ceremony of death is viewed with horror by Spaniards, not from that abstract abhorrence of shedding blood which among other nations induces the lower orders to detest the completer of judicial sentences, as the smaller feathered tribes do the larger birds of prey, but from ancient Oriental prejudices of pollution, and because all actually employed in the operation are accounted infamous, and lose their caste, and purity of blood. Even the gloomy scaffolding is erected in the night by unseen, unknown hands, and rises from

the earth like a fungus work of darkness, to make the day hideous, and shock the awakening eye of Seville. When the criminal is of noble blood, the platform, which in ordinary cases is composed of mere carpenter's work, is covered with black baize. The operation of hanging, among so unmechanical a people, with no improved patent invisible drop, used to be conducted in a cruel and clumsy manner. The wretched culprits were dragged up the steps of the ladder by the executioner, who then mounted on their shoulders and threw himself off with his victims, and, while both swung backwards and forwards in the air, was busied, with spider-like fingers, in fumbling about the neck of the sufferers, until being satisfied that life was extinct he let himself down to the ground by the bodies. Execution by hanging was, however, graciously abolished by Ferdinand VII., the beloved; this father of his people determined that the future death for civil offences should be strangulation, — a mode of removing to a better world those of his children who deserved it, which is certainly more in accordance with the Oriental bow-string.

Veneno was placed, as is usual, the day before his execution, "*en capilla*," in a chapel or cell set apart for the condemned, where the last comforts of religion are administered. This was a small room in the prison, and the most melancholy in that dwelling of woe, for such indeed a Spanish prison still is, as Cervantes from sad experience knew, and described. An iron grating formed the partition of the corridor, which led to the chamber. This passage was crowded with members of a charitable brotherhood, who were collecting alms from the visitors, to be expended in masses for the eternal repose of the soul of the criminal. There were groups of officers, and of portly Franciscan friars smoking their cigars and looking carefully from time to time into the amount of the contributions, which were to benefit their bodies, quite as much as the soul of the condemned. The levity of

those assembled without formed, meantime, a heartless contrast with the gloom and horror of the melancholy interior. A small door opened into the cell, over which might well be inscribed the awful words of Dante—

“Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!”

At the head of this room was placed a table, with a crucifix, an image of the Virgin, and two wax tapers, near which stood a silent sentinel with a drawn sword; another soldier was stationed at the door, with a fixed bayonet. In a corner of this darkened apartment was the pallet of Veneno; he was lying curled up like a snake, with a striped coverlet (the Spanish *manta*) drawn closely over his mouth, leaving visible only a head of matted locks, a glistening dark eye, rolling restlessly out of the white socket. On being approached he sprang up and seated himself on a stool: he was almost naked; a chaplet of beads hung across his exposed breast, and contrasted with the iron chains around his limbs:—Superstition had riveted her fetters at his birth, and the Law her manacles at his death. The expression of his face, though low and vulgar, was one which once seen is not easily forgotten,—a slouching look of more than ordinary guilt: his sallow complexion appeared more cadaverous in the uncertain light, and was heightened by a black, unshorn beard, growing vigorously on a half-dead countenance. He appeared to be reconciled to his fate, and repeated a few sentences, the teaching of the monks, as by rote: his situation was probably more painful to the spectator than to himself—an indifference to death, arising rather from an ignorance of its dreadful import, than from high moral courage: he was the Bernardine of Shakspeare, “a man that apprehends death no more dreadfully than a drunken sleep, careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, and to come, insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.”

Next morning the triple tiers of the old balconies, and roofs, and the whole area of the Moorish and most picturesque square were crowded by the

lower orders; the men wrapped up in their cloaks—(it was a December morning)—the women in their mantillas, many with young children in their arms, brought in the beginning of life to witness its conclusion. The better classes not only absent themselves from these executions, but avoid any allusion to the subject as derogatory to European civilization; the humbler ranks, who hold the conventions of society very cheap, give way to their morbid curiosity to behold scenes of terror, which operates powerfully on the women, who seem impelled irresistibly to witness sights the most repugnant to their nature, and to behold sufferings which they would most dread to undergo; they, like children, are the great lovers of the horrible, whether in a tale or in dreadful reality; to the men it was as a tragedy, where the last scene is death—death which rivets the attention of all, who sooner or later must enact the same sad part.* They desire to see how the criminal will conduct himself; they sympathise with him if he displays coolness and courage, and despise him on the least symptom of unmanliness. An open square was then formed about the scaffold by lines of soldiers drawn up, into which the officers and clergy were admitted. As the fatal hour drew nigh, the increasing impatience of the multitude began to vent itself in complaints of how slowly the time passed—that time of no value to them, but of such precious import to him whose very moments were numbered.

When at length the cathedral clock tolled out the fatal hour, a universal stir of tiptoe expectation took place, a pushing forward to get the best situations. Still ten minutes had to elapse, for the clock of the tribunal is purposely set so much later than that of the cathedral, in order to afford the utmost possible chance of a reprieve. When that clock too had rung out its knell, all eyes were turned to the prison-door, from whence the miserable man came forth, attended by some

* “Chacun fuit à le voir naître, chacun court à le voir mourir!”—*Montaigne*.

Franciscans. He had chosen that order to assist at his dying moments, a privilege always left to the criminal. He was clad in a coarse yellow baize gown, the colour which denotes the crime of murder, and is appropriated always to Judas Iscariot in Spanish paintings. He walked slowly on his last journey, half supported by those around him, and stopping often, ostensibly to kiss the crucifix held before him by a friar, but rather to prolong existence—sweet life!—even yet a moment. When he arrived reluctantly at the scaffold, he knelt down on the steps, the threshold of death;—the reverend attendants covered him over with their blue robes—his dying confession was listened to unseen. He then mounted the platform attended by a single friar; addressed the crowd in broken sentences, with a gasping breath—told them that he died repentant, that he was justly punished, and that he forgave his executioner. “*Mi delito me mata, y no ese hombre,*”—(my offence puts me to death, and not *this fellow*); as “*Ese hombre*” is a contemptuous expression, and implies insult, the ruling feeling of the Spaniard was displayed in death against the degraded functionary. The criminal then exclaimed, “*Viva la fé! viva la religion! viva el rey! viva el nombre de Jesus!*” All of which met no echo from those who heard him. His dying cry was “*Viva la Virgen Santisima!*” at these words the devotion to the goddess of Spain burst forth in one general acclamation, “*Viva la Santisima!*” So strong is their feeling towards the Virgin, and so lukewarm their comparative indifference towards their king, their faith, and their Saviour! Meanwhile the executioner, a young man dressed in black, was busied in the preparations for death. The fatal instrument is simple: the culprit is placed on a rude seat; his back leans against a strong upright post, to which an iron collar is attached, enclosing his neck, and so contrived as to be drawn home to the post by turning a powerful screw. The executioner bound so tightly the naked legs and arms of Veneno, that they swelled and

became black—a precaution not unwise, as the father of this functionary had been killed in the act of executing a struggling criminal. The priest who attended Veneno was a bloated, corpulent man, more occupied in shading the sun from his own face, than in his ghostly office; the robber sat with a writhing look of agony, grinding his clenched teeth. When all was ready, the executioner took the lever of the screw in both hands, gathered himself up for a strong muscular effort, and, at the moment of a preconcerted signal, drew the iron collar tight, while an attendant flung a black handkerchief over the face—a convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest were the only-visible signs of the passing of the robber’s spirit. After a pause of a few moments, the executioner cautiously peeped under the handkerchief, and after having given another turn to the screw, lifted it off, folded it up, carefully put it into his pocket, and then proceeded to light a cigar

——— “with that air of satisfaction

Which good men wear who’ve done a virtuous action.”

The face of the dead man was slightly convulsed, the mouth open, the eyeballs turned into their sockets from the wrench. A black bier, with two lanterns fixed on staves, and a crucifix, was now set down before the scaffold—also a small table and a dish, into which alms were again collected, to be paid to the priests who sang masses for his soul. The mob having discussed his crimes, abused the authorities and judges, and criticised the manner of the new executioner (it was his maiden effort), began slowly to disperse, to the great content of the neighbouring silversmiths, who ventured to open their closed shutters, having hitherto placed more confidence in bolts and bars, than in the moral example presented to the spectators. The body remained on the scaffold till the afternoon; it was then thrown into a scavenger’s cart, and led by the “*pregonero*,” the common crier, beyond the jurisdiction of the city, to a square platform called “*La mesa del Rey*,”

the king's table, where the bodies of the executed are quartered and cut up—"a pretty dish to set before a king." Here the carcase was hewed and hacked into pieces by the bungling executioner and his attendants, with that inimitable defiance of anatomy for which they and Spanish surgeons are equally renowned—

"Le gambe di lui gettaron in una fossa;
Il Diavol ebbe l'alma, i lupi l'ossa."

"The legs of the robber were thrown in a hole,
The wolves got his bones, the devil his soul."

Sage (Le). See Gil Blas.

Salamanca (Battle of).—The battle of Salamanca was fought about 1½ mile to the E. of the interesting old city, and on and around the two knolls called the *Arapiles*. The battle was the result of a false move made by Marmont, who commanded in these districts more than 100,000, the Duke having at his disposal less than 60,000 (Nap. xviii. 4), of which scarcely half were British. This numerical superiority gave Marmont the power of every initiative, and reduced Wellington to act on the defensive: his own account to Graham is short and sweet. "I took up the ground which you were to have taken during the siege of Salamanca. We had a race for the large *Arapiles*, which is the more distant of the two detached heights: this race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action. I knew that the French were to be joined by the cavalry of the army of the North on the 22nd or 23rd, and that the army of the centre was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it; but instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he

would have carried our *Arapiles*, or would have confined us entirely to our position; this was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating. I had desired the Spaniards to continue to occupy the castle of *Alba de Tormes*; Don Carlos de España had evacuated it, I believe, before he knew my wishes, and he was afraid to let me know that he had done so, and I did not know it till I found no enemy at the fords of the *Tormes*; when I lost sight of them in the dark, I marched upon *Huerta* and *Encinas*; if I had known that there had been no garrison in *Alba*, I should have marched there, and should probably have had them all" (Disp., July 25, 1812).

His position, July 22, 1812, was in the village of *Arapiles*. About three in the afternoon, Marmont extended his line towards *Miranda de Azan*. When this was reported to the Duke, he with eagle-eyed intuition exclaimed, "Egad! I have them;" and so he had. He "fixed the fault with the stroke of a thunderbolt." A few orders issued from his lips like the incantations of a wizard, and the English masses advanced: Pakenham on our rt. about five o'clock, breaking the head of *Thomières's* splendid column into fragments with the force of a giant. Then the 4th and 5th divisions attacked the enemy's centre, gaining manfully the crest of *La Cabaña*, on which hill some desperate fighting took place; but the English cavalry, under Le Marchant, had before trodden to the dust 1200 Frenchmen, "big men on big horses," says Napier, "trampling down the enemy with terrible clamour and disturbance, smiting mass after mass with downright courage and force." Marmont was wounded in the arm; then Clausel, with much skill, endeavoured to repair the battle by changing his front; but the Duke turned round and smote him so grievously, that he fled, having abandoned everything that can constitute an army, and writing in the first agony of truth that not 20,000 men could be reorganised. He retreated on *Burgos*, sending Col.

Fabvier to convey the news to Buonaparte, which reached him on the Bordino, Sept. 7, on the eve of that battle, and this untoward intelligence was the real cause of Napoleon's heaviness of soul that night, and of his strange hesitation and "want of alacrity" during the conflict (see *Quar. Rev.* No. 184, p. 528). The late time at which the battle of Salamanca began saved the enemy. If we had had an hour more daylight the whole army would have been in our hands" (*Disp.*, July 28, 1812). So wrote the Duke again when he crushed Soult at Nivelle. How wrote Marlborough at Oudenarde?—"If I had had two hours more of daylight the French army would have been irretrievably routed, and the greater part of it killed or taken." So again wrote Stanhope at Almenara, all using much the same words for the same great facts.

The effect of this victory on the English army is well shown by these extracts from letters of a brave British officer :—

"From the 15th to the 21st we had constant skirmishing, and several times offered battle; but the enemy always manœuvred to our right, so that we were obliged to do the same, or else hazard our supplies and the city of Salamanca. On the 21st their army crossed the Tormes, between Alba de Tormes and Salamanca. We followed suit at other fords with nearly the whole of our army. On the 22nd we had some skirmishing in front of our left, our brigade being principally engaged; but this was merely a feint to attract our notice, while Marmont drew his troops principally beyond our right, in rear of some heights, and took possession of a very steep rugged hillock. At one time Wellington ordered this to be taken by our brigade, but the enemy having reinforced it considerably, and seeming disposed for battle, the order was countermanded. They drew back their columns again, excepting from this height, and for some hours continued to move further beyond our right, occupying one hill after another with artillery and cavalry, and driving our cavalry before them. We

felt furious at having our right menaced and manœuvred against in this way for seven days, and even expressions of surprise at Lord Wellington's seeming disposition for retreat beyond Salamanca were universal in the army. But this wonderful man had laid his plan for leading on his vaunting enemy to a distance, and to such a situation as would prevent him from escaping, except with great loss, and with a river to repass in his rear.

"However, during Marmont's successful manœuvres (as they then appeared) to our right, our columns were brought up to near the field of battle, and then, as if by magic, almost before we were aware of it, and to our surprise and joy, the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th divisions and the cavalry proceeded to the points directed for each, with more precision, regularity, and speed than in any of our sham-fights at Swinly Camp. In twenty minutes the whole appeared in order of battle, ranged in various lines, only two pieces of cannon and some skirmishers covering our front, while the enemy kept up a roar of great guns from the opposite heights for two miles in length, sent out clouds of skirmishers to some points, and began to form close bodies of infantry also. However, at last we conquered all difficulties, and carried every height in succession, night alone preventing us from destroying the enemy's whole army.

"Every one entertains feelings peculiar to himself in connection with his own profession and habits, which persons of other pursuits cannot enter into so easily. Now, I feel as if I had never lived as a soldier before this great day, and the recent interesting operations preceding it. Lord Wellington's dispositions were so grand and so sudden, that they presented to my imagination the idea of a lion turning round against a troop of tigers, from whom he had received snaps and insults while following his own majestic course."—*Sir Neil Campbell, 'Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba.'*

Salamanca was indeed a victory, nor has even Thiers claimed it for his countrymen. The Duke in 45 minutes

beat 45,000 Frenchmen, although these lively historians are positive, that had their general Marmont not been wounded the victory must have been theirs; but so they said of the "untoward affair" of Malplaquet.

All, we are told, went on well for the French; according to Marmont, *Mauricme culbuta les Anglais!* when the "cruel fatality" of the Marshal's wound (!) prevented a complete victory; nor did the Duke venture to move until he knew of this luck!! But Buonaparte knew better, and wrote, when Marmont's bulletin reached him, thus:—"Il est impossible de rien lire de plus insignifiant; il y a plus de fatras et plus de rouages que dans une horloge, et pas un mot qui fasse connaître l'état réel des choses." (*Mémoires de Joseph*, ix. 82; x. 104). The shortness and completeness of the affair arose from the combatants being nearly equal in numbers; the English and Portuguese amounting to 46,000, the French to 45,000, but in fact very superior, in being of one nation, and so much stronger in artillery and position, that Marmont was only afraid that the Duke would *escape to Ciudad Rodrigo*: the Marshal, in fact, made so sure of victory, and was so desirous of monopolising all the glory, like Victor at *Talavera*, that he would not wait for Joseph, who was coming up with 15,000 more men. The enemy lost 2 eagles, 11 cannon, and 14,000 men; our loss amounted to 5200, and their whole army would have been taken had it not been for *Don Carlos de España*. Yet the victory was most important; Madrid and Andalusia were delivered, the Opposition was silenced in England, the traitor members of the Cortes of Cadiz were prevented from making terms with Joseph, while the recoil shook Buonaparte even in Russia, and raised the courage of the rejoicing world. Wellington now felt his growing power: "I saw him," says Col. Napier, a soldier portraying a soldier, "late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how well the field was

won. He was alone—the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful; but his voice was calm, and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."

These plains, bleak, commonplace and such indeed as elsewhere would be hurried over without notice, are henceforward invested with an undying halo; and little is that Englishman to be envied who when standing on such sites does not feel his patriotism grow warmer. Now every vestige of the death-strife of giant nations has passed away, like the smoke of our triumphant artillery, or the memory of Spain for services done. Nature, ever serene, has repaired, like a bountiful parent, the ravages of these quarrelsome insects of a day. The corn waves thickly over soil fertilised by the blood of brave Britons who died for ungrateful Iberia; the plain for twenty years afterwards was strewn with their bleaching bones, left to the national undertaker the vulture; and for want of cover in these denuded steppes, the skulls were strangely tenanted:

"Beneath the broad and ample bone
That buckled heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The fieldfare built her lowly nest."

And, for another trait of character, the peasant *El Coco* assured us that although 6000 Spaniards under even Sarsfield, in whose veins flowed Irish blood, had been quartered two months in Salamanca in 1832, not one Spanish man or officer had ever been to visit this battle-field; and truly, as at Barrosa, no single blow was struck there by Spanish sabre: nor has delivered Spain reared any chronicle of stone, or filled any niche at Salamanca with aught to record an English ally; nor does Mellado, in his *Guia* of 1843, even allude to the victory at all; yet he can devote pages to the paltry bush-fightings of Carlists and Christinists.

But there still bask those plains in

a sunshine bright and enduring as our Duke's glory; there those gray Arapiles, those pillars of the Hercules Britannicus, engraved with his conqueror sword, more enduring than brass, will exist for ever, silent but eloquent witnesses of a glorious truth.

The results of the victory of Salamanca were again neutralised by the misconduct of Ballesteros, which led to raising the siege of *Burgos*, and in November, three months after Marmont's disaster, the Duke stood again on these plains; then, as he had predicted, the relief of Ardalucia threw on him the additional army of Soult, who, joining Jourdan on the Tormes, now commanded 100,000 infantry, 12,000 horse, with 120 cannon. The Duke and Hill were resting their weary forces, which did not exceed 2,000 men; but he knew his old ground, and wished to fight and to conquer again and again. Deprived by some absurd proceedings of the Cortes of his usual sources of information, he lingered at *Salamanca*, challenging the French to battle one day too long. Jourdan, who had forgotten *Talavera*, wished to engage at once; but Soult—*l'homme coupable des malheurs de l'Espagne*, according to Joseph ('*Mém.*' x. 35)—who remembered Oporto, hesitated, and his discretion was backed by Clausel, who disliked les souvenirs des Arapiles, and thus they lost the precious chance. Both, although brave and skillful, were cowed by the mere presence of the Duke, and hoped—relying on vast superiority of numbers—to cut him off from Ciudad Rodrigo, *par des savantes manœuvres*. Then it was that Wellington made that magnificent move, defiling, as at *Burgos*, in the very face of the enemy, who did not even to molest him. Thus he gained on them the advance, and, bringing his army to the river Valmuza, marched hence by the upper road through *Vitigudino* to Ciudad Rodrigo, a retreat unparalleled in daring and complete success, and more glorious than many aggressive campaigns.

Salamanca (Students in former times).

—The poorest students of Spain, who aspire only to be humble hard-working curates, have always been the subject of witticisms and satires: indeed, *un Estudiante* has long been synonymous with an *impertinente*. The inferior orders of them were simply beggars, "licensed by act of Parliament," just as were our "poor scholars" by 7 Richard II. The Spaniards were permitted by law (Recop. lib. i. tit. 12, ley 14) to vagabondize and finish their education by soliciting charity. They might be known by costume, by their "threadbare cope," as was the *pauvre scolere* of Chaucer by his tattered gown of shreds and patches:—

La capa del Estudiante
Parece un jardín de flores,
Toda llena de remiendos
De diferentes colores.

But, according to the proverb, *debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebedor*, there is many a good drinker under a bundle of rags, and *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*. These students were among the boldest and most impertinent of the human race; full of tags and rags, fun, frolic, licence, and guitars, as of reckless youth and insolence of health. Their peculiar compliment was to throw their cloaks of shreds and patches on the ground for well-dressed handsome women to walk over. Sir Walter Raleigh's similar delicate attention to Queen Elizabeth helped him to a better suit. This "spreading garments in the way" is truly oriental and classical (Matt. xxi. 8; Ovid. Am. iii. 13, 23, "veste jacente vias"). Thus the troops of Cato testified their respect to him (Plut. in vit.), as before had been done to Jehu (2 Kings, ix. 13); and Roa (*Singularia*, i. 144) mentions the usage as continued among the Moors of Granada. These students wore also a quaint oilskin cocked hat, in which a wooden spoon was placed, such a one as those with which paupers relieved at convent doors used to eat their gratuitous soup; hence these *Estudiantes* were also called *Sopones*, *Soperos*, *Sopistas*, soupers not sophists; and few in sad truth were born with a silver spoon in their mouths, or with a su-

perfluity of anything except impudence. These students figure in the picaresque novels of Spain (see 'Don Quijote,' i. 38; 'Marcos de Obregon,' Des. xi.); the character was frequently assumed by young nobles as a mask for indulging in tricks upon travellers and in adventure; the real pauper students went their rounds with real beggars, and, according to Quevedo, frequented eating-houses as regularly as pilgrims. To such is usually applied the epithet *tunante*, rogue, a word derived from the Persian *tuni*, a vagabond beggar. They always loved low company, especially that of *muleteers*, who represent in Spain the blackguardism of our fraternity of the whip; hence the proverb *Estudiante sin recuero, bolsa sin dinero*; and their purses, whether from absence or impatience of coin, were, like Valentian stockings, open at the end. By the old hands the "*freshman*" was always victimised, and, among other summary initiations, crowned with a foolscap mitre; hence he was said to be *obispado*, "bishoped," a term equivalent in Spanish slang to being *done*. No tradesman in Salamanca was allowed to trust any student for anything without the previous authority of his tutor or parent, a hint our University Commissioners might have improved on.

The academical career of the better classes was dull indeed compared to the boatings and Bullingtons of Oxford; it rather resembled the Calvinistic routine of Geneva, without however its musical snuff-boxes.

The "*Dons*," as far as *Puchero* commons go, were hospitable, nor was vino de *Toro* wanting, which, like port elsewhere, is said to promote prejudice. The senior fellows preferred the study of unctuous ollas and bacon, to the feast of reason and the sage of Verulam; and those who have much to digest ought to think little, for dyspepsia, says the learned Portuguese Amati, follows study as shadow does the body: accordingly most of the scholastic systems elsewhere exploded flourished in this university, especially the *Averroista*, or corrupted Aristotelian. Even up to 1747 it was considered a heresy

to assert that the sun did not revolve round the earth; so that the capon revolved round the spit little cared the "*Dons*;" contented also to suck in the milk of *Alma Mater*, they were quite indifferent as to the history and origin of their separate foundations. Nor were they in good humour when cross-questioned by the *impertinent curioso* or foreign "*chiel*" taking notes, for "*faith he'll prent it.*" The farce was kept up, as in some other places, of deploring the ignorance of all not of their body, and in *general* praises of the learning and orthodoxy of their own university. They reposed on a *corporate* reputation, cloaking individual mediocrity under pompous official dignities, Mr. Bursar, Mr. Sub-dean, and so on.

San Domingo de la Calzada. See Pt. I., p. 158.

San Sebastian (Siege of).—San Sebastian is memorable for its sieges, lies, and libel. It was obtained in March, 1808, by Thevenot, when the French got in under false pretences as at Pamplona and elsewhere: they held it during the war; and being in the rear of the Duke when advancing in 1813 on the Pyrenees, it retarded his progress, and its possession became absolutely necessary; this was a work of great difficulty; in 1813 it was garrisoned by 3000 French veterans under Gen. Rey, the Duke, from the usual neglect of our "*archmediocrity*" ministers, was again left to sue the place in form a pauperis, as at Badajoz and Burgos. In spite of repeated applications to Lord Bathurst, he waited from July 25th to August 26th for want of means even to commence operations, during which time the active enemy strengthened their defences, being supplied from France by sea! ('Disj. Aug. 11, 1813). In vain the Duke had warned Lord Melville, "*and whose fatal rule,*" says Napier, "*the heavy of England was first exposed to defeat, and who now did his*

best to ensure a similar misfortune to the army (read the heart-burning correspondence from Lesaca, especially of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of August): and, to make matters worse, Graham, to whom the siege was intrusted, neglected the advice of Sir C. Felix Smith, the defender of Tarifa, and of Sir Rd. Fletcher: this fine officer, the Vauban of the Torres Vedras, was killed here. Graham having failed in a night attack, Aug. 24, the Duke was forced to come in person to set matters right, although thereby he was obliged to leave Pamplona exposed to the danger of being relieved by Soult, which was all but effected: the Duke's arrival was, as usual, the omen of victory: now the town was assaulted as it ought to have been at first, from the *chofres*, and was taken, Aug. 31; the French, after a most gallant defence, retired to the upper citadel, on which, by the almost superhuman efforts of the engineers, backed by the blue-jackets, guns were brought to bear; it surrendered Sept. 9th, two-thirds of the valorous garrison having perished, while nearly 5000 English troops were killed or wounded. The spirited conduct of Rey was stained by his unmanly behaviour to women, and cruelty to prisoners (Southey, 44), and he forced the English, "contrary to all the rules of war" (the Duke), to labour at the works *sans blindages*, and at points the most exposed to their own countrymen's fire; "of such conduct," said the Duke, "I have never heard" (Disp., Sept. 3rd, 5th, 1813). San Sebastian was sacked by the captors according to all the usages of war, and such ever is the sad fate of all places taken by storm. This event, which gave infinite sorrow and disgust to the Duke, is now made a standing libel against the English, as the *xefe politico* of San Sebastian (one Conde de Villa Fuentes) accused *our officers of purposely burning the town* because it traded with France, as if this paltry beggarly Basque port could excite the jealousy of the masters of the world's commerce. This gentleman next called on the Spaniards to *revenge themselves* on the English!—of a truth, however

rude sundry of Basque worthies may be in forging their native iron, few excel them in "forging lies," either in favour of themselves or in disparagement of others. These infamous falsehoods were printed by O'Donoju, the war minister at Cadiz, in his *anti-English* paper *el Duende*; thereupon the Duke called the Regency to account, who formally contradicted the libel in their official gazette of Oct. 20th, 1813. This O'Donoju sprang from a refugee Irish Catholic family, was aide-de-camp to Godoy, and then to Cuesta, and, although he rose higher, in consequence of British protection (Schep. iii. 100), repaid his patrons by bitter anti-English ingratitude, insomuch that the quiet Duke talked of him as "the greatest of all blackguards" (Disp., Nov. 19th, 1813).

The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is recorded in the Duke's letters (Disp., Oct. 9th, 23rd, and Nov. 2nd, 1813). These documents our unfair inveterate calumniators never quote, while they continue to repeat every refuted falsehood *ad nauseam*. Even the Duke's iron-nerved temper gave way, although he had hitherto taken no more notice of angry words than the man in the moon does of the swelling tides, or Shakspeare's cliff of the chattering choughs. Being accustomed in regard to himself to repose on the pedestal of his own glory and good conscience, he intertwined these paper inventions of the worsted enemy amid his victorious laurels, and trusted to time, which reveals everything; yet now, stung by the vermin who attacked his officers, his indignation was such "that, if he were to direct, he would not have kept the army in Spain for an hour." So when Bernardin Mendoza (called *Mendacia* from his "pack of lies"), the Spanish ambassador at the Court of France, converted defeats into victories, and published libels against the officers of Elizabeth, our Drake, who never noticed personal abuse against himself, at once overwhelmed his calumniator, and showed that he could deal with such an enemy as readily with his pen as with his sword.

How stand real facts?—stern things—San Sebastian, beyond a shadow of a doubt, was set on fire by the *French* July 22nd, as is admitted by *Rey* in his own despatch, and it was done for the express purpose of annoying the English by preventing their progress; this it so effectually did, that many of our soldiers were actually shot by the Basque townsfolk while extinguishing those very flames which they are now accused of having lighted! The text furnished by Buonaparte, a man who *abhorred* terrorism and falsehood, ran thus: “Les Anglais commettent des horreurs dont les annales de la guerre offrent peu d'exemples, et dont cette nation *barbare* était seule capable dans un siècle de civilisation” (*Œuv. de Buon.* i. 116). These be hard words, Master Pistol, and scarcely civil without being at all true; nevertheless the so-called historians on both sides of the Pyrenees who write, as regards England, so much in hate and so little in honour, took up this imperial *thema* with variations, or, to use one of the truthful Duke's straightforward facts, with “an improvement of the lies *even* of the *Moniteur*” (*Disp.*, Sept., 16th, 1813); and to this day they are warmed up by those very *candid* persons who befoul their English nests to conciliate the disciples of Voltaire, and of revolutionary terrorism: these, forsooth, are *unusual* atrocities when British troops are concerned, but only *des horreurs inévitables* when perpetrated by Buonapartists. But the English generals everywhere repressed these outrages, and so tender was the Duke of Spanish cities, that he never used mortars except when it could not be helped (*Disp.*, July 30, 1813), whereas the invaders, to quote another of their conqueror's quiet truthful expressions, everywhere and invariably “committed horrors *until then* unheard of” (*Disp.*, Nov. 22nd, 1812), and particularly with the bomb, as Spain in ruins still testifies. Southey (ch. 44) has with an eloquent indignation refuted these libels, and demonstrated the terrific atrocities habitually perpetrated by our calumniators, by those plundering, butchering, bulletin-forging *Victors à la Medellin*.

Our general, brave as merciful, wept like Scipio at burning cities; and, from his not rejoicing like a Nero in the “beauty of the fire,” our libeller Foy accuses him and his troops of a dull insensibility to the “sublimity of destruction” (see *Lérída* and *Manresa*, *Ucles*, *Cuenca*, *Coria*, *Rioseco*, *Taragona*, et *passim*); but the horrors habitually practised at these and other places by these *héros de cent razzias* were a disgrace to even revolutionary nature, and they remain undetailed in these pages from the ineffable disgust they give to both writer and reader. *Tel maître tel valet*, and we have only to consult the early and untampered volumes of the *Mémoires* of Joseph, to see that the positive orders of Napoleon were, to fire, pillage, execute, and terrorize, without mercy.

Santiago (the Destruction of the Cathedral by the Moors).—The first cathedral built over the apostle's body was finished in 874, and consecrated May 17, 899; the city rose around it, and waxing strong, the Cordovese felt the recoil of the antagonist shrine and tutelar, even at their Ceca; whereupon Al-Mansúr, dreading the crusading influence, determined on its total destruction, and in July, 997, he left Cordova on his 48th *al jihad*, or Holy Crusade, having also sent a fleet to co-operate on the Duero and Miño. He advanced by Coria, and was met at Zamora by many Spanish counts, or local petty sheikhs, who, with true Iberian selfishness and disunion, sided with the invader, in order to secure their own safety and share in the spoil (see ‘Esp. Sag.’ xxxiv. 303). Al-Mansúr entered Santiago on Wed. Aug. 10, 997, and found it deserted, the inhabitants having fled from the infidel, whose warfare was extermination. The conqueror razed the city, sparing only the tomb of the Spaniard's *Prophet*, before which he trembled; so close was the analogy of these cognate superstitions.

Mariana (viii. 9), however, asserts that Al-Mansúr was "dazzled by a divine splendour," and that his retiring army was visited by sickness inflicted by *la divina venganza*. Had all this taken place before this Cordovese Alaric sacked the town, it would have been more creditable to the miraculous powers of Spain's great tutelar. The learned Jesuit, however, dismisses this humiliating conquest in a few lines, which condense every possible mistake in names, dates, and localities. Thus he fixes the period A.D. 993, and kills Al-Mansúr, whom he calls Mohamad Alhagib, at Begalcorax in 998, whereas that great general died in 1002 at Medinaceli.

Shant Yakob, the "Holy City of Jalikijah" (Gallicia), is thus described by the more accurate contemporaneous Moorish annalists (see 'Moh. D.' i. 74; ii. 193); who prove the early and widespread effect and influence which this antagonistic tutelar and tomb had on the Moors. The shrine was frequented even by those Christians who lived among the Moors, and the pilgrims brought back minute reports. "Their *Kabáh* is a colossal *idol*, which they have in the centre of the church; they swear by it, and repair to it in pilgrimage from the most distant parts, from Rome as well as from other countries, pretending that the tomb which is to be seen within the church is that of Yakob (James), one of the 12 apostles, and the most beloved of Isa (Jesus): may the blessing of God and salutation be on him and on our prophet!" "They say that the Moslems on their victorious entrance found no living soul at Santiago except an old monk who was sitting on the tomb of St. James, who being interrogated by Al-Mansúr as to himself, and what he was doing in that spot, answered, 'I am a familiar of St. James,' upon which Al-Mansúr ordered that no harm should be done unto him." The Moslem respected the *Faqir* monk, in whom he saw a devotee borrowed from his own Caaba of Mecca. His object was to destroy the idols of the polytheist Spaniards, for uncompromising Deism and the Hebrew abhorrence of

graven images form the essence also of Islamism. Al-Mansúr purified the temples according to the Jewish law (Deut. vii. 5), and exactly as the early Christians in the fourth century had treated the symbols of Paganism. Thus, the followers of Mahomet trod in the steps of both Testaments, while Christianity, as corrupted by Rome, was remodelling and renewing those very Pagan abominations which the old and new law equally forbade.

Al-Mansúr returned to Cordova laden with spoil. The bells of the cathedral of Santiago were conveyed to Cordova on the shoulders of Christian captives, and hung up reversed as lamps in the Great Mezquita, where they remained until 1236, when St. Ferd. restored them, sending them back on the shoulders of Moorish prisoners. Al-Mansúr is said to have fed his horse out of the still-existing porphyry font in the cathedral, but the barb, so the Spaniards retort, burst and died; possibly, coming from Cordova, the change of diet had affected his condition.

Al-Mansúr could not find the body of Santiago, at which some will not be surprised; the local divines contend that the Captain-General surrounded himself when in danger with an obfuscation of his own making, like the cuttle-fish; and to this day no one knows exactly where the bones are deposited. *It is said* that Gelmirez built them into the foundations of his new cathedral, in order that they never might be pried into by the *impertinente curioso*, or be removed by the enemy.

Santiago (The Legend of).—According to Church-authorized legends, St. James was beheaded at Jerusalem in 43, but his body was taken to Joppa, where a boat appeared "*nutu dei*," into which the corpse embarked itself, and sailed to Padron, which lies 13 m. below Santiago; it performed the voyage in 7 days, which at once proves the miracle,

since the modern Oriental Steam Company can do nothing like it. The body first made for Barcelona, then coasted Spain, and avoiding the delicious S. (probably because polluted by the infidel), selected this damp diocese, where the wise prelate Theodomirus, who planned the pious fraud, resided. The body rested on a stone at Padron, which hollowed itself out, wax to receive, and marble to retain, although some theologians contend that this stone was the very vessel in which the holy corpse sailed; and so indeed did Hercules sail before to Spain in a cup (Athæn. xi. 469; Macrobi. v. 21), floating like St. Cuthbert in his stone coffin; so St. Patrick came to "his consecrated isle" mounted on a paving-stone.

Some antiquaries, with sad want of faith, have pronounced this stone at Padron to be only a Roman sarcophagus; if, however, people can once believe that Santiago ever came to Spain at all, all the rest is plain sailing.

Be all these things as they may, when the body of Santiago reached Padron it was put in a cave sacred to Bacchus, and forgotten for nearly 800 years, when Spain, says the learned and pious Padre Florez, "breathed again" after the discovery of the body; a second miracle occurred after this wise:—Pelagius, a hermit, informed Theodomirus, bishop of Iria Flavia *Padron*, that he saw heavenly lights always hovering over a certain site, which, on being examined, was found to contain a body, but how it was ascertained to be that of the apostle is not stated. Thereupon Alonso el Casto built a church on the spot, and granted all the rich land for three miles round to the good bishop. In 829 the body was removed for greater security to the stronger town of Santiago, wild bulls coming to draw the carriage by "divine inspiration," *Toros guiados divinamente*, as a delicate compliment to the tutelar of the land of Tauromachia. Riches now poured in, especially the corn-rent, said to be granted in 846 by Ramiro, to repay Santiago's services at Clavijo, where he killed single-handed 60,000 Moors more or less. This grant was a

bushel of corn from every acre in Spain, and was called *el Voto* and *el Morion*, the votive offering of the quantity which the Capt.-General's capacious helmet contained. The deed, dated Calahorra 834, convicts itself of forgery (see, however, Mariana, vii. 13). The entire fallacy of the battle of *Clavijo*, and the forgery of the gift are fully exposed in the '*Representacion*,' &c. of the *Duque de Arcos*, fol. Mad. 1771, and in the '*Memorial del Pleito entre Burgos y Santiago Lazaro Gonzalez de Acevedo*, fol. 2nd ed. Mad. 1771: and it may just be added that there is no tittle of real evidence to prove that Santiago ever was at all in Spain, alive or dead.

This corn-rent, estimated at 200,000*l.* a-year, used to be collected by agents, although not much eventually reached Galicia, for grains of gold and wheat stick like oil to Spanish fingers, and *Quien aceite misura, le unta las manos*. This tax was abolished in 1835. When corn-rents were given to discoverers of holy bones, precious as nuggets in those days, revelations never were wanting if the land was fertile; hence every district had it high place, palladium, and petty pilgrimage. All these pious frauds tended indirectly to advance civilization, by creating roads, bridges, inns, hospitals, and convents, asylums in a rude age, and in a word by tempering brute force.

The whole legend bespeaks a poverty of invention worthy of this Bœotia of the North. "*Lucida Sidera*," strange constellations, are the common signs of Pagan mythology, palmed on an age ignorant of astronomy. These star-indicated spots were always consecrated. Compare this *Compostella* with the Roman *Campus Stellatus* (Suet. 'Cæs.' 20). The Galicians, however, were noted of old for seeing supernatural illuminations, and what was more, for interpreting their import (Sil. Ital. iii. 344). Thus when the gods struck with lightning one of their hills, gold was forthwith sought for (Justin, xliv. 3). Ancient avarice was at least straightforward; the modern priests converted a bone into a philosopher's stone, and found in it a sure magnet wherewith to attract bullion.

Santiago (Pilgrimage to).—Pilgrimage, the Oriental and mediæval form of travelling, is passing away even in Spain. The carcass remains, but the spirit is fled, nor did Santiago ever produce a Chaucer to record these "excursion trips" of the day, which, combining merriment with religion, were so popular among the vagabondising middle classes and so profitable to the priests.* Such were the *Roamers* of Rome, the *Saunterers* of the Sainte Terre. The devotional reverential element is gone, and that simple all-believing faith which questioned no tradition.

But in the mediæval period it was a reality, for then a genuine lively faith existed in both Moor and Spaniard; each grasped the legend of their champion prophet as firmly as they did the sword by which it was to be defended and propagated. Proud towards men, these warriors bowed to the priest, in whom they saw the ministers of their tutelar, and their faith was sanctified and ennobled by such obedience: both equally fanatical fought believing that they were backed by their tutelars: this confidence went far to realize victory, *possunt quia posse videntur*, and especially with the Spaniard, who has always been disposed to depend on others:

The Spanish Church contends, without a shadow of real evidence, that St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. James, came all three to the Peninsula immediately after the crucifixion: Rome, however, having monopolised the two former for

her tutelars, Spain was obliged to take the latter. The establishment of places for pilgrimage was borrowed from St. Helena's *invention*—and a rare one it was—of the cross at Jerusalem in 298. The inspiring principle of visiting a sacred spot was felt by Mahomet, when he adapted Christianity to Arabian habits, and pilgrimage became one of the four precepts of his new creed; Mecca being selected in order to favour his native town, by a rich influx of alms and traffic. When Jerusalem was taken by the Saracens, the Spaniards were forbidden by the Pope to go there as *crusaders*, inasmuch as they had infidels actually on their own soil, while just then the Spanish Moors were unable to go to their Mecca, because that holy city, being in possession of the Kalif of the East, was inaccessible to the subjects of his rival in the West. Now, as both the Mahomedans and Christians in Spain knew the spirit-stirring effects produced by having a site for pilgrimage, they both determined on creating a counterpart Mecca and Jerusalem in the Peninsula itself, and therefore accessible: so Cordova was chosen by Abdu-r-rahman, who, like Mahomet, wished to enrich his new capital; and a visit to the *Ceca* there, where some of the bones of Mahomet were pretended to be preserved, was declared to be in every respect equivalent to a pilgrimage to Mecca itself.

Thereupon the imitating Castilians, who could not go to Jerusalem, set up for their local substitute their mountain capital, where they, too, said their prophet was buried. The Aragonese, whose kingdom was then independent, chose for their *Ceca* their capital Zaragoza, where they said the Virgin descended from heaven on a visit to Santiago; and the religious duty and saving merits of pilgrimage became as much a parcel of the orthodox Spaniard's creed as it was of the infidel, whom they best fought with weapons borrowed from his own armoury. Again, as the Moors had established soldier-monks or *Rabitos* to guard their frontiers and their pilgrims, the Spaniards instituted in imitation military religious orders, of

* True believers who wish to give a reason for their faith, will find most of the Church-authorised statements in the following works:—the learned Latin reply to Baronius; 'Hispaniarum Vindiciæ Tutelares,' Louvain, 1608; 'Historia del Apostol Sanctiãgo,' Mauro Castella Ferrer, fol. Mad. 1610; 'Historia del Glorioso Apostol,' Hernando Orea, 8vo. Mad. 1615; 'El Teatro de Santiago,' Gil Gonzalez; 'España Sagrada,' Florez, vol. iii.; 'Apologia de la Venida de Santiago,' &c., Fr. Lamberto de Zaragosa, 4to. Pamplona, 1782; M'Crie's 'Reformation in Spain,' p. 5.

which that of Santiago became the chief. Founded in 1158 by Fernando II. of Leon, it soon, like that of the Templars, from being poor and humble, became rich, proud, and powerful, insomuch that *El Maestre de Santiago*, in the early Spanish annals, figures almost as a rival to the monarch. When Granada was conquered, Isabella, by bestowing the grand-mastership on Ferdinand, absorbed the dreaded wealth and power of the order into the crown, without having recourse to the perfidy and murders by which Philippe le Bel suppressed the Templars in France.

The Queen accomplished these objects without difficulty, for these Church-militant *corporate* bodies lacked the security of *private* properties, which every one is interested in upholding. They, again, were hated by the *clergy*, as rivals and independent brotherhoods, half-priest, half-soldier, without being either one or the other, although they assumed the most offensive privileges of both. The *people* also stood aloof, for they saw in the members only proud knights, who scorned to interchange with them the kindly offices of the poor monks; while the *statesman*, from knowing that the substance was no longer wanted, held the order to be both obsolete and dangerous; and it now has virtually ceased to exist, save as conferring a badge on nobles and courtiers.

At the marriage of our Edward I., in 1254, with Leonora, sister of Alonso el Sabio, a protection to English pilgrims was stipulated for; but they came in such numbers that the French took alarm, and when Enrique II. was enabled by their aid to dethrone Don Pedro, he was compelled to prevent any English whatever from entering Spain without the French king's permission. The capture of Santiago by John of Gaunt increased the difficulty by rousing the suspicions of Spain also. The numbers in the 15th century were also great. Rymer (x. xi.) mentions 916 licences granted to English in 1428, and 2460 in 1434. In the mediæval ages the duty of a pilgrimage to Compostella was absolutely necessary in

many cases in order to take up an inheritance. The accommodation required by the many visitors led, as we have said, to the construction of roads, bridges, inns, hand-books, and hospitals—to armed associations, which put down robbers and maintained order: thus the violence of brute force was tempered, and many important moving powers of civilization established, benefits not indeed contemplated by the inventors.

The pilgrimage to Compostella began to fall off after the Reformation, when, according to Molina, "*the damned doctrines of the accursed Luther diminished the number of Germans and wealthy English.*" The injurious effect of the pilgrimage on public morals in Galicia was exactly such as Burckhardt found at Mecca; it fostered a vagrant, idle, mendicant life; nothing could be more disorderly than the scenes at the tomb itself; the habit of pilgrims, once the garb of piety, became that of rogues (see Ricote's account in Don 'Quijote'). It was at last prohibited in Spain, except under regulations. But smaller pilgrimages in Spain, as among the Moslems, are still universally prevalent; almost every district has its miracle-shrine and high place. These combine, in an uncommercial and unsocial country, a little amusement with devotion and business. The pilgrims, like beggars in an Irish cabin, were once welcome to a "bite and sup," as they were itinerant gossips who brought news in an age when there were no post-offices.

Santiago (The Plateros).—The Plateros (or silversmiths) of Santiago live close to the cathedral, and manufacture medallion portraits of the tutelar saint, and rosaries for the pilgrims. These *craftsmen* are loud in the praises of their images, phylacteries, and preservative talismans, and swear that they keep their shops solely for the benefit of their customers' souls; they assert that a silver *Santiago* on horse-

back is an infallible security against ague and robbers; and certainly as such a *Santito* only costs a few shillings, the insurance is not an unsafe speculation, as it acts like a waterman's protection badge. We appended such a medallion to our *Zamarra*, and travelled hundreds of leagues over every part of Spain, without sickness, sorrow, or ever being robbed except by innkeepers: all which was attributed by an excellent canon of Seville to the special intervention of the "Captain-General of the Spains;" very few Galician soldiers omit to stow away in their *Petos*, or linen gorget waddings, a *Santiagito* and rosary which ought to turn aside bullets and bayonets.

The rosaries were formerly made from the mais-berry. They were called *cuentas*, counters, a term derived from the Moslem *sibhá*, counters, which were also made out of berries, *hab*; the divisions were marked by cuttings of vines, *sarmientos*. The modern Egyptian Mahomedan's chaplet, the *Seb'hah*, *Soob'hah*, consists of 99 small beads, with marks of divisions between them (Lane, i. 92). At each of these beads the Moslem repeats an epithet in praise of God, whose name is reserved as a climax for the last and largest. In the jealous worship of One God, the Mahomedan contrasts with the Polytheistic Mariolatrous Spaniard, who, having borrowed the *Rosario* from him, has adapted it to his female worship. Few Spanish women ever go to church without this Oriental appendage; and their devotion is

"To number Ave Maria on their beads."

The Dominicans were the managers and great preachers of its virtues and miraculous properties, the Virgin having given her own chaplet of beads to St. Dominic, which was called a *Rosary*, from the attah perfume it emitted. It is carried in the hand, or tied round the neck, whilst the excellent rope of St. Francis is only worn round the waist. Illiterate devotees, Moors, and Spaniards, find these beads to be a convenient help in the difficult arithmetical operations of counting the "long prayers" and frequent re-

petitions which Christianity especially condemns, and the Pope and Mahomed especially require, since such mere repetitions have in both creeds an actual saving virtue of themselves where forms have been substituted for spiritual essentials. The *Rosario* ought to contain 150 beads, in which on one *Paternoster*, one Lord's prayer, is allowed for every ten *Ave-Marias*. The prayers are divided by certain breaks in the string. Santiago, and Seville were the great cities of the *Rosario*. The peculiar chant reappears here but the hymn sounds harshly, when sung by sore-throated Galicians, who howl in their catch-cold climate as *barbarously* as in the days of their ancestors; Barbara nunc patriis ululanten carmina linguis (Sil. Ital. iii. 346). Folios have been written by Spanish theologians on the saving merits of the *Rosario*.

Santiago (San Martin).—San Martin—to whom the enormous Benedictine Convent is dedicated—ranks as a popular saint, next to Santiago himself; and as among mortal captains and generals, he is the *Secundo Cabo de la Provincia*, so in the ancient Iberian superstitions, their tutelar god of war, Bandua, had his associate lieutenant (see Insc. 86, Masdeu v.)

San Martin, if the whole of Christendom were polled, would be found to be more universally worshipped than Santiago, whose influence is a thing of local isolated Spain; for where, indeed, is there a city in Europe without its Saint Martin? He was the great raiser of convents in the fourth century, whose monks naturally elevated shrines to their champion and benefactor; thus the first Christian church built in England was dedicated to him. As he was the great iconoclast, and destroyer of graven images and idols of the Pagan, how he would now be pained could he revisit Santiago and the Peninsula, where more statues are

now erected to his own worship when dead, than ever he brake down while alive. Tours, in France, is his real headquarters, where the mere exhibition of his relics scared away the Normans. The modern term chapel has been derived by Ducange from the small chamber in which his cope or cloak was adored (*Capa, Capilla*); for when alive he had divided it in order to cover a naked beggar, and this is the especial action in which he is usually painted and carved by Spaniards, and with reason, since no nation can better appreciate this act of charity than the *gens togata* of modern times, although none is less likely to follow the example, *Da mihi et beatæ Martinæ*.

Servants, Cooks, and Spanish Cuisine.

—Don Quijote's first thought, after having determined to ride forth into Spain, was to get a horse; his second was to secure a squire; and as the narrative of his journey is still an excellent guide-book for modern travellers, his example is not to be slighted. A good Sancho Panza will on the whole be found to be a more constant comfort to a knight-errant than even a Dulcinea. To secure a really good servant is of the utmost consequence to all who make out-of-the-way excursions in the Peninsula; for as in the East, he often becomes, not only cook, but interpreter and companion to his master. It is therefore of great importance to get a person with whom a man can ramble over these wild scenes. The so-doing ends, on the part of the attendant, in an almost canine friendship; and the Spaniard, when the tour is done, is broken-hearted, and ready to leave his home, horse, ass, and wife, to follow his master, like a dog, to the world's-end. Nine times out of ten it is the master's fault if he has bad servants: *tel maître tel valet. Al amo imprudente, el mozo negligente*. He must begin at once, and exact the performance of their duty; the only

way to get them to do anything is, as the Duke said, to "frighten them," to "take a decided line." It is very difficult to make them see the importance of detail and of doing exactly what they are told, which they will always endeavour to shirk when they can; their task must be clearly pointed out to them at starting, and the earliest and smallest infractions, either in commission or omission, at once and seriously noticed, the moral victory is soon gained. The example of the masters, if they be active and orderly, is the best lesson to servants; "*Mucho sabe el rato, pero mas el gato*;" (the rats are well enough, but the cats are better). Achilles, Patroclus, and the Homeric heroes, were their own cooks; and many a man who, like Lord Blayney, may not be a hero, will be none the worse for following the epical example, in a Spanish *venta*: at all events, a good servant who is up to his work, and will work, is indeed a jewel; and on these, as on other occasions, he deserves to be well treated. Those who make themselves honey are eaten by flies—" *Quien se hace miel, le comen las moscas*;" while no rat ever ventures to jest with the cat's son; "*Con hijo de gato, no se burlan los ratones*." The great thing is to make them get up early, and learn the value of time, which the groom cannot tie with his halter, "*Tiempo y hora, no se ata con sogá*;" while a cook who oversleeps himself not only misses his mass, but his meat, "*Quien se levanta tarde, ni oye misa, ni compra carne*." If (which is soon found out) the servants seem not likely to answer, the sooner they are changed the better; it is loss of time and soap, and he who is good for nothing in his own village will not be worth more either in Seville or elsewhere, so says the proverb.

The principal defects of Spanish servants and of the lower classes of Spaniards are much the same, and faults of race. As a rule, they are apt to indulge in habits of procrastination, waste, improvidence, and untidiness. They are unmechanical and obstinate, easily beaten by difficulties, which their first feeling is to raise, and their

next to succumb to; they give the thing up at once. They have no idea indeed of grappling with anything that requires much trouble, or of doing anything as it ought to be done, or even of doing the same thing a second time in the same way—accident and the impulse of the moment set them going. They are very unmechanical, obstinate, and prejudiced; ignorant of their own ignorance and incurious as Orientals; partly from pride, self-opinion, and idleness, they seldom will ask questions for information from others, which implies an inferiority of knowledge, and still more seldom will take an answer, unless it be such a one as they desire; their own wishes, opinions, and wants are their guides, and self the centre of their gravity, not those of their employers. As a Spaniard's *yes*, when you beg a favour, generally means *no*, so they cannot or will not understand that your *no* is really a negative when they come petitioning to be idle; at the same time a great change for the better comes over them when they are taken out of the city on a rambling tour. The nomad life excites them into active serviceable fellows; in fact the uncertain harum-scarum nomad existence is exactly what suits these descendants of the Arab; they cannot bear the steady sustained routine of a well-managed household; they abhor confinement: hence the difficulty of getting Spaniards to garrison fortresses or to man ships of war, from whence there is no escape.

As for what we call a well-appointed servants' hall, the case is hopeless in Spanish field or city, and is equally so whether the life be above or below stairs. In the house of the middle or highest classes this is particularly shown in everything that regards gastronomics, which are the tests and touchstones of good service. In truth, the Spaniard, accustomed to his own desultory, free and easy, impromptu, scrambling style of dining, is constrained by the order and discipline, the pomp and ceremony, and serious importance of a well-regulated dinner, and his observance of forms extends

only to persons, not to things: even the grandee has only a thin European polish spread over his Gotho-Bedouin dining table; he lives and eats surrounded by an humble clique, in his huge ill-furnished barrack-house, without any elegance, luxury, or even comfort, according to sound trans-pyrenean notions: few indeed are the kitchens which possess a *cordón bleu*, and fewer are the masters who really like an orthodox *entrée*, one unpolluted with the heresies of garlic and red pepper: again, whenever their cookery attempts to be foreign, as in their other imitations, it ends in being a flavourless copy; but few things are ever done in Spain in *real style*, which implies forethought and expense; everything is a make-shift; the noble master *reposes* his affairs on an unjust steward, and dozes away life on this bed of roses, somnolent over business and awake only to intrigue; his numerous ill-conditioned, ill-appointed servants have no idea of discipline or subordination; you never can calculate on their laying even the table-cloth, as they prefer idling in the church or market to doing their duty, and would rather starve, dance, and sleep out of place and independently, than feast and earn their wages by fair work: nor has the employer any redress, for if he dismisses them he will only get just such another set, or even worse.

In our own Spanish household, the instant dinner and siesta were over, the cook with his kitchen-man, the valet with the footman, invariably stripped off their working apparel—liveries are almost unheard of—donned their comical velvet embroidered hats, their sky-blue waistcoats, and scarlet sashes, and were off with a guitar to some scene of song and love-making, leaving their master alone in his glory to moralize on the uncertainty of human concerns and the faithlessness of mankind.

What can't be cured must be endured. To resume, therefore, the character of these Spanish servants; they are very loquacious, and highly credulous, as often is the case with those given to romancing, which they, and

especially the Andalusians, are to a large degree; and, in fact, it is the only remaining romance in Spain, as far as the natives are concerned. As they have an especial good opinion of themselves, they are touchy, sensitive, jealous, and thin-skinned, and easily affronted whenever their imperfections are pointed out; their disposition is very sanguine and inflammable; they are always hoping that what they eagerly desire will come to pass without any great exertion on their parts; they love to stand still with their arms folded, while other men put their shoulders to the wheel. Their lively imagination is very apt to carry them away into extremes for good or evil, when they act on the impulse of the moment like children, and, having gratified the humour of the impulse, relapse into their ordinary tranquillity, which is that of a slumbering volcano. On the other hand, they are full of excellent and redeeming good qualities; they are free from caprice, are hardy, patient, cheerful, good-humoured, sharp-witted, and intelligent: they are honest, faithful, and trustworthy; sober, and unaddicted to mean, vulgar vices; they have a bold, manly bearing, and will follow well wherever they are well led, being the raw material of as good soldiers as are in the world; they are loyal and religious at heart, and full of natural tact, mother-wit, and innate good manners. In general, a firm, quiet, courteous, and somewhat reserved manner is the most effective. Whenever duties are to be performed, let them see that you are not to be trifled with. The coolness of a determined Englishman's manner, when in earnest, is what few foreigners can withstand. Grimace and gesticulation, sound and fury, bluster, petulance, and impertinence fume and fret in vain against it, as do the sprays and foam of the "French lake" against the unmoved and immovable rock of Gibraltar. An Englishman, without being over-familiar, may venture on a far greater degree of unbending in his intercourse with his Spanish dependants, than he can dare to do with those he has in England. It is the

custom of the country; they are used to it, and their heads are not turned by it, nor do they ever forget their relative positions. The Spaniards treat their servants very much like the ancient Romans or the modern Moors; they are more their *vernæ*, their domestic slaves: it is the absolute authority of the father combined with the kindness. Servants do not often change their masters in Spain: their relation and duties are so clearly defined, that the latter runs no risk of compromising himself or his dignity by his familiarity, which can be laid down or taken up at his own pleasure; whereas the scorn, contempt, and distance with which the same courteous Don would treat a roturier who presumed to be intimate, baffle description. In England no man dares to be intimate with his footman; for supposing even such absurd fancy entered his brain, his footman is his equal in the eye of man-made law, God having created them utterly unequal in all his gifts, whether of rank, wealth, form, or intellect. Conventional barriers accordingly must be erected in self-defence: and social barriers are more difficult to be passed than walls of brass, more impossible to be repealed than the whole statutes at large. No master in Spain, and still less a foreigner, should ever descend to personal abuse, sneers, or violence. A blow is never to be washed out except in blood, and Spanish revenge descends to the third and fourth generation; and whatever these backward Spaniards have to learn from foreigners, it is not the duty of revenge, nor how to perform it. There should be no threatenings in vain, but whenever the opportunity occurs for punishment, let it be done quietly and effectively, and the fault once punished should not be needlessly ripped up again; Spaniards are sufficiently unforgiving, and hoarders-up of unrevenge grievances do not require to be reminded. A kind and uniform behaviour, showing consideration to them in a manner which implies that you are accustomed to it, and expect it to be shown to you, keeps most things

in their right places. Temper and patience are the great requisites in the master, especially when he speaks the language imperfectly. He must not think Spaniards stupid because they cannot guess the meaning of his unknown tongue. Nothing again is gained by fidgeting and overdoing, and however early you may get up, daybreak will not take place the sooner: "*No por mucho madrugar, amanece mas temprano.*" Let well alone: be not zealous overmuch; be occasionally both blind and deaf: shut the door, and the devil passes by: keep honey in mouth and an eye to your cash; "*Miel en boca y guarda la bolsa.*" Still, how much less expenditure is necessary in Spain than in performing the commonest excursion in England!—and yet many who submit to their own countrymen's extortions are furious at what they imagine is an especial cheating of them, *quasi* Englishmen, abroad: this outrageous economy, with which some are afflicted, is penny wise and pound foolish: pay, pay therefore with both hands. The traveller must remember that he gains caste, gets brevet rank in Spain—that he is taken for a grandee incog., and ranks with their nobility; he must pay for these luxuries: how small, after all, will be the additional percentage on his general expenditure and how well bestowed is the excess, in keeping the temper good, and the capability of enjoying unruffled a tour, which only is performed once in a life! No wise man who goes into Spain for amusement will plunge into this guerrilla, this constant petty warfare, about sixpences. Let the traveller be true to himself; hold his tongue, avoid bad company, "*Quien hace, su cama con perros, se levanta con pulgas,*" those who sleep with dogs get up with fleas; and make room for bulls and fools, "*Al loco y toro da le corro,*" and he may see Spain agreeably, and, as Catullus said to Veranius, who made the tour many centuries ago, may on his return amuse his friends and "old mother:—

"Visam te incolumem, audiamque Iberum
Narrantem loca, facta, nationes,
Sicut tuus est mos."

which may be thus Englished:—

May you come back safe, and tell
Of Spanish men, their things and places,
Of Spanish ladies' eyes and faces,
In your own way, and so well.

Two masters should take two servants, and both should be Spaniards: all others, unless they speak the language perfectly, are nuisances. A Gallegan or Asturian makes the best groom, an *Andaluz* the best cook and personal attendant. Sometimes a person may be picked up who has some knowledge of languages, and who is accustomed to accompany strangers through Spain as a sort of courier. These accomplishments are very rare, and the moral qualities of the possessor often diminish in proportion as his intellect has marched; he has learnt more foreign tricks than words, and sea-port towns are not the best schools for honesty. Of these non-descripts the Hispano-Anglo, who generally has deserted from Gibraltar, is the best, because he will work, hold his tongue, and fight; a monkey would be a less inconvenience than a chattering Ibero-Gallo; one who has forgotten his national accomplishments—cooking and hairdressing—and learnt very few Spanish things, such as good temper and endurance. Whichever of the two is the sharpest should lead the way, and leave the other to bring up the rear. They should be mounted on good mules, and be provided with large panniers. One should act as the cook and valet, the other as the groom of the party; and the utensils peculiar to each department should be carried by each professor. Where only one servant is employed, one side of the pannier should be dedicated to the commissariat, and the other to the luggage; in that case the master should have a flying portmanteau, which should be sent by means of *cosarios*, and precede him from great town to great town, as a magazine, wardrobe, or general supply to fall back on. The servants should each have their own saddle-bag and leathern bottle, which, since the days of Sancho Panza, are part and parcel of a faithful squire, and when all are carried on an ass are quite patriarchal. "*Iba Sancho Panza,*

sobre su jumento, como un patriarca con sus alforjas y bota."

The servants will, each in their line, look after their own affairs : the groom will take with him the things of the stable, and a small provision of corn, in order that a feed may never be wanting on an unexpected emergency ; he will always ascertain beforehand through what sort of a country each day's journey is to be made, and make preparations accordingly. The valet will view his masters in the same light as the groom does his beasts ; and he will purvey and keep in readiness all that appertains to their comfort, always remembering a mosquito-net with nails to knock into the walls to hang it up by, not forgetting a hammer and gimlet ; common articles enough, but which are never to be got at the moment and place where they are the most wanted. He will also carry a small canteen, the smaller and more ordinary the better, as anything out of the common way attracts attention, and suggests, first, the coveting of other men's goods, and so on to assaults, batteries, robberies, and other inconveniences, which have been exploded on our roads ; although F. Moryson took care to caution our ancestors "to be warie on this head, since thieves have their spies commonly in all innes, to enquire into the condition of travellers." The manufactures of Spain are so rude and valueless that what appears to us to be the most ordinary appears to them to be the most excellent, as they have never seen anything so good. The lower orders, who eat with their fingers, think everything is gold which glitters, "*Todo es oro lo que reluce* ;" as, after all, it is what is on the plate that is the rub, let no wise man have such smart forks and knives as to tempt cut-throats to turn them to unnatural purposes. However, avoid all superfluous luggage, especially prejudices and foregone conclusions, for "*en largo camino paja pesa*," (a straw is heavy on a long journey), and the last feather breaks the horse's back. A store of cigars, however, must always be excepted ; take plenty and give them freely : it always opens a conversation well with

a Spaniard, to offer him one of these little delicate marks of attention. Good snuff is acceptable to the curates and to monks (though there are none just now). English needles, thread, and pairs of scissors take no room, and are all keys to the good graces of the fair sex. There is a charm about a present, *backshish*, in most European as well as Oriental countries, and still more if it is given with tact, and at the proper time ; Spaniards, if unable to make any equivalent return, will always try to repay by civilities and attentions.

Every one must determine for himself whether he prefers the assistance of this servant in the kitchen or at the toilet ; since it is not easy for mortal man to dress a master and a dinner, and both well at the same time, let alone two masters. A cook who runs after two hares at once catches neither. No prudent traveller on these, or on any occasions, should let another do for him what he can do for himself, and a man who waits upon himself is sure to be well waited on. If, however, a valet be absolutely necessary, the groom clearly is best left in his own chamber, the stable ; he will have enough to do to curry and valet his four animals, which he knows to be good for their health, though he never scrapes off the cutaneous stucco by which his own illote carcass is Roman-cemented. From long experience we have found that if the rider will get into the habit of carrying all the things requisite for his own dressing in a small separate bag, and employ the hour while the cook is getting the supper under weigh, it is wonderful how comfortably he will proceed to his pu-chero.

The cook should take with him a stewing pan, and a pot or kettle for boiling water ; he need not lumber himself with much batterie de cuisine ; it is not much needed in the imperfect gastronomy of the Peninsula, where men eat like the beasts which perish ; any sort of artillery is rather rare in Spanish kitchen or fortress ; an hidalgo would as soon think of having a voltaic battery in his sitting-room as a copper one in his cuisine ; most classes are

equally satisfied with the Oriental earthenware *ollas*, *pucheros*, or pipkins, which are everywhere to be found, and have some peculiar sympathy with the Spanish cuisine, since a stew—be it even of a cat—never eats so well when made in a metal vessel; the great thing is to bring the raw materials,—first catch your hare. Those who have meat and money will always get a neighbour to lend them a pot. A *venta* is a place where the rich are sent empty away, and where the hungry poor are not filled; the whole duty of the man-cook, therefore, is to be always thinking of his commissariat; he need not trouble himself about his master's appetite, that will seldom fail,—nay, often be a misfortune; a good appetite is not a good *per se*,* for it, even when the best, becomes a bore when there is nothing to eat; his *capucho* or mule hamper must be his travelling larder, cellar, and store-room; he will victual himself according to the route, and the distances from one great town to another, and always take care to depart with a good provision: indeed to attend to the commissariat is, it cannot be too often repeated, the whole duty of a man cook in hungry Spain, where food has ever been the difficulty; a little foresight gives small trouble and ensures great comfort, while perils by sea and perils by land are doubled when the stomach is empty, whereas, as Sancho Panza wisely told his ass, all sorrows are alleviated by eating bread: "*Todos los duelos, con pan son buenos*," and the shrewd squire, who seldom is wrong, was right both in the matter of the moral and the bread, which former is admirable. The central table-lands of Spain are perhaps the finest wheat-growing districts in the world; however rude and imperfect the cultivation—for the peasant does but scratch the earth, and seldom manures—the life-conferring sun comes to his assistance; the returns are prodigious, and the quality superexcellent; yet the growers, miserable in the midst of

plenty, vegetate in cabins composed of baked mud, or in holes burrowed among the friable hillocks, in an utter ignorance of furniture and absolute necessities. The want, in many places, of roads, canals, and means of transport prevents the exportation of produce, which from its bulk is difficult of carriage, in a country where grain is removed for the most part on four-footed beasts of burden, after the Oriental and patriarchal fashion of Jacob, when he sent to the granaries of Egypt. Accordingly, although there are neither sliding scales nor corn laws, and subsistence is cheap and abundant, the population decreases in number and increases in wretchedness; what boots it that corn be low-priced, if wages be still lower, as they then everywhere are and must be?

Seville Oranges.—"Seville," says Byron, and truly, "is a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." There are two sorts of the former, the sweet and the bitter (Arabicè *Narang*, under *Naranja*), of which Scotch marmalade is made, and Dutch Curaçoa flavoured. The trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year after they are planted, and the quality continues to improve for 16 to 20 years, after which the orange degenerates, the rind gets thick, and it becomes unfit for the foreign market, which always takes the best. The trees flower in March, and perfume the air of Seville with the almost sickening odour which retains its Arabic name *Azahar*; from the blossoms sweetmeats are made, and delicious orange-flower water; buy it at Aquilar's, *Plaza San Vicente*; nice sweetmeats are made of them by the nuns; to eat the orange in perfection, it should not be gathered until the new blossom appears. The oranges begin to turn yellow in October, and are then picked, as they never increase in size after changing colour; they are wrapped in Catalan paper, and packed

* When George IV. once complained that he had lost his royal appetite, "What a scrape, sir, a poor man would be in if he found it!" said his Rochester companion.

in chests, which contain from 700 to 1000 each, and may be worth to the exporter from 25s. to 30s. They ripen on the voyage, but the rind gets tough, and the freshness of the newly-gathered fruit is lost. The natives are very fanciful about eating them: they do not think them good before March, and poison if eaten after sunset. The vendors in the street cry them as *mas dulces que almibar*, sweeter than syrup, like the "Honey, oh! oranges honey" of the Cairo chapmen.

Toma, niña, esa naranja,
Que la cogi de mi huerta;
No la partas con navaja
Que está mi corazón dentro.

Sheep of Estremadura. See Pt. I., pp. 243, 244.

Sherry Wine. See Jerez.

Simancas Archives.—The strong castle of Simancas was indeed a safe and well-selected site for the national archives when the court resided so near, but now its distance from Madrid is very inconvenient, and the Escorial would do better, but funds are wanting. In 1563 Philip II., a great writer and red-tapist, who boasted that he ruled the world with a bit of paper, conceived the idea of a record office; he employed Geronimo Zurita to classify these archives, and directed Herrera and Berenguete to alter and adapt the edifice (see Cean Ber. 'Arch.' ii. 325). The papers were very complete from 1475. Most of the earlier were destroyed by the patriot *Comuneros* in 1520, while those relating to South America were sent to Seville in 1783.

Buonaparte, who had plundered Vienna and the Vatican to make Paris the receiving-house of title-deeds of conquered and invaded countries, ordered Kellerman, in Aug. 1810, to eviscerate Simancas; sixty cases were sent away in November. A Monsieur Quiter, dispatched from Paris to assist the unlettered soldiers in selection, set aside an additional mass, which filled 1600 cases. When he arrived, March,

1811, twenty-nine rooms were full of papers, of which he reported that about one-quarter were "desirable;" but soon the untoward event of Massena's defeat at Torres Vedras interfered with these "colossal ideas." Monsieur Quiter quitted and fled, having first packed up and sent to Paris 112 cases more; the whole number of packets or bundles thus "removed" amounted to 7861. When the allies entered Paris in 1814 a general reclamation of stolen goods took place, and by the efforts of Labrador, the Spanish ambassador, 146 cases were with difficulty rescued; they had not, however, by March, 1815, got farther on their way back to Simancas than Bordeaux, when on the landing of Buonaparte from Elba, their further progress was arrested. After his final fall, some of the papers were at last restored to the rightful owners.

A portion of those relating to French diplomacy, of *Legajos de Estado*, and the correspondence of the Castilian court with their ambassadors at Paris, Aragon, and Venice, were kept back, and have in vain been applied for by Spain, since the Bourbons have never chosen to return to their cousins the spoils of Buonaparte's legions. There are still wanting papers concerning the wars of the League; letters from Paris to Philip II.; all documents bearing on the succession; all relating to the campaigns of Charles V. at Pavia. The French inadvertently left the catalogue of these behind at Simancas, and the missing originals have actually been seen at Paris. It is to these purloined papers that Messieurs Michelet, Mignet, and Capefigue, are so much indebted. A worse fate remained for many documents which had no French interest: Kellerman used them as waste paper, for his troops to light their fires. In vain did Joseph remonstrate to Buonaparte; the precious documents were destroyed by waggon-loads, as the keeper saw done, and related to us on the spot, adding that these incendiaries put him in mind of Don Quijote, ii. 70, where the devils burn books in fiendish sport. More-

over, on evacuating the castle, these Omars set it on fire, when the N. wing was burnt down. This portion has since been rebuilt. The brands rescued from these burnings, pickings, and stealings, were entirely re-arranged by Don Tomas Gonzalez, canon of Plasencia, who classified the most curious papers, and placed them in the *Patronato viejo*, and in *el cubo*. Many of the archives will be found in his printed *Coleccion*, and others in the publications of M. Gachard.

Formerly the greatest jealousy existed in regard to these archives: Robertson was refused permission to examine them, which was also denied to native authors, and even to royal historiographers. Recently more liberality has been shown; but still, by order of Peña Florida, April 20, 1844, many vexatious provisos are enjoined to those who wish to read and copy closely: and a permission is necessary to see papers later than A.D. 1700.

Mere visitors, however, enter easily. First observe the old chapel of the *Henriquez* family, with a blue and gold roof, and a saloon richly decorated by Berruguete. Each traveller, will of course, inquire for the class of papers which most interest himself. Among those of general curiosity, observe *el Becerro* of Alonso XI., a sort of Dooms-day Book, containing an account of all the rents paid to the crown. Look at the original deed of capitulation at the taking of Granada, signed both by the king and queen; at the convention signed by Bobadil, in Arabic characters, by which he agreed to quit Spain and live in Barbary; at the title-deeds of the *Soto de Roma*, now the Duke of Wellington's domain; at the *Cuentas del Gran Capitan*, and at many of his original dispatches, written in a loose large handwriting; ask for the *Recamara*, or inventories of Isabella's jewels, her library, and treasures at Segovia, and the swords; among them are noted *la Tisona del Cid*, *La Joya del bien cortar* of Roldan, and the one with which he divided the Pyrenees; notice particularly Isabella's last will, signed by her, Oct. 12, 1504, Medina del Campo; also the will and

codicil of Charles V., made at Yuste, Nov. 4, 1558, written in a trembling hand, enjoining the extirpation of heretics. There are many letters of Charles V., Philip II., and his fit wife, our bloody Mary; many also and most curious papers regarding the "*Invisible Armada*," the outfit and expenses. The documents relating to our Elizabeth, from 1558 to 1576, have been made the groundwork of Gonzalez's admirable paper (*Mems. Acad. Hist.*, vol. vii. 249): he also prepared from the original documents *La Retirada*, or retreat of Charles V. at Yuste, now in the archives of foreign affairs at Paris. The original drafts of Philip II.'s dispatches to his ministers and ambassadors are most numerous: they are corrected and interlined with his own royal loose and straggling handwriting.

Somosierra (Battle of). See Pt. I., p. 162.

Students in former times. See Salamanca.

Talavera (Battle of).—The battle of Talavera *de la Reina* was fought on the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, on the hill to the left of the town and on the Madrid road. The great Duke justly called it "*the long and hard-fought action against the French, with more than double our numbers.*" The French were commanded by Jourdan, Victor, and Joseph in person. This was the first time that Wellington, relying on the co-operation of Spanish generals and the promises of Spanish juntas, advanced into Spain, and it was the last. The Spanish army was commanded by Cuesta, a brave man personally, but a mere "child in the art of war," and too old, proud, and obstinate to be taught. Never were the two nations more truly represented than by their respective leaders; the decrepit formal Don coming in a coach and six, and keeping his ally waiting, when minutes were winged with destinies; while the

other, the very personification of eagle-eyed power, iron in mind and frame, was of lightning decision. Cuesta, rather than take a hint from a younger officer, twice lost the tide of affairs, and thus, the first time, saved Victor from defeat, and the second almost ensured it to himself. Had he advanced on the Alberche on the 22nd, as the Duke entreated him to do, Victor single-handed must have been crushed; but during his procrastination the French, warned by traitors in the very tent of Cuesta, fell back, the Spaniards thinking that they were running away from them; and now Cuesta, just when the Duke wished him to remain still, would advance. He imagined that he was following "flying deer, but found that he was hunting tigers." This conceit was so inveterate in the ancient Iberians, that the Romans constantly shammed a flight, and then turned round on their pursuers, "*effusé sequentes*," and scattered them to the winds. See Livy, xxxiv. 14; xl. 48.

The allies then took up a position before Talavera. The situation of Sir Arthur Wellesley, now far advanced in the heart of the peninsula, was full of peril, with inefficient allies, an incumbrance rather than an aid, and with starvation staring him in the face, while a French army of 55,000 veterans menaced his front, and larger forces gathered in his rear and around. Then, had the French only remained on the defensive, his escape was hardly possible; but over-confidence in numerical superiority, and the jealousy of rival Marshals, induced Joseph, Victor, and Jourdan to hurry an attack before the junction of the other French forces had enveloped the English in a net, past redemption. Sir Arthur, on the 27th, drew up the Spaniards in two lines on his right, in a position secured by the river, and very strong from enclosures, ditches, and plantations; his centre, in front of Talavera, was intersected by roads and ravines. He placed the British troops on the sloping hills to the l., the real key of the position. His whole English and German handful was under 19,000, with 30 guns; while the Spaniards

ranged about 34,000. The French mustered upwards of 50,000 men, of whom 7000 were cavalry. Numerically the contending hosts were equal; intrinsically, most unequal. While the Spaniards were incapable of performing the simplest operation, the French forces consisted of splendid veterans, highly disciplined, and flushed with victory. Victor concentrated all his forces against the English, by whom he was everywhere beaten back. Night terminated the contest, the Duke sleeping on the ground in his cloak. Victor's second attack failed from Sebastiani's neglecting to assist him now, as he afterwards did again at Barrosa. Victor himself had risked this battle prematurely; jealous of Soult, and wishing to monopolise the glory of a victory, he hurried it on before that marshal could arrive after his defeat at Oporto. The French finally abandoned the field, having lost 20 cannon, and 10,000 killed and wounded: the English lost 6200. They alone did the deed "*for the Spanish army*," wrote the Duke (Disp., Aug. 25, 1809), "*with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged, yet whole corps threw away their arms, and ran off in my presence, when they were neither attacked, nor threatened with an attack, but frightened, I believe, by their own fire.*" "When these dastardly soldiers run away they plunder everything they meet, and in their flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British army, which was at that time bravely engaged in their cause."

Cuesta, insensible to shame, and untaught by experience, next neglected, in spite of the Duke's urgent request, to secure the passes of Baños, and thus left a path open to Soult to fall on our flank; yet in spite of his imminent danger he continued to linger, risking the loss of both himself and ally; then in the nick of time the Duke passed the bridge of the Arzobispo,* and thus saved Cuesta and Andalusia from ruin; and even as it was, such was the slowness and care-

* This bridge lies about 28 m. below Talavera, and is so called because built in 1338 by Pedro Tenorio, Archbishop of Toledo.

lessness of the Spaniard, that the dotard was surprised by Mortier, and routed, flying even to Guadalupe, abandoning 30 guns and all his baggage, and this before one squadron of French dragoons.

After the battle the town of *Talavera*, which refused bread to the starving English ally when offering money for it, was found by the French enemy to contain corn enough for their army for three months (Schep. ii. 424). Twice did the invaders sack the town. "Victor assembled his troops to pillage: every man was provided with a saw and a hammer (proverbial in French armies as was the *poker* of Augereau); willing troops filed off by the beat of drum (Victor originally was a drummer-boy) in regular parties to their work, a business with which they were well acquainted; nothing escaped their search" (Southey, 24).

"Had Spaniards in any way kept their word, and if I could have been fed," said the Duke, "I should, after Talavera, have turned and struck a brilliant blow on Soult at Plasencia." He was justly raised to the peerage for this splendid battle, although Mr. Whitbread affirmed that "it would have been better for Sir Arthur if he had never changed his name;" and Lord Grey criticised his "want of capacity and skill." But the Whigs never lost an opportunity of thwarting his efforts or of underrating his genius, which they could not even understand. Thus encouraged, old Cobbett cut coarse jests, and vented out his anti-English treason on Baron Talavera and his wars; and luckily Buonaparte believed them, and never, until too late, found out that the crisis had produced the man by whom he was doomed to be crushed. Buonaparte was so pleased with the sayings and writings of these worthies, that he had them translated into the Paris papers. "The truth is," said Lord Dudley, "that the Whig Opposition had staked everything upon Napoleon's success, and are grieved at his failure." Ever ready to endanger throne and country for their own advancement, they were glad, said Wilberforce, "to see just so much [Spain.—PR. II.]

mischievous befall their country, as would bring themselves into office." So party spirit, the bane of England, arrested Marlborough in his career of victory, and saved Louis XIV.

According to the Whigs, the French were not beaten at Talavera; according to Buonaparte the English are too stupid to know when they are beaten; M. Thiers is clever enough to do as much for his countrymen, and (Lib. 36) calls Talavera "undecided."

Talavera taught Wellington two important facts: *first*, that an English army need never fear Buonaparte's "invincibles;" *second*, that no trust could ever be placed on Spanish words or co-operations, in field or cabinet. He here learnt that if Spain was to be saved it must be done by himself, and alone he did it.

To complete this narrative, Belmas (i. 92), writing under Soult's eye and patronage, gives Cuesta 38,000 men, Venegas 28,000, and Sir Arthur 22,000 English and 5000 Portuguese; thus drawing up on paper 113,000 "men in buckram" against only 40,000 French. Thus is written what our ingenious neighbours call *history*; the real numbers of the English being only 16,000 raw troops, who most signally repulsed 34,000 superb French veterans.

Tarifa (the Siege of).—The crumbling walls of Tarifa might be battered with its oranges, which although the smallest, are beyond comparison the sweetest in Spain, but, defended by brave men, they have defied the ball and bomb. Soult, taught by Barrosa the importance of this landing-place, was anxious to take it, and had he done so, must soon have been master of all Andalucia, Gibraltar excepted. Gen. Campbell, in defiance of higher authorities, most wisely determined to garrison it, and sent 1000 men of the 47th and 87th, under Col. Skerrett: 600 Spaniards under Copons were added.

Skerrett, brave but always unfortunate, despaired; but Charles Felix Smith of the Engineers was skilful, and Col., now Lord Gough, was a resolute soldier. Victor and Laval, Dec. 20, 1811, invested the place with 10,000 men; between the 27th and 30th a practicable breach was made near the Retiro gate; then the Spaniards under Copons, who were ordered to be there to defend it, were *not there*—they, however, survived to claim *all* the glory (Madoz, xiv. 609; Nap. xii. 6); but Gough in a good hour came up with his 87th, the “Eagle-catchers,” and with 500 men, beat back 1800 picked Frenchmen in a manner “surpassing all praise,” and has lived to conquer China and Gwallior. Victor, *Victus* as usual, retreated silently in the night, leaving behind all his artillery and stores. This great glory and that astounding failure were such as even the Duke had not ventured to calculate on; he had disapproved of the defence, because, although “we had a right to expect that our officers and troops will perform their *duty* on every occasion, we had no right to expect that a comparatively small number would be able to hold Tarifa, commanded as it is at short distances, and enfiladed in every direction, and unprovided with artillery, and the walls scarcely cannon-proof. The enemy, however, retired with disgrace, infinitely to the honour of the brave troops who defended Tarifa.” (Disp., Feb. 1, 1812). The vicinity of Trafalgar, and the recollection of Nelson’s blue jackets, urged every red coat to do that day more than his duty. Now-a-days the *Tarifeños* claim all the glory, nor do the Paez Mellados and Co. even mention the English: so Skerrett was praised by Lord Liverpool, and Campbell reprimanded: *sic vos non vobis!* The English not only defended but repaired the breach. Their masonry is good, and their inscription, if not classical, at least tells the truth: “Hanc partem muri a Gallis obsidentibus dirutam, Britanni *defensores* construxerunt, 1812.” In 1823, when no 87th was left to assist these heroic *Tarifeños*, the French, under the puny Angoulême, attacked and *took* the

place instantly: the inference is conclusive.

The real strength of Tarifa consists in the rocky island which projects into the sea, on which a fortress has long been building. There is a good light-house, 135 ft. high, visible for 30 m., and a small sheltered bay. This castle commands the straits under some circumstances, when ships are obliged to pass within the range of the batteries, and if they do not hoist colours are at once fired into, especially those coming from Gibraltar. They fire even into our men of war: thus, in Nov. 1830, the ‘Windsor Castle,’ a 74, taking home the 43rd, was hulled without any previous notice. The ‘Windsor Castle,’ like a lion yelped at by a cur, did not condescend to sweep the Tarifa castle from the face of the earth, yet such is the only means of obtaining redress; none is ever given at Madrid. England is nowhere treated more contumeliously than by Spain and Portugal, the two weakest and most ungrateful governments in Europe, and saved by her alone from being mere French provinces. The Duke, even while in the act of delivering them, was entirely without any influence (G^d Sept. 5, 1813), and not “even treated as a gentleman.” “There are limits, however,” as even he said, “to forbearance.” Tarifa, indeed, is destined by the Spaniards to counterbalance the loss of the *Rock*. This fortress is being built out of a tax levied on persons and things passing from Spain into Gibraltar: thus the English are made to pay for their own annoyance. Tarifa, in war time, swarmed with gun-boats and privateers. “They” says Southey, “inflicted greater loss on the trade of Great Britain than all the fleets of the enemy, by cutting off ships becalmed in these capricious waters.” A frigate steamer at Gibraltar will soon abate that nuisance. Those who wish to examine Guzman Castle, or to draw it, may as well obtain the governor’s permission, since the vicinity of Gibraltar, which has been made the hot-bed of revolutionists of all kinds, from Torrijos downwards, has rendered every Spanish garrison near it almost as sen-

sitive as the Phœnicians, who welcomed every stranger who pried about the straits by throwing him into the sea.

Theatres (Spanish), Dances, and Music. See Introd. Pt. II. § xxxiv.

Toledan Swords and Steel.—In Spanish the sword is called *cuchillo*, the blade *cuchilla*, a gash *cuchillada*, a stab *estocada*. Foils with buttons are called *negras*, those without them *blancas*. *Guerra á cuchillo*, or war to the knife, was the answer of Palafox to the summons of surrender; and generally follows the other national cry, *Mueran los Gavachos!* death to the miscreant French.

Spaniards formerly always went armed, and thus being provided with the means of defence and offence, fostered that spirit of reliance on self or personal prowess and independence, which at every period has formed a national characteristic. This custom of carrying a sword or knife, cold steel in some shape, this *το σιδηροφορεισθαι*, unusual among the civilized Greeks and Romans, was stigmatized by Thucydides (i. 5) as an evidence of barbarism and insecurity of person and property. The ancient Germans always went armed; thus the Goths brought their habit into a congenial soil. With the Gotho-Spaniard the hand was for the sword, and the heel for the spur.

The Iberian swords were adopted by the Romans for their *Velites*, who retained the epithet Spanish. Polybius (iii. 114) distinguishes between them and those of Gaul, while Diod. Siculus (v. 356) enlarges on their merits and mode of manufacture. Their double edge was no less fatal than the genuine Iberian dirk, the prototype of the modern *cuchillo*, which Cicero calls *pugniunculus Hispaniensis*; the vernacular name was *daga* (dagger), which the Greeks rendered by *βραχυν*. Thus our "rare Ben Jonson" speaks of the

modern rapier "as the *long* sword, the *father* of swords," an idea followed out by Hudibras,—

"This sword a dagger had, its page,
That was but little for its age."

From thus *attending* on the long sword, the short companion was also termed *παραξίφης* and *εγχειρίδιον*, a little *handy* thing. This dagger, now replaced by the knife, became the helpmate never permitted to be divorced from its liege master. The weapons, time out of mind, have been inseparable. Thus the *hidalgo* was ordered by Philip II., in 1564, only to appear with his *espada* (spatha) and with his *broquel*; the use of the latter was to cut meat and despatch a prostrate foe, and hence it was called *misericordia*, as giving the *coup de grace*; it was worn by the Iberians in their girdles, as the *cuchillo* is now in the *fajas* (Livy, vii. 10). As the bayonet is the English weapon which decides her great victories, so this dagger and the *cuchillo* are the deadly tools of the *guerrilla*, and settle the little warfare. With this the Iberians slaughtered their enemies at Cannæ (App. 'B. An.' 562), as the Spaniards in our times massacred thousands of French stragglers and wounded. This again was the *sica*, the arm of the *Sicarii* or cut-throats of antiquity, as it was of the Miguelites of Cæsar Borgia, and is to this day the formidable weapon of the wild Berber Moors in the Ereefe mountains, and of the Spaniard from the Bidasoa to the Straits. On the Iberian Pugio see Mart. xiv. 33; Strabo, iii. 231; and Diod. Siculus, v. 356.

The military Romans kept up the Iberian processes and manufactories, which were continued by the Goths. *Gratius* (Cyn. 341) alludes to the peculiar *couteau de chasseur*, the cultrum Toledanum. The Moors introduced their Damascene system of additional ornament and tempering, and so early as 852 this identical *fabrica* at Toledo was in full work under Abd-r-rahman Ben Alhakem. The Moors also made a large double-handled double-edged sword which became the model of the mediæval

montante. The best marks are those of *El Morillo*, *el moro de Zaragoza*, and *Andre Ferrara*, an Italian who settled in Zaragoza, and who furnished those splendid blades which Ferdinand I. sent as a present to our Henry VIII., on the occasion of his marriage with Catherine of Aragon. These were the "trenchant swords" of which, says Mercutio, "a soldier dreams," and the weapons which Othello, the Moor, "kept in his chamber" like a treasure.

The sword, the type and arm of chivalry, has always been honoured in Spain. The Moors petted and named them like children: Mahomet called his weapon, the "sword of God," Kaled Ben Walid. The *Tisona*, "the sparkling brand," and the *Colada* of the Cid were his *spolia opima* from Moorish kings. These were his *queridas prendas*, *caras prendas*, which he loved better than his wife and daughters, and which figure so much in his *Romancero* (Duran, v. 154). Many swords have mottos indicative of the fine old Castilian spirit, e.g. "*No me saques sin razon, no me envaines sin honor*;" (Do not draw me without cause, do not sheath me without honour.) The introduction of firearms dealt the first blow to Toledan swords, which then became the arm of cavalry, in which the Spaniards do not excel. The last blow was the fashion of the smaller French sword, which dispossessed the Spanish rapier. Consult the essay on ancient Spanish arms, the *Lancea*, *Gæsum*, *Olosideron*, &c. (*Historia Literaria*, Mohedano, iii. 336).

Toledo (Abp. of). See Pt. I., p. 102.

Trafalgar (Battle of).—*Trafalgar*—tanto nomini nullum par eulogium—changed Buonaparte's visionary invasion of England, into the real one of France; England, left now with no more enemies on the sea, turned to the land for an arena of victory.

Nelson, on the memorable Oct. 21, 1805, commanded 27 small ships of the

line and only four frigates: the latter were wanting as usual; he had prayed for them in vain from our wretched admiralty, as the Duke did afterwards. The enemy, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, had 33 sail of the line, many of them three-deckers, and seven frigates. Nelson, as soon as they ventured out of Cadiz, considered them "his property;" he "bargained for 20 at least." He never regarded disparity of numbers, nor counted an enemy's fleet except when prizes after the battle—synonymous with him with victory. He, with hope deferred, had long chased them over wide seas, in full cry, every rag set, every sail bursting with impatience, and No. 16 signal for "close action" hoisted; and now, when at last he saw them, it was to give his "Nelsonic touch" no "drawn battles now," but simple—*Annihilation*.

Nelson was wounded on board the flag-ship "*Victory*," at a quarter before one, and died at 30 minutes past four, aged 47. He lived long enough to know that his triumph was complete, and the last sweet sounds his dying ears caught were the guns fired at the flying foe. "He cannot," says Southey, "be said to have fallen prematurely, whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours at the height of human fame, and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us not, indeed, his mantle of inspiration, but a name and example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride and our example, which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them." This indeed is immortality.

The Spaniards fought well at *Trafalgar*, the nadir of their marine, as *Lepanto* was its zenith; but Gravina, their gallant noble admiral was mortally wounded.

The French vice-admiral, Dumanoir, having kept out of the action, fled at the close, "backing his topsails," says

Southey, "to fire into the captured Spanish ships as he passed," when the indignant crews intreated to be allowed to serve against their quondam allies. This Dumanoir, with four runaways, was caught Nov. 4, off Cape Finisterre by Sir Richard Strachan, when all were taken, his own ship, the 'Formidable' being the first to strike. This man, who, Southey thought, "ought to have been hanged in the sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet," was acquitted at Toulon, because he had "*mancœuvré selon l'impulsion du DEVOIR et de l'honneur!*" and was made a count in 1814 by Louis XVIII. Nelson's notions of honour, duty and mancœuvring were after a different fashion. His *mancœuvre*—a nautical novelty indeed—was to break the long line of the foe with a short double line; a mancœuvre which few foreign fleets will try against an English squadron, whose guns would sink their opponents as they approached singly; however, according to M. de Montferrier, 'Dictionnaire de la Marine,' Paris, 1841, "C'est à cette science, la *mancœuvre*, que la marine Française doit toutes ses victoires; en effet, il n'y a point d'exemple, où, à forces égales, une armée Anglaise nous ait battus!"

Be that as it may, some how or another, this Trafalgar "*settled Boney*" by sea, to use the Duke's phrase, when he did him that service by land; all his paper projects about "ships, colonies, and commerce," all his fond phrases of "French lakes," were blown to the winds; accordingly he omitted all allusion to Trafalgar in the French papers, as he afterwards did to the Duke's victories in Spain. Thus Pompey never allowed his reverses in the Peninsula to be published (Hirt. *B. H.* 18). Buonaparte received the news of his misfortunes at Vienna, which clouded *le soleil d'Austerlitz* with an English fog: his fury was unbounded, and he exclaimed, "Je saurai bien apprendre aux amiraux Français à vaincre." (*Vict. et Cong.* xvi. 197).

Five months afterwards he slightly alluded to this *accidental disaster*, ascribing it, as the Spaniards falsely do the destruction of their *invincible ar-*

mada, not to English tars, but the winds: "Les tempêtes nous ont fait perdre *quelques* vaisseaux, après un combat imprudemment engagé." Yet Villeneuve had that decided numerical superiority without which, according to Buonaparte's express orders, an English fleet was *never* to be attacked; and our sole unsubsidised allies, "les tempêtes," in real truth occasioned to us the loss of many captured ships; a storm arose after the victory, and the disabled and vanquished conquerors were buffeted on the merciless coast, many of the prizes being destroyed. The dying orders of Nelson, "*Anchor, Hardy! Anchor!*" were disobeyed by Collingwood, whose first speech on assuming the command was, "Well! that is the *last* thing that I should have thought of!" Collingwood also made another small mistake in his dispatch: Nelson did not "*die* soon after his wound;" he *lived* to gain the whole victory.

Although none on either side of the Pyrenees have yet claimed Trafalgar as *their* victory, yet all are convinced, had real nautical valour and science not been marred by fortune and accident, that it ought not to have been *ours*. Every lie circumstantial was published at the time; thus the *Journal de Paris*, Dec. 7, 1805, added 8 ships of the line to the English squadron, while the *Gazetta de Madrid*, of the 19th, added 12. Although all these inventions are disposed of by Sir Harris Nicolas in Nelson's *Dispatches*, immortal as those of the Duke, the controversy is not ended; and the Spaniards have taken such offence at their allies' version of Trafalgar, as given by M. Thiers in his *Histoire du Consulat*, Lib. xxii., and especially at the sneer that five Spanish men of war then and there fled, having "*sauvé leur existence beaucoup plus que leur honneur;*" that a grave refutation was put forth at Madrid in 1850 by Manuel Marliani, and it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; meantime both of the beaten parties contend that each of their single ships was attacked by five or six English. The *real* heroes of the day and their *défaite* héroïque were either *Señores Churraco*,

Galiano, &c., or *Messieurs Lucas, Magon, &c.*, small mention being made of the nobody Nelson, a sort of loup-marin, a man, according to M. Thiers, *assez borné* when off his quarter-deck. The French Admiral Villeneuve was said to have killed himself in despair at his disgrace; but, says Southey, "there is every reason to conclude that the tyrant added him to the numerous victims of his murderous policy," and the silence observed in the '*Moniteur*' strengthens this suspicion (see *Vict. et Conq.* xvi. 198).

Transubstantiation. See Host.

Ucles (Battle of). — Here, Jan. 13, 1809, Victor routed the miserable Venegas, who had advanced from *Tarancón* to surprise the French, who to his surprise turned on him, whereupon he fled at once to *Ucles*, and occupied the strong hill; but no sooner did the enemy begin to ascend it than the Spanish army, left half-fed and half-armed, and discouraged by their unworthy chiefs, turned and ran, Venegas setting the example, and surviving for fresh disgraces at *Almonacid*; then Victor treated *Ucles à la Medellín*—he harnessed the clergy and respectable inhabitants, and made them drag up the hill, like beasts of burden, whatever articles of their property could not be carried off, in order to make a "*feu de joie*" in honour of his victory; next sixty prisoners were slaughtered on the shambles, which was *facetiously* selected by this *tigre singe* for the appropriate butchery. Victor then marched the survivors to Madrid, causing all who dropped on the road from hunger or fatigue to be shot on the spot. Torreno (viii.), Southey (xviii.), Schepeler (ii. 151), and Madoz (xv. 203), enter into appalling details; Schepeler compares Victor to Tamerlane, "*sorti au berceau avec le signe du sang.*" The amiable Monsieur de Rocca honestly records and laments the horrors which he then witnessed.

Velasquez. — Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez was born at Seville in 1599, and died at Madrid, Aug. 7, 1660. He is the Homer of the Spanish school, of which Murillo is the Virgil. Simple, unaffected, and manly, he was emphatically a man and the painter of *men*, and particularly of those lofty, stately men which Spain once produced. In this masculine quality he rivalled Timanthes, "*artem ipsam complexus viros pingendi*" (Pliny, '*N. H.*' xxxv. 10). He was equally great in portrait, history, Sujets de Genre, and landscape; he transmigrated at once, without effort or violence, into each style, and into every variety of each,—passing from the epic to the farce, from low life to high, from the old to the young, from the rich to the poor, while he elevated portrait painting to the dignity of history. He was less successful in delineations of female beauty, in the tender ideal, and holy subjects, wherein he was inferior to Murillo. Diego, indeed, could draw anything and everything that he could see and touch, then he was master of his subject and never mastered by it; but he could not grapple with the unreal, or comprehend the invisible, immortal, and divine; and whenever he attempted any elevated compositions, which was seldom, the unpoetical models from which he studied in youth were too often reproduced. "*Homo sum,*" he might have said with Cicero, after Terence, "*et nihil humani a me alienum esse puto.*" Yet even in this style, there is no mistake, no doubt, and always so much humanity, so much serious, dignified manhood, such truth to nature, and meaning, that the mind is satisfied, and we sympathise with transcripts of beings of living flesh and blood, like ourselves. No man, again, Titian not excepted, could draw the minds of men, or paint the very air we breathe better than he: his colour is clean and truthful, although subdued; to those accustomed to the glowing tints of Titian and Rubens his tones appear at first to be cold, and his greys almost green: but his mastery over his materials, his representation of texture, air,

and individual identity, are absolutely startling, his lineal and aerial perspective is magical. His touch was free and firm, uniting perfect precision with the greatest executorial facility. He seems to have *drawn*, improvised as it were, on the canvas, for sketches or previous studies on paper are very seldom to be met with. When at work he always went directly to the point, knowing *what* he wanted, and *when* he had got it, and then selected the salient features, and omitted the trivial; and as he never touched his canvas without an intention, or ever put one touch too much, his emphatic objects are always effective; this is the true philosophy of art: again, his subdued tone and slight treatment of accessories conferred a solidity and importance to his leading points, which are all thus brought up, and tell. Having been employed by the king, and not by the usual patrons of art in Spain, the priest and monk, his pictures are more secularised and are less gloomy than those of many Spanish artists who were depressed by the cold shadow of the Inquisition. For *truth* and *life*—confering *power* he carries everything before him, and is by far the greatest painter of the so-called *naturalist* school: hence the sympathy between him and Anglo-American artists. Art with Velazquez (who took nature for his guide, truth for his end, and man for his model) followed the current of life, and was the reflection of the court. He held up the mirror of the period of Philip IV., and of the locality of Madrid; but his works bear a stamp for all time, as excellence is independent of the mere accidents of externals and localities.

The short-comings of Velazquez, this great mortal, for he was not a painter of the ideal, will be seen in his treatment of holy subjects such as the *Coronation of the Virgin*, in which the holy mother of Christ is painted as a somewhat sulky female, while the Diety is degraded to a toothless monk. But he could not escape from humanity nor soar above into the clouds; he was neither a poet nor an enthusiast, and somewhat deficient in creative power:

again, he painted for the court and not for the church; in a word, Nature was his guide, truth his object, and man, not always well selected, his model; no Virgin ever descended into his studio, no cherubs ever hovered round his pallet, no saint came down from heaven to sit for his portrait: hence the neglect and partial failure of his sacred subjects, holy indeed like those of Caravaggio in nothing but name, being groups rather of low life, and that so truly painted as still more to mar the elevated sentiment, by a treatment not in harmony with the subject. Velazquez went to the earth, not to heaven, for types and models; hence his Virgin has neither the womanly tenderness of Murillo, the unspotted loveliness of Raphael, nor the serenity unruffled by human passions of the antique; he rather lowered heaven to earth, than raised earth to heaven. In his representations of the *Crucifixion*, however, his treatment is solemn and impressive, his Christs being often sublime representations of the death of the Son of Man.

Vitoria (Battle of).—On the 20th of June, 1813, our army bivouacked on the Bayas, a mountain stream which flows to the l. of the road, and occupied *Tuto*, *Subijana de Morales* (the Duke's head-quarters), *Zuazo*, *Vitoriano*, and *Marquina*. The enemy, commanded by Joseph and Jourdan, was strongly posted in front, at the opening of the pass; their rt. was drawn up at *Tres Puentes*, and their l. at *Subijana de Alava*, with the hill of *Arinez* in their centre, not far from which is a height called *Inglesmendi*, the "English mound," where, five centuries before, they had defeated the French. On the 21st the Duke ordered Hill to open the ball: he, with Morillo, scaled the elevations to the rt., where Col. Cadogan fell mortally wounded; he begged to be so placed that he might die happy at the sight of the

foe in flight, and his last wish was gratified, for the French under Gazan and Darricau were forthwith driven down. Meanwhile Graham, who had been sent with 20,000 men from *Marquina*, on the extreme l., to sweep round to the Bilbao road, routed Reille at every point, Lonja and the Spaniards holding *Gamarra menor*, and the English turning the enemy at *Gamarra mayor* and *Abechuco*, and thus depriving them of the possibility of retreating by the Irun road.

While these two distinct battles and victories were being gained, the Duke led the centre and struck the heart of his opponents. He threaded the defile by *Nanclares*, Kempt at the same time, with the light division, crossing the *Zadorra* at *Tres Puentes*, and bursting into the French position, of which the *Mamario de Arinez* was the key; Joseph wavered and detached Villate to *Gomecha* in his rear; the Duke saw the moment—and ordered the splendid rush at the hill of *Arinez*. Old Picton led on his “invincible division,” encouraging them kindly as he was wont, “Forward, ye fighting villains!” and they followed their brave leader to a man; although opposed to five times their numbers and to 50 cannon, they bore everything down before them, Joseph being the first to run; just as at Cressy, where, says old Aleyn, “the kinge turned head, and so soon his men turned taylor.” The French, relates Southey, “were beaten before the town, in the town, through the town, out of the town, behind the town, and all about the town.” They fled, leaving behind them baggage, eagles, 6000 killed and wounded, 150 cannon, and even their plunder. The battle was soon over, for, as at Salamanca, the numbers being nearly equal, the Duke took the aggressive; yet not two-thirds of his army were British, and the returns of losses separate the wheat from the chaff, our loss was 3308, the Portuguese 1049, the Spanish 553, who now claim the glory as *theirs*. According to the *Memoirs* of poor Joseph—who ended in believing his own lies—the English force was *double de la notre!* How unlucky! 80,000 to

39,000. Even then had but Foy and Clausel obeyed *his* orders, the English must have been *culbuté!*—*risum teneatis?* Be that as it may, the victory was so complete that the French at least have not yet claimed it as theirs. Gen. Clausel, who had had a taste of the British bayonet at Salamanca, again escaped by a miracle to *Huesca*, as Joseph did to Roncesvalles; while Foy, who had failed to come up to the battle, fled to France by the Basque hills.

Then the Duke pressed on in his pursuit of the fugitives to the Pyrenees, and on their summits, says Napier, “emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, he stood a recognised conqueror; then, on those lofty pinnacles, the clangour of his trumpet pealed clear and loud, and his splendour appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations.” Alone he did it, for the blundering Bentincks and Murrays, by repeated failures on the E. coast, had, like the Spanish generals, been an incumbrance to him instead of an aid, and this alike when present and when absent; the former had departed for Sicily, just when most needed to act as a diversion, having just before crippled the Duke’s finance by sweeping the money-market with most ill-advised competition.

Vitoria not only cleared Spain of the invader, but cheered Europe at large, for the recoil shook Buonaparte at Dresden, as Salamanca had done when he was in Russia. He indeed kept the news of this “affaire” even from his minister Maret; but when the event was learnt by Lord Castlereagh, it “at once,” as he wrote, *Desp. viii. 45*, “put us on strong ground,” and thus realized the political objects of the Duke. It induced the allies to refuse the armistice, fixed the wavering adhesion of Austria, and thus was harbinger of glorious Leipzig. Mons. Bory de St. Vincent (*Laborde, i. 132*), describing this battle, after severely criticising the *mollesse* of the English attack, continues thus:—“*Les braves, débandés par le découragement des chefs, se jetèrent vers les Pyrénées, tandis que Lord Wellington, qui se crut*

vainqueur de Vitoria, s'arrêta paisiblement avec toutes ses forces dans une ville sans importance (which he did not), au lieu de marcher vivement sur Bayonne. Sans avoir vaincu selon la signification du mot, les Anglais demeurèrent en possession de quatrevingt pièces de canon au moins (i. e. 151). La France n'eut pas à regretter plus de cent braves (i. e. 6000) tués ou blessés qui restèrent sur le champ de bataille."!!

The comparative smallness of the French loss arose, firstly, because, as at Oudenarde and Ramillies, they were beaten by us too quickly; and, secondly, because, as at Salamanca their fugitives threw away arms, &c.—all that constitutes a soldier, but impedes escape.

Again, the enormous booty, to save which the French risked the battle, and which the runaways left behind, offered a temptation which our troops could not resist; they who had defied the steel of the enemy were vanquished by his gold. And yet these were fair battle prizes, won from strong men by stronger; and after a well-fought field, not the pillage of unresisting citizens. Now five millions of dollars were taken by the English troops, but thereby all "order and discipline were annihilated," as the indignant Duke said, who, as a soldier and gentleman, hated the very sound of pillage: "je suis assez long temps soldat pour savoir"—wrote he in his nervous Anglo-français, and how truly English both the sentiment and the French form he puts it in!—"que les pillards et ceux que les encouragent ne valent rien devant l'ennemi" (Desp. Dec. 23, 1813, March 5, 1814, June 27, 1815). The English troops wearied themselves in searching for booty rather than in following up their victory, and thus stopping to pick up gold, they lost, like Atalanta, the race of honour. The old curse of the *Aurum Tolosanum* pursued both conquerors and the conquered. Here, as at Bailen (see p. 68), the French movements were hopelessly hampered, for behind the town was collected, in nearly 2000 vehicles, the aggregate French plunder of the whole Peninsula during five

years. These impediments rendered retreat by the high road impossible; so there was some truth in poor Joseph's lamentation ('*Mem.*' vii. 462)—"Tout ce que l'on a volé ici, est payé tot ou tard par le sang Français." Southey has graphically described the variety of the church plate and pictures, the delicate eatables, the mistresses, the poodles, parrots, and monkeys. Poor Joseph, after all his gigantic pickings, narrowly escaped with only one Napoleon in his royal pocket ('*Mem.*' x. 342). His carriage was taken, like that of his brother at Waterloo, and it was filled, says Torenó (xxii.), with pickings and stealings, while Marshal Jourdan's *baton* was found in his *fourgon de comestibles*! this, with the colours of the 100th regiment was "laid by the Duke at the Prince Regent's feet," who, with great good taste, repaid the compliment by returning the staff of an English field-marshal to the captor. The enemy's losses were so complete as to furnish jokes to themselves. Thus *l'Apothicaire*, in his clever '*Mémoires*' (chr. 42), consoled his friends, so cleaned out by this Wellington purge, or steel prescription, by quoting Horace: "You all of you came into Spain thinner than weasels, and now as thin you must go out." The French soldiers also derided their general, who from his continual beatings at *Talavera* and elsewhere, was called the "anvil," and exclaimed irreverently, "The sea fled, and Jordan was driven back."

Joseph's own carriage was gorged with stolen goods, for his Royal and Imperial Majesty had there stowed away in its imperial many of Ferdinand's choicest cabinet pictures, which now worthily ornament Apsley House. These *spolia opima* are indeed fair battle-won trophies, not the free gift of bayonet-threatened chapters, nor the fee of bribed violence, à la Soult. Nay, no sooner had the Duke learnt that the pictures were more valuable than he thought, than he wrote to express his desire to "restore" them to Ferdinand, suspecting that they might have been "*robbed by Joseph*" from the royal

palaces (Desp., March 16, 1814). According, however, to Napier (xx. 8) all the plundering on this great day was now on our side, and the French in consequence "were not half beaten." Another prize, more precious for the sacred cause of truth and history than plate or paintings, was also taken here in the usurper's carriage, namely, the official and confidential correspondence between Madrid and Paris; this reveals some secrets of Buonaparte's prison-house and lifts up a corner of his mantle of ruse doublée de force; these thoughts, shot from his innermost quiver, give the best contradiction to his public bulletins and "enormous lies," that poison with which he fed his slaves instead of bread. These *private* papers, never destined for the *Moniteur*, fully corroborate the Duke's *public* despatches, for the noble mind will dare do all but lie. *Bon sang ne peut mentir*, and when will any French marshal venture to print his private letters?

Our Duke, as unlike the gang of revolutionary "*Victors*," as like the heroes of antiquity, preferred bright honour to filthy lucre; his motto was *τιμη μαλλον η χρηματα*, his pursuit was "*gloriam ingentem, divitias honestas*." He never contaminated his golden mind with the dross of speculation or pillage. He never sold his large glory "for what might be grasped thus." His shrine of renown was only to be approached through the temple of virtue, and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means for the support of a dignity which he carved out with an untarnished soldier-sword. Such also is our *sailor's* maxim. "*Corsica*," writes Nelson (Desp., June, 27, 1794), "in respect to prizes, produces nothing but *honour far above wealth*." But the Massenas, Soult and Co., marshals of the rapacious eagle, qui se ressemblent comme deux gouttes de feu, have proved that military heroism may exist, with an utter absence of all moral or principle: officers but not gentlemen—they rose, it is true, from the ranks.

Mons. Bory attributed the loss of Vitoria to the soldiers' want of con-

fidence in their chiefs; so Sallust (B. C. i.) dated the decay of Roman arms to the misconduct of the Syllas in Asia, who then first collected "*tabulas pictas—vasa cæлата*." These spoilers never scrupled "*ea privatim ac publice rapere, delubra spoliare, sacra profanare, omnia polluere*;" but there is nothing new under the sun. *Tel maître tels valets*. And who can fail to apply to these marshals' master, that wonderful man, one of true Italian intellect and Machiavellianism, all those characteristics which Livy (xxi. 4) so unjustly predicted of the mighty Hannibal?—"Has tantas viri virtutes, ingentia vitia equabant, inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plusquam punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jus jurandum, nulla religio."

Xativa (Borgia family).—The Borjas were an ancient family of Xativa; here, in July, 1427, was born Rodrigo, afterwards Alexander VI.; he was the son of Jofre, who lived in the Plaza de los Borjas. After Alonzo de Borja became Bishop of Valencia, in 1429, the family long monopolized the see; it was then raised to be an archbishopric by Innocent III., and Rodrigo was named by his uncle, Calixtus III., the first primate. When he too became Pope, July 9, 1492, he appointed (Aug. 31) his natural son Cæsar as his successor to the see of Valencia, which, after his renunciation of it, he bestowed on his kinsman Juan de Borja, and again on his death, appointed another relation, Pedro Luis de Borja. Thus five of this family held this wealthy see in succession. These Spanish popes, Calixtus III., and Alexander VI., scandalized even the Vatican with avarice, nepotism, bad faith, and venality:—

"Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum,
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest,
De vitio in vitium, de flamma transit in ignem,
Roma sub Hispano deperit imperio."

Alexander VI. died Aug. 17th, 1503.

The name of Cæsar Borgia is stigmatized with the greatest infamy; for whilst other princes may have shed more blood, or exercised more atrocious cruelty, with him all was calculated with cool reflection; and he profaned whatever was most holy, for the attainment of his purposes. In 1497 Alexander bestowed the duchy of Benevento on his eldest son, the Duke of Gandia, together with the counties of Terracina and Pontecorvo; Cæsar became jealous of his elevation, and when the Duke of Gandia was murdered a week after his investiture, public opinion accused his brother of the deed. His father had invested him with the purple in 1492, but permitted him to lay it aside, and devote himself to the profession of arms. In 1499 he married a daughter of King John of Navarre, and accompanied Louis XII. into Italy. He there undertook the conquest of Romagna, expelled the lawful possessors of the land, caused them to be treacherously murdered, and himself to be appointed, by his father, Duke of Romagna, in 1501. In the same year he wrested the principality of Piombino from Jacopo d'Apiano, and endeavoured, though in vain, to make himself Duke of Bologna and Florence. In 1502 he took Camerino by storm, and caused to be strangled Julius of Barona the lord of the city, with both his sons. After his father's death, in 1503, he found means to get possession of all his treasures, assembled his troops in Rome, and formed a closer alliance with France; but enemies rose against him on all sides, one of the most bitter of whom was the new Pope, Julius II. Borgia was arrested and carried to Spain, where he was imprisoned for 2 years in the Torre del Homenage, at Medina, but escaped by the aid of the Conde de Benavente. He then fled to his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre, went with him to the war against Castile, and was killed by a shot from the castle of Bianco, March 12th, 1507. The leader of his chosen *Sicarios* and bravos, Michalot de Prades, became a monk at Monserrat; he has bequeathed his

name to the armed companies of *Miqueletes*.

The crimes of the Borgias figure in the works of Alexandre Dumas; the family, however, produced a celebrated saint, as if by way of compensating for its *Santità* Alexander VI. For the miracles of this S. Francisco de Borja, see his '*Heroyca Vida*,' fol., Mad. 1726.

Xeres. See Jeres.

Zaragoza (El Pilar).—The Spanish authorised biography of this particular Virgin is '*La Mystica Ciudad*,' fol. Mad. 1670, which Maria Coronel (*Santa Maria de Agreda*) was "inspired to write by a divine revelation." This work was so ultra absurd that the shrewd Sorbonne and Vatican condemned it, in spite of the efforts and protests of the Spanish ambassador.

To understand the literature of Spanish female worship, consult Antonio (Bib. Nova, ii. 553), who enumerates 84 works on particular Virgins, and 430 works on her generally.

The worship of Isis, Astarte, Salambo, and Diana, the invention of the Oriental, was engrafted on the Iberian stock by its Phœnician colonisers, and is better suited to warm and southern latitudes than to chilly northern ones; so Marianism is practically the religion of a certain but rapidly decreasing class amongst the Spaniards, although many of the higher and educated classes disbelieve in this creed, in which the honour and worship due to the Creator alone is transferred to the creature; by virtue of which the Virgin rules triumphantly as Empress of heaven and earth, of angels and mortals. Thus the stern doctrine of retribution for sin is melted down into a soft, easy dependence on this Esther with whom the celestial kingdom is partitioned; nay, the Deity has all but abdicated in her favour, having given to her all that he could; everything, in short, save his own essence. She is *La Señora de*

la Merced, the Lady of Mercy; La Señora here being used in the sense of *El Señor*, the Lord God. She administers grace, equity, and remission of sins. Thus the Almighty is robbed of his prerogative, and his sceptre rendered barren, to the exclusion and derogation of the "only one name and none other." The Virgin, as *Regina et Conjux*, "calms the rage of her heavenly husband," and tempers "an angry judge," whose only office is to punish; while as a mother she "commands and compels her son," to whom "she is superior by reason of his humanity, and because she as his mother has done more for him than he could have done for her." He saves chiefly by her intercession, for it is *she*, who in the Roman Vulgate bruises the serpent's head; she has her rituals, litanies, creeds, offices, festivals, &c.; to her are dedicated almost all the cathedrals of Spain; her graven image, elevated above the high altars in the place of honour, is bowed down to and worshipped; it holds the Son either as a helpless babe or as a dying victim, for thus He is made subordinate in both respects, and dependent on her.

The Scriptures are utterly, and as it were prophetically, silent of everything which by possibility could raise the "handmaid" into the mistress. Thus even the scantiness of the holy Word is instructive; the mystery of the Incarnation is indeed plainly revealed, but not one word of the Immaculate Conception, Death, Assumption, Coronation, &c., of the "woman," an expression used purposely, so thought Bishop Epiphanius, as if in anticipation of this anti-Christian Mariolatry. To this foresight also has been referred the apparent neglect and marked distinction between the "Father" and the "woman;" the mother, not the parent; the vessel, the bringer forth of the Son of Man, of him who was God, which is observable in all the Son's language. She is Θεοτοκος, Deipara, and not Δημητηρ, or *Dei Mater*: compare Luke ii. 49; John ii. 4; Matthew xii. 48; Mark iii. 33; Luke xi. 28. Neither does St. John, after the crucifixion, ever mention the Virgin, nor

was she ever present at any of the Saviour's appearances after the resurrection, although so many other females were; nor is any situation assigned her in the Apocalypse. For any deference or worship of her by the Apostles there is no shadow of foundation. And if she from her seat of bliss can "behold these perverse services or absurd flatteries—she with holy regret will disdain them, with a *non nobis Domine*—not unto us, O Lord!—and, with the angel in the Apocalypse, *οπα μη*—see thou do it not."

Mariolatry, unknown in the primitive Christian Church, began in Arabia, in the 4th century, where some women, like their mothers of old (Jeremiah xlv. 17), "made offerings" to her of cakes. This heresy was at the time put down, but was revived in the 7th century. How clearly this worship of the Virgin is contrary to Scripture, and the practice of the early Church, has been proved to demonstration in the reverential, learned, and unanswerable work by Dr. Tyler, Lond. 1844.

Zaragoza (Siege of).—Below the hill called *El Torrero*, Aug. 20, 1710, Stanhope came up with Philip V., who was flying from his defeat at Lérida; but the German allies hesitated to advance, when the English general charged alone, crying "This is a day to retrieve Almansa," and it did so most effectually: although our troops were foot-sore and starving, they drove the foe everywhere before them, who abandoned cannon, 63 colours, and everything. The modern French version is, "Here Stanhope *obtient quelques avantages!*" (Biog. Un., xliii. 430.) Stanhope's first care then was for the disabled French, for "among the wounded," said he, "there are no enemies" (Mahon, viii.). The heavy Austrian Charles now entered Zaragoza in triumph, and the crown might have been his, for Stanhope urged an immediate advance on cowed Madrid;

but, like our Duke, he was thwarted by the pottering generals of his ally, and the mediocre ministers at home.

The *Torero* being an elevated and commanding point, was strongly held by the Spaniards in 1808, when the invaders advanced; instead, however, of checking the enemy, Col. Falco, the officer in command, fled at their first approach, and thus not only abandoned the key of this front, but left behind him all the tools of the canal company, as if on purpose to furnish the besiegers with instruments in which they were deficient. Accordingly it was from this side that the enemy attacked Zaragoza, and entered at what was the beautiful convent of *Santa Engracia*, which they destroyed.

This city, like others in Spain, rose after the executions of Murat on the *dos de Mayo*, 1808; on the 25th Guillelmi the governor was deposed, and the lower classes were organised by *Tio Jorge Ibort*, Gaffer George, one of themselves; a nominal leader of rank being wanted, one José Palafox, an Arragonese noble, who had just escaped from Bayonne in a peasant's dress, was selected, partly from accident, and because he was an *hijo de Zaragoza* and handsome; for in Spain, as in the East, personal appearance is always influential. "There is none like him, long live the king" (1 Sam. x. 24). Palafox had served in the Spanish royal bodyguards, and therefore, as Mr. Vaughan justly says, *necessarily* "knew nothing whatever of the military profession;" according to Toreno (vi.) and Schep. (i. 205), he was totally unfitted for the crisis, nay, even his courage was doubted; but he was in the hands of better men: thus his tutor Basilio Boggiero wrote his proclamations, the priest Santiago Sas managed the miraculous, while *Tio Jorge* commanded, and with two peasants, Mariano Cerezo and *Tio Marin*, for his right and left hands, did the fighting: all the means of defence under Guillelmi (says Southey, ch. ix.) were 220 men, 100 dollars, 16 cannon, and a few old muskets. Lefebvre arrived June 15, 1808, and had he pushed on at once must have taken

the place, but he paused, and thus enabled *Tio Jorge* to prevent a coup-de-main: to the French summons of surrender, the bold *Tio* replied, "War to the knife." The invaders in their strategics did not evince either common humanity or military skill; but the defeat of Dupont at Bailen relieved Zaragoza, which, when it occurred, was on the point of surrendering; then Lefebvre retired Aug. 15, boasting, and with truth, that he had left the city "*un amas de décombres*," see Belmas (ii. 115). Compare the siege of Illiturgis, when Scipio and his disciplined veterans were desperately resisted by brave Iberian peasants (Livy, xxviii. 19). Palafox, *una cabeza llena de viento*, now went madder with vanity than any Gascon or Andaluz; puffed out with smoke, he claimed all the glory to himself in stilted bombast, and reposing under his laurels, neglected every preparation for future defence; meanwhile Buonaparte silently made ready for his great revenge, and in three short months, while *Juntas* were talking about invading France, appeared at Vitoria, and crushed all the ill-equipped armies of Spain at one blow, the heroes of Bailen and Zaragoza being the first to fly; for Castaños at Tudela, Nov. 23rd, scarce gave the French time to charge, and had they then pushed on at once Zaragoza again would have fallen: the city was soon invested, and attacked, by Buonaparte's sagacious suggestion, on both sides, and especially from the Jesuit convent on the other bank of the Ebro, which the Spaniards had neglected to secure. Now four marshals conducted the siege, Lannes, Mortier, Moncey, and Junot; and after 62 days of dreadful attack and resistance, plague and famine subdued Zaragoza. The city capitulated Feb. 20, 1809, the rest of Spain having looked on with apathy, while Infantado, with an idle army, did not even move one step to afford relief—*socorros de España tarde ó nunca*. Lannes had pledged his honour that Palafox should depart free, and that no one should be molested; and the capitulation was printed in the Madrid Gazette: but, in the words of Southey,

"this man was one after Buonaparte's own heart, and with so little human feeling, that he would have carried out the system of terror to any extremity;" accordingly he pillaged the temples, shed innocent blood in torrents, put Boggiero and others to death under prolonged torture, insulted Palafox, robbed him "even of his shirt," although sick, and then sent him to the dungeons of Vincennes; "thus every law of war and humanity was violated," says Toreno, vii. But the Virgin avenged her insulted shrine and massacred people, and ere one short year was fled, she winged a bullet at Essling which sent this man to his dread account, after a life, says Mons. Savary, of kidnapping veracity, "too short for his friends, although a career of glory and honour without parallel." Lannes, the Ajax of his camp, valiant, but coarse and unscrupulous, had risen from being a journeyman dyer of cloth to be a wholesale dyer scarlet in blood. (See Michaud, Biog. Univ. xxix. 474.) He first tried his talents for plundering the Peninsula at Lisbon, where, according to Bourrienne, he was sent to make money by Buonaparte, who wanted to get rid of him.

These two sieges cost the lives of nearly 60,000 brave men, which were lost for nothing, as the defence of the town was altogether a military mistake, and entirely the result of popular impulse and accident, the moving powers of things in Spain. The Spaniards now liken Zaragoza to Numantia; but the old Iberians died and did not surrender; then and there 4000 of them resisted 40,000 Romans for fourteen

years (Florus, ii. 18), and this they did in a really weak town, whereas Zaragoza was a city of castles, and how strong it was may be estimated by what has escaped the bomb and mine. The junta of Seville passed a paper decree to rebuild the place at the public expense, but it need not be said that not one *real* of cash has been forthcoming. Ferdinand VII. visited Zaragoza after leaving France, and created a *Maestranza*, which, with fine epithets, were all the rewards bestowed. Palafox was not made a *Duque* until 1833, and even then not from any national gratitude, but simply because Christina wished to make herself a party; and now Tio Jorge is scarcely mentioned by name, for it would offend the pride of Spain's misleaders to admit the merit of a peasant, whose valour and intelligence shamed the cowardice and incapacity of the Alachas and Imazes. The Tio was a true son of the *people* of Spain, and his treatment from his so-called betters is purely Oriental and national. Thus "there came a great king against a small city and besieged it; now there was found in it a *poor wise* man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city, yet no man remembered that same poor wise man," Eccles. ix. 15. For details of the sieges consult '*Memorias*,' &c., Fernando Garcia y Marin, duo. Mad. 1817; '*Historia de los dos Sitios*,' Agustin Alcaide Ibieca, 2 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1830; read also the interesting Narrative of Mr. Vaughan; the French account of Rog-niart; consult the romantic description of Southey; and the scornful truth of Napier, in their respective histories.

HIC FINIS CHARTÆQUE VIÆQUE.

"Da veniam scriptis, quorum non gloria nobis
Causa, sed utilitas officiumque fuit."

OVID. iii. *Ex Pont.* ix. 55.



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BAY OF

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54 Ferrol

Mondoñedo

Rivadeo

Oviedo

Gijón

Santillana

San Vicente

C. Finisterre

Betanzos

Lugo

Oviedo

Covadonga

Pajares

Antanaya

Reinoso

Santiago de Compostela

Villafranca

Pontevedra

Astorga

Benavente

Palencia

Villarc

El Padron

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Ourense

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INDEX TO THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page		Page		Page
AIX LES BAINS—Hôtel del'Europe	66	GENEVA—Hôtel de la Reconnaissance	34	VIENNA—Dr. Baigel	60
ALEXANDRIA and CAIRO—Robertson, Booksellers	38	Hôtel de Russie	67	Empress Elisabeth Hotel	32
ANTWERP—Hôtel St. Antoine	25	Hôtel Victoria	34	Klein, Leathern & Bronze Goods	68
Hôtel du Grand Laboureur	52	Martin's Watches	38	Lobmeyr's Glass Manufactory	9
Hôtel de l'Europe	68	Mouliné and Roy's Watches	67	VILLENEUVE—Hôtel Byron	44
		Pension Perret	21	WIESBADEN—Four Seasons Hotel	42
BADEN-BADEN—Hotel and Pension		Reynaud & Glatru, Watches, &c.	28	Rhine Hotel	40
Belle Vue	32	Rivenc's Musical Boxes	56	Wildbad—Hôtel Klumpp	41
Hôtel de Hollande	68	Tissot's Watches	20	Zoug—Stag Hotel	45
Hôtel Royal	40	Troll's Musical Boxes	44	ZÜRICH—Hôtel de l'Épée au Lac	18
Victoria Hotel	37	GENOA—Grand Hôtel de Genes	68		
BARCELONA—Grand Hôtel des		Hôtel des Quatre Nations	49	ENGLAND.	
Quatre Nations	46	Mossa, Jeweller	7	Agents—M'Cracken	2-4
BERLIN—Hôtel d'Angleterre	39	HANOVER—Union Hotel	41	— Carr and Co.	12, 13
BERNE—Heller's Musical Boxes	30	HEIDELBERG—Hôtel de l'Europe	43	— Olivier and Co.	16, 17
BEX—Grand Hôtel des Salines	55	Prince Charles Hotel	65	Books and Maps	42, 57
BOLOGNA—Hôtel Brun	38	HOMBURG—Royal Victoria Hotel	68	Cary's Telescope	19
Grand Hôtel d'Italie	30	INNSBRUCK—Hotel Golden Sun	39	Chubb's Locks and Safes	15
BONN—Golden Star Hotel	23	INTEILACHEN—Hôtel de Belle Vue	9	Church of England Appeal	62
BRIENZ—Grossmann's Wood Sculpt.	5	Grand Hotel Victoria	9	Continental Daily Parcels Express	35
BRUSSELS—Grand Hôtel de Saxe	45	Hôtel Jungfrau	47	Couriers and Servants	22
Hôtel de Belle Vue	61	LAUSANNE—Hôtel Beau Rivage	64	Diuneford's Magnesia	31
Suffell's Bank and Agency	69	Hôtel Gibbon	34	Education—Young Gentlemen	48
		Hôtel Riche-Mont	34	Ellis's Asrated Waters	28
CHAMOUNIX—Hôtel des Alps	57	LUZERN—Hôtel d'Angleterre	63	Foreign Books	32
CHAUMONT—Hotel and Pension	41	Hôtel Beau Rivage	42	Fry's Cocoa	49
CHRISTIANIA—Hôtel Scandinavie	38	Hôtel Schweizerhof	39	Gillott's Pens	56
COLOGNE—Farina's Eau de Cologne	8	Swan Hotel	39	Lee and Carter's Guide Depôt.	72
CONSTANTINOPLE—Hôtel d'Angleterre	59	LUCHON—Grand Hôtel Bonne-Maison	36	Mudie's Library	25
DIEPPE—Hôtel Royal	45	MARSEILLES—Grand Hôtel Noailles	65	National Provincial Bank	51
DJON—Hôtel du Jura	23	MAYENNE—Hôtel d'Angleterre	18	Parr's Life Pills	48
DRESDEN—Grand Hôtel de Saxe	44	Hôtel de Hollande	53	Passport Agency—Adams	20
Kayser's Hotel Bellevue	28	MENFONE—Hôtel Méditerranée	24	Passport Agency—Dorrell	55
Oil Paintings	63	MILAN—Hôtel Cavour	47	Passport Agency—Stanford	21
Victoria Hotel	40	MILAN—Hôtel Pozzo	18	Photographic Apparatus for Tourists	59
ENGELBURG—Hôtel du Titlis	68	MOSCOW—Hotel Billo	54	Portmonteaus—Allen's	26
		MUNICH—Wimmer's Gallery of Fine Arts	6	Railway—South-Western	27
FLORENCE—Bianchini's Mosaic	5	NAPLES—British Library	61	Student's Manuals	70
Brizzi's Musical Establishment	24	NEUCHÂTEL—Hôtel du Mont Blanc	33	Tennant—Geologist	7
Costa and Conti, Artists	10	NICE—Baker, Chemist	58	Thresher's Essentials for Traveling	60
Hôtel de Rome	38	NUREMBERG—Hôtel de Bavière	43	ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH—Royal Hotel	19
Hôtel Porta Rossa	58	Red Horse Hotel	45	BRISTOL—Royal Hotel	37
Grand Hôtel de la Ville	63	ST. PETERSBURG—Hôtel d'Angleterre	62	LYNTON—Valley of Rocks Hotel	48
Montelatici's Mosaics	60	PISA—Andreoni, Sculptor	5	MALVERN—Imperial Hotel	29
Romanelli, Sculptor	63	PRAGUE—Hofmann's Glass Manufactory	9	PENZANCE—Mount's Bay House and Hotel	52
Sasso and Son, Artists	43	ROME—Baker, Chemist	58	Queen's House	31
FRANKFORT—Böhler's Manufactory of Stag-horn	50	Shea, House Agent	14		
Roman Emperor Hotel	19	ROTTERDAM—Kramers, Bookseller	63	IRELAND.	
Tacchi's Glass Warehouse	11	SCHAFFHAUSEN—Hôtel Schweizerhof	46	PORTRUSS—Antrim Arms Hotel	27
Union Hotel	42	STOCKHOLM—Fritze, Bookseller	10		
FREIBURG—Hôtel Sommer	36	STRASA—Hôtel des Iles borromées	37	SCOTLAND.	
GENEVA—Baker, Chemist	33	ST. GALL—Hôtel Tamina	37	Aberdeen Granite Monuments	18
Brémond, Musical Boxes	24	THUN—Sterchi, Sculptor in Wood	6		
Fleischmann's Clocks	33	TURIN—Grand Hôtel	46		
Gola and Co.'s Watches and Jewelry	56	VENICE—Grand Hotel Victoria	53		
Grand Hotel Beau Rivage	21	Ponti, Optician	10		
Grand Hôtel de la Paix	64	VEVAY—Hôtel d'Angleterre	33		
Grand Hôtel de la Poste	19	Hôtel du Lac	53		
Grivaz, Jeweller	19	Hôtel Monnet	48		
Hôtel des Bergues	20				
Hôtel de la Couronne	24				
Hôtel de l'Écu	44				
Hôtel de la Métropole	31				

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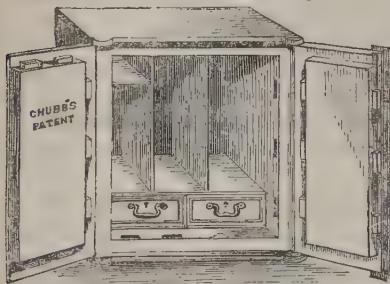
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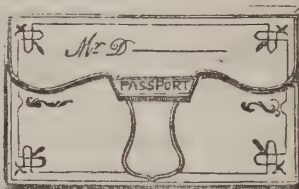
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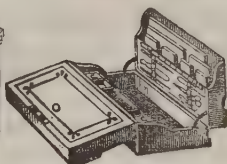
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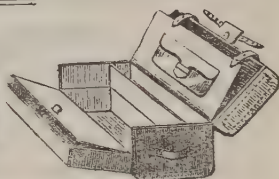
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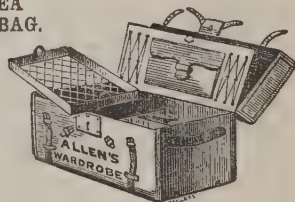
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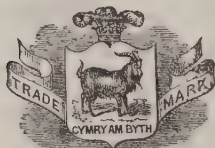
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**T**HIS First-class Establishment, newly re-fitted up, enjoys the most central situation in the town, and is close to all the most interesting Public Buildings.

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**LARGE AND SMALL WELL-FURNISHED APARTMENTS  
AND ROOMS.**

Well supplied Reading-room. Sitting-room with Piano.

**ENGLISH and FRENCH NEWSPAPERS. TABLE D'HOTE, &c.**

All the Attendants speak English, French, &c.

**BILLIARDS.**

## G E N E V A.

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### HÔTEL DE LA MÉTROPOLE,

**T**HIS splendid modern Hotel enjoys an extensive celebrity for its beautiful and admirable situation on the Promenade in front of Lake Lemman, opposite the English Garden, the Bridge of "Mont Blanc," and the landing-place of the Steamers. Under the active superintendence of the new Proprietor, Mr. Aldinger, every attention is given to contribute to the comfort and satisfaction of the visitor.

*300 Rooms and Saloons, Private Saloons, beautiful Conversation Saloon.*

*Reading Room, Smoking Room, &c. Baths.*

*Table d'Hôte at 1, 5, and 7 o'clock. Pension from 5 frs. per day.*

*Rooms from 2 frs.*



**T**HE best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion; and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for Ladies, Children, and Infants.

DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street; and of all Chemists throughout the world.

## P E N Z A N C E.

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### SEA-SIDE FAMILY HOTEL.

### QUEEN'S HOTEL.

*(On the Esplanade.)*

**Patronised by Her Majesty the Queen of Holland.**

**T**HIS magnificent Hotel has recently been greatly enlarged, entirely re-arranged, and handsomely furnished, having a frontage of over 170 feet all the rooms of which overlook the sea. It is the only Hotel that commands a full and uninterrupted view of Mount's Bay. Apartments *en suite*. Penzance stands unrivalled for the variety and quiet beauty of its scenery, whilst the mildness of its climate is admirably adapted to invalids.

*Ladies' Coffee Room. Billiard Room. Hot and Cold Baths.*

*Table d'Hôte at 7 o'clock.*

*An Omnibus meets every Train. Posting in all its Branches. Yachts, &c.*

HENRY BLACKWELL, Proprietor.



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## BADEN-BADEN.

### Grand Hotel and Pension Belle Vue,

(*Allée de Lichenthal, close to the English Church*).

Splendid situation, surrounded by large Pleasure Grounds. This Establishment is fitted up with every comfort and luxury. Restaurant Table d'hôte at 1 and 6 o'clock. Reading Room. Carriage at the Hotel. Stabling and Coach-house.

C. SILBERRAD, PROPRIETOR.

## VIENNA.

### THE EMPRESS ELISABETH HOTEL

(KAISERIN ELISABETH).

JOHANN HEUGL, PROPRIETOR.

This Hotel is situated in the centre of the Austrian capital, near St. Stephen's Square, and much frequented by English and American families for many years past; has been entirely and thoroughly repaired, and all its apartments newly and elegantly furnished by its new Proprietor. Handsome Dining-rooms and Dining-hall, with Garden, Reading and Smoking-rooms, have been added. English, American, and French Papers on file. Private Dinners *à la carte* at all hours of the day. English Waiters and Commissioners in attendance. Charges moderate.

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**NEUCHÂTEL, SUISSE.**


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**GRAND HÔTEL DU MONT BLANC,**

**Kept by Messrs. BAUMERT and ROSER.**

**T**his splendid Establishment, the largest, most important, and newest in Neuchâtel, enjoys a fine view of the Lake and the Mountains, and is surrounded by a garden. It contains a magnificent Salle à Manger, Restaurant, Billiard and Smoking Room, a beautifully decorated Conversation and Reading Room, supplied with the best Newspapers. Baths at the Hotel.

The Landlords, who have been for many years at the head of several of the best Continental Hotels, such as Bauer au Sac, Zurich; Grand Hotel, Vevey; Grand Hotel, Nice, will spare no pains to make the Visitors as comfortable as possible.

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**V E V E Y.**


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**HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE.**

**F**IRST-CLASS HOUSE, newly Re-organized, situated on the banks of the LAKE of GENEVA, in front of the new Steam-boat Landing-place.

Table d'Hôte. Restaurant à la Carte. Board during the Winter. Bath at the Hotel. Omnibus of the Hotel at the Railway Station. **C. HAACK.**

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**V E V E Y.**


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**GRAND HÔTEL DU LAC.**

**EDOUARD DELAJOUX, PROPRIETOR.**

**F**IRST-CLASS HOTEL, entirely new, close to the Lake, and splendid view.

**SPLENDID SALON and DINING ROOM.**

*Close to the Steam-boat Landing.*

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**G E N E V A.**


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**FABRICANTS D'HORLOGERIE,**

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GENEVA.

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**HÔTEL VICTORIA**

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*Near the English Church, the Railway Station, and the Steam-boat Landings.*

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

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Salon Smoking Room, and Baths, in the Hotel.

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GENEVA.

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A MOUNTAIN RESIDENCE, MONT SALEVE

One and a-half hour from Genève, 3300 ft. above the level of the sea.

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**HÔTEL DE LA RECONNAISSANCE,**

KEPT BY PERREARD-FAURAX.

OMNIBUSES TO GENÈVE TWICE A DAY.

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LAUSANNE.

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**HÔTEL GIBBON.**

MR. RITTER, PROPRIETOR.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, situated in the finest part of the Town, is in every respect very highly recommended. Splendid View over the Lake in all its extent.

Large Terrace and Garden attached to the Hotel.

PENSION DURING THE WINTER.

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LAUSANNE.

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**HÔTEL RICHE-MONT,**

KEPT BY FRITZ RITTER.

THIS Hotel is of the first order, worthy of the highest recommendations, and in a situation of surpassing beauty. It is surrounded by Gardens and Promenades, and offers to Travellers a highly desirable place of residence, or of temporary sojourn.

Important to the Travelling Public.  
 PARCELS TO AND FROM THE CONTINENT.



# THE CONTINENTAL DAILY PARCELS EXPRESS,

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**S O L E** Agency for England of the Belgian Government Railway, the Imperial German Post, and Correspondent of the Northern of France Railway, conveys by Mail Steam Packets, Every Night (Sunday excepted), viâ Dover, Calais, and Ostend, and rapidly by Rail and Post to destination, Parcels and Packages of all kinds, between England and all parts of the Continent, at Through Rates which are very moderate, and include all charges, except Duties and Entries, are to be had gratis on application.

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- In all Germany.** At any Post-office of the Imperial German Post, or of the Countries in connection therewith, viz., Austria, Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, &c.
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May, 1872.



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**HÔTEL DE ROME, 8, Piazza Maria Novella, 8.***Apartments and Airy Chambers at moderate Prices. Omnibuses to serve the Visitors.*

**M. HENKEL** is well aware of the wants of English Visitors, having had formerly the management of a large Hotel in London. He has also to let a well-furnished and beautifully-situated Villa, with Bath-rooms, Garden, Stable, and every comfort for English Visitors wishing to stay near Florence during some months of the year.

**FREIBURG** in Bresgau, Duchy of Baden.**HÔTEL SOMMER, Zahringer Hof.**

**NEWLY** built, opposite the Station; finest view of the Black Forest and the Vosges; most comfortable and best house there. Baths in the Hotel.

Proprietor, Mr. G. H. SOMMER.

**LUCHON (BAGNÈRES DE), PYRENEES.****Grand Hôtel Bonne-Maison et de Londres,**

Mr. VIDAL, Jun., Proprietor.

**SITUATED** opposite the Thermal Establishment or Bath-rooms. This favourite and first-rate Hotel affords extensive accommodation of the best description for a large number of visitors. It is delightfully situated, and will be found most comfortable for Families or Gentlemen. The house has been entirely re-decorated throughout.

## BOLOGNA.

**HOTEL BRUN OR SUISSE,**

MR. W. WELLER, PROPRIETOR.

**THE** high reputation which this Hotel enjoys among the travelling public, and more especially English and American Families, is the strongest assurance of its superior arrangement and comfort.

Rooms from 2½ francs upwards.

Table d'Hôte, 4 francs.

Reading Room, Smoking Room.

Billiard Room and elegant Dining Room.

Private Carriages to be obtained from the Hotel.

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## BADEN-BADEN

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### VICTORIA HOTEL.

Proprietor, Mr. FRANZ GROSHOLZ.

**T**HIS is one of the finest built and best furnished First-class Hotels, situated on the new Promenade, near the Kursaal and Theatre; it commands the most charming views in Baden. It is reputed to be one of the best Hotels in Germany. The Table and Wines are excellent, with prompt attendance and great civility. Prices very moderate. English and other Journals.

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## BRISTOL.

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### ROYAL HOTEL, COLLEGE GREEN.

**F**IRST-CLASS. Central, and pleasantly situated. Very spacious Coffee, Dining, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms. Private Apartments *en suite*. One Hundred and Twenty Bed-rooms. Steam Lift and Laundry. Hot and Cold Baths. Telegraph Office and Post-office in the Hotel. Fixed Charges. All Omnibuses pass the door. Night Porter kept.

W. SWANSON, Manager.

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## STRESA. (Lake Maggiore.)

*(The most beautiful Summer Residence.)*

### HÔTEL ET PENSION DES ILES BORROMÉES.

**A** FIRST-CLASS Hotel, situated on the most charming point of the borders of the Lake. From its magnificent position, shaded from the sun during the greater part of the day, it enjoys a very mild temperature in all seasons, and freshness even during the great heats of summer. A large Garden and Baths. Bureau of the Swiss Post Office and Telegraph Office in the Hotel.

*The English Church is held in the Hotel.*

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## CANTON DE ST. GALL.

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### RAGATZ LES BAINS.

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### HÔTEL TAMINA.

Very Comfortable, and Moderate Charges.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE HOTEL TO THE BATHS.

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**CH. MARTIN AND CO.,**  
**Watch and Chronometer Makers,**  
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Chronometers, Repeaters, &c., winding up with or without a Key.  
 Chains of all Descriptions.

*Correspondents in the principal cities of Europe and America.*

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**CHRISTIANIA. (Norway.)**

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**HÔTEL SCANDINAVIE.**

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**T**HIS beautifully situated Hotel is well known by the English Nobility for its Cleanliness, Good Attendance, and Moderate Prices.

**CHR. AUG. SMITH, Proprietor.**

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**E G Y P T.**

**ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO.**

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**DAVID ROBERTSON & CO.,**  
 English Booksellers, Stationers, Photograph Vendors,  
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*A Register of English and American Travellers is kept at the above Establishment. A very extensive Stock of Photographs of Egypt and Syria kept on hand; and Visitors will receive any assistance or information they may require.*

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**TAUCHNITZ EDITIONS.**

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## LUCERNE.

### HÔTEL SCHWEIZERHOF.

HAUSER BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS.

**THE LARGEST HOTEL IN SWITZERLAND.**

Best Situation on the Quay, with splendid view of the celebrated panorama of the Lake and Mountains.

**T**HE high reputation which this establishment enjoys among Travellers, and especially English and American families, is the best and strongest assurance of its superior arrangement and comfort. Its new immense Dining-Room, with adjoining Garden-Salon, and large Parlour, attract the attention of every Visitor.

Reduced Prices (Pension) are made for longer visits in the early and later parts of the Season.

## BERLIN.

### HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE,

2, PLACE AN DER BAUACADEMIE, 2.

SITUATED IN THE FINEST AND MOST ELEGANT PART OF THE TOWN,

Near to the Royal Palaces, Museums, and Theatres.

Single travellers and large families can be accommodated with entire suites of Apartments, consisting of splendid Saloons, airy Bedrooms, &c., all furnished and carpeted in the best English style. First-rate Table-d'Hôte, Baths, Equipages, Guides. *Times* and *Galignani's Messenger* taken in. Residence of Her British Majesty's Messengers.

R. SIEBELIST, Proprietor.

## INNSBRUCK.

### HOTEL GOLDEN SUN.—M. HORANDTNER, Proprietor.—

This first-class Hotel, situated in the finest part of the town, and only four minutes' walk from the Railway Station, enjoys a high reputation for being honoured with the patronage of travellers of all nations. The greatest care is given to the attendance. Large and small well-furnished Apartments for Families and Single Gentlemen. English spoken.

## LUCERNE.

**SWAN HOTEL.**—This Hotel, in the very best situation, enjoys a high character. Mr. HÆFELI, the Proprietor, has made in the later years a great many improvements, and does his utmost to offer to his visitors a comfortable home. An elegant new Ladies' Drawing-room, besides a Reading-room and Smoking-room. Cold, Warm, and Shower Baths.



## D R E S D E N .



### VICTORIA HOTEL,

**T**HIS fine large Establishment, situated on the public Promenade of the English quarter, in the immediate vicinity of all the curiosities, contains ONE HUNDRED ROOMS. Table d'Hôte at One and Five o'clock.

*The Garden of the Hotel affords its guests an agreeable Promenade.*

#### CARRIAGES.

READING ROOM WITH ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PAPERS.

To Families or Single Persons desirous of taking Apartments for the Winter, advantageous arrangements will be offered.

*Proprietor and Manager of the Hotel,*

CARL WEISS.

## BADEN-BADEN.



### HOTEL ROYAL.

PROPRIETOR—MR. J. TH. KAUB.

**F**IRST-RATE Hotel for Families and Single Gentlemen, close to the Station. Kursaal and Promenade. Table d'Hôte. Private Dinner to order. English spoken by all the attendants. The utmost attention and civility. Reading-room. The Hotel is superintended by the new Proprietor, who has been 10 years in England, during which time he has travelled with Charles Dickens, Esq., the Duke of Sutherland, and other distinguished English families.—Mr. KAUB exports Wines to England.

## WEISBADEN.



### RHINE HOTEL.

**L**ARGE and splendid New House, affording every modern convenience and improvement, opposite the Railway Station, in a fine and healthy situation, with a beautiful garden and large terrace. Excellent cooking. Careful attendance; moderate charge. Table d'Hôte at 1 and 5 o'clock. Dining Saloons surrounded by gardens and green-houses. Refreshment Saloon. Library. Reading-room, supplied with English, French, German, and American papers. During the winter the whole building and winter-garden are warmed, lighted, and ventilated. Large stock of choicest Rhenish and sparkling wines (wholesale and retail). Arrangements made for the Winter season at moderate terms.

GUSTAVE HERBSTER, PROPRIETOR.

CHAUMONT (near Neuchatel, Switzerland).  
**HÔTEL AND PENSION DE CHAUMONT,**  
 C. RITZMANN, PROPRIETOR.

**T**HIS Hotel, exceedingly well situated for an extensive view of the magnificent Panorama of the Alps and the surrounding scenery, contains large and small Apartments, Saloons, Dining-rooms, Billiard and Reading-rooms. Private Suites of Rooms for Families. Bath-rooms. New milk and whey supplied on the premises. Leading country and foreign Newspapers. Telegraph Station and Post-office here. Moderate charges.

*Omnibus journalier départ de Neuchatel à 9 h. du matin.*

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**HANOVER.**

**UNION HOTEL.**

**T**HIS well-known first-class and favourite Hotel, for private Families and Gentlemen, patronised by Her Royal Highness Princess Mary and Duke of Cambridge, also Her Majesty the Empress of France, on her way to Wilhelmshöhe, is beautifully and cheerfully situated right opposite the Railway Station. Elegance and comfort combined. English and French spoken. The utmost attention and civility. A regular Table d'Hôte, and Private Dinner to order. Baths in the house. Private Carriages always ready. English and French Newspapers. The Hotel is open all night.

The new Proprietor, Mr. F. VOLKERS, has just opened a very fine Coffee Room and a beautiful Refreshment-room, attached to the Hotel. Pension 6 frs. a day, everything included.

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**WILDBAD.**

**Hôtel Klumpp, formerly Hôtel de l'Ours,**  
 MR. W. KLUMPP, PROPRIETOR.

**T**HIS First-class Hotel, containing 36 Salons and 170 Bed-rooms, a separate Breakfast, a very extensive and elegant Dining-room, new Reading and Conversation as well as Smoking Salons, with an artificial Garden over the river, is situated opposite the Bath and Conversation House, and in the immediate vicinity of the Promenade.

It is celebrated for its elegant and comfortable apartments, good cuisine and cellar, and deserves its wide-spread reputation as an excellent hotel. Table-d'hôte at One and Five o'clock. Breakfasts and Suppers à la carte. New Billiard Table.

**EXCHANGE OFFICE.**

Correspondent of the principal Banking-houses of London for the payment of Circular Notes and Letters of Credit.

*Omnibus of the Hotel to and from each Train. Elegant private carriages, when required.*

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## WIESBADEN.

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### FOUR SEASONS HOTEL & BATHS.

PROPRIETOR, DR. ZAIS.

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**THIS** First-Class Establishment, equal to any on the Rhine, is in the best and most delightful situation in the Great Square, opposite the Kursaal, the Theatre, the Promenades; close to the Boiling Spring and the new English Chapel.

This Hotel is the largest in the place, containing a great choice of

**SPLENDID AND COMFORTABLE APARTMENTS,**

for Families and Single Travellers; exquisite Cuisine and first-class Wines, combined with attentive service and moderate charges.

**TABLE D'HÔTE** at 1 and 5 p.m., and **PRIVATE DINNERS.**

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*The Bathing Establishment is the best in the Place.*

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## LUCERNE.

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### HÔTEL BEAU RIVAGE.

PROPRIETOR—MR. ED. STRUB.

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**FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.** Magnificent and unique position on the borders of the Lake. Beautiful ornamental grounds. Boats for excursions on the Lake. Public Drawing-room. Smoking-room. Apartments for Families. Warm Baths, and bathing in the Lake. Newspapers of different countries. *Cuisine* excellent. Good attendance. Moderate prices. Arrangements made for a long stay. In Spring and Autumn price of board and lodging 7 francs per day.

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## FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.

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**UNION HOTEL** (formerly Weidenbusch).—A First-class Hotel for Families and Single Gentlemen, situated in the richest quarter of the town, near the Stathaus, the Promenade, Museum, Post-office, and Theatre. Baths, Reading and Smoking Room. Moderate Charges. *Arrangements by the Week or Month.*

**BRUNO STRUBELL, PROPRIETOR.**

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*Just Published. Price One Franc.*

### WHAT A CONSUMPTIVE PERSON SHOULD DO.

By **CHARLES RICKETTS, M.R.C.S.,**  
**SURGEON, ROYAL ARTILLERY.**

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### Messrs. Anthony Sasso & Son, Artists, 4, VIA DI BORGO OGNISSANTI,

Distinguished with Medals at the Italian Exhibition of 1861, keep the most beautiful and rich Private Gallery in the City of Ancient and modern original pictures, copies of the most celebrated pictures in the Public Galleries, water-colour paintings, and beautiful ancient carved cabinets, &c.

### ENGLISH SPOKEN.

*Agents and Correspondents in England and America:—*

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## NUREMBERG.

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### HÔTEL DE BAVIÈRE (BAYERISCHER HOF).

THIS old-established, first-class, and best situated Hotel, in the centre of the town, close to the river, contains suites of apartments and single rooms, all elegantly furnished in the new style. It is patronised by the most distinguished families. English Divine Service during the season. Foreign newspapers. Carriages in the Hotel. Omnibus to and from each train. Moderate and fixed prices.

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## HEIDELBERG.

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### HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE.

THIS new, magnificent, first-rate Establishment, surrounded by private and public gardens, with a view of the Castle, and in the very best situation in Heidelberg, enjoys an European reputation.

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### READING ROOM, With English and American Papers.

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*Reduced prices for protracted stay, and for  
the Winter Season.*

HÆFELI-GUJER, Proprietor.

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No Omnibus required, being but 400 feet from the Station.



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VILLENUEVE.

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HÔTEL BYRON,

NEAR TO THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

New Proprietor, GUSTAVE WOLFF.

*Same Proprietor as of the Hôtel de l'Ecu at Geneva.*

**FIRST-CLASS HOTEL**, offering every comfort for an agreeable residence; surrounded by a vast Park and a beautiful Garden, and admirably situated for excursions to the mountains. Reading, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms. Reduced prices for a prolonged stay. Horses and Carriages. Breakfast; Table-d'Hôte. Private Dinners at any hour. English spoken. Landing place for Steamers. Telegraph Bureau.

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GENEVA. (SWITZERLAND.)

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HÔTEL DE L'ECU.

New Proprietor, GUSTAVE WOLFF.

*Also Proprietor of Hôtel Byron, near Villeneuve.*

**THIS** unrivalled and admirably conducted Hotel has long enjoyed an extensive and high reputation among Travellers. Situated in the finest part of the town, and facing the lake, it commands a beautiful view of the environs. Its accommodation is of so superior a character, that tourists will find it a highly desirable place of residence or of temporary sojourn. Table-d'Hôte at 1 o'clock, 4 fr.; at 5 o'clock, 4 fr. Arrangements made with families during the winter months at very reasonable charges. New Reading and Smoking Rooms.

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GENEVA.

Manufactory of Musical Boxes.

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SAMUEL TROLL FILS,

WHOLESALE, RETAIL, EXPORTATION.

6, RUE BONIVARD,

GROUND FLOOR, NEAR THE ENGLISH CHURCH, GENEVA.

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DRESDEN.

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GRAND HÔTEL DE SAXE.

**THIS** well-known First-class Hotel, kept by Messrs. MAX and CHARLES DORN, has been recently enlarged and embellished. It contains 150 Front Rooms, and is situated in the centre of the town, at the New Square, in the immediate vicinity of all the curiosities. Table-d'Hôte at one and four o'clock, in the splendid dining-hall first-floor. Carriages, Reading-room, with English and American Papers, and Smoking-room. In Winter a deduction of 20 per cent. is made on everything except Wine.

## DIEPPE.

## HÔTEL ROYAL,

FACING THE BEACH,

Close to the Bathing Establishment and the Parade.

(THIS HOTEL IS OPEN ALL THE YEAR).

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST PLEASANTLY SITUATED HOTELS IN DIEPPE, commanding a beautiful and extensive View of the Sea.

Families and Gentlemen visiting Dieppe will find at this Establishment elegant Large and Small Apartments, and the best of accommodation, at very reasonable prices. Large Reading-room, with French and English Newspapers.

The Refreshments, &c., are of the best quality.

In fact, this Hotel fully bears out and deserves the favourable opinion expressed of it in Murray's and other Guide Books.

*Table-d'Hôte and Private Dinners.*

## NUREMBERG.

## RED HORSE HOTEL

(Roths Ross),

PROPRIETOR: M. P. GALIMBERTI. MANAGER: M. BAUER.

THIS excellent old-established Hotel, situated in one of the best quarters of the town, is well adapted for Tourists and Families making a visit to Nuremberg of some duration, and who will find every conceivable comfort and convenience. Table-d'Hôte at 1 P.M., and Private Dinners at all hours. The Establishment will be found well worthy of the renown and patronage it has enjoyed from English travellers of the highest rank during many years.

## ZOUG.

## STAG HOTEL. Near the Steamboat landing-place.

Beautifully situated, and the best Hotel in the town. Moderate prices. A large and elegantly fitted-up Dining Hall.

*Board and Residence, 5 to 6 francs per day.*

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| <b>PAID-UP CAPITAL</b> ... ..     | 1,260,000 0 0  |
| <b>RESERVE FUND</b> ... ..        | 501,840 8 5    |
| <b>No. of SHAREHOLDERS</b> ... .. | 2,840.         |

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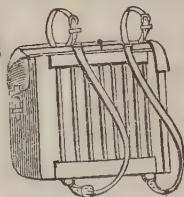
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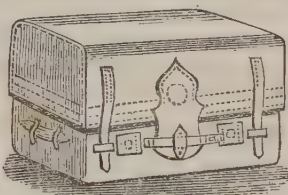
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